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When B.C. Boys Come Home

Soldier Settlement, the Jap Question and Postwar Markets

By CHAS. L. SHAW

RETURN of peace will make a tremendous difference in the farming country of British Columbia. It will bring back to the farms thousands of young men who in many cases have been overseas for years, leaving their parents and younger kinfolk to do the chores.

Up the Fraser Valley and in the Okanagan and wherever else agriculture is a dominant interest the people are reading the stirring reports of Allied success with the knowledge that the sooner victory is attained the sooner will the boys be back to resume their jobs where they left off.

Of course, there will be the usual proportion of men who will seek new employment, but the general expectation is that farming will be the choice of a great many—not only of those who were engaged in agricultural work before the war but of men who during their long service abroad felt a yearning for life in the country.

Wa Years Have Been Hard Years

Because of this expectation, the British Columbia government has already set in motion machinery for receiving these new farmers and giving them an opportunity to prove their fitness for a life on the soil. The Country Guide has already given an outline of what the government is doing in the way of setting aside acreage for these ex-service men. The program is steadily being worked out in detail, so that when the war is finally over there will be a minimum of red tape and expense for prospective farmers to contend with.

The past years have been hard ones for those who have been left behind on the farms of British Columbia. Without help, it has been a long succession of 12 and 14 hour days for many of them, and for the old people especially this has been an onerous experience from which they will welcome relief.

One effect of the war and the enlistment of so many able-bodied men has been the reduction of herds, especially in the dairying country along the Fraser river valley. In many instances, however, the cattle have merely changed ownership. During the past two years many people who make their permanent homes in Vancouver have invested in dairy farms. They may stay in the business; on the other hand, there is always the possibility that many of them will be glad to dispose of their holdings again to experienced farmers when the demand is strong again. The labor problem has been a tough one even for the city-resident absentee owners.

Most of the farmers, despite their shortage of help, have reason to be well pleased with their season's labors, however, for the crops have in almost every case been bountiful and have yielded a profitable return. One of the few exceptions was the loss of the bean crop due to frost in the Fraser river late in September.

Politics Warming Up

During the coming months British Columbians will be hearing a good deal from aspirants for the general election. It is expected that many of the candidates will make a special appeal to the farmers, for farming has steadily grown in importance west of the Rockies and its problems cannot be neglected as they used to be in the days when other industries held the centre of the stage.

One of the first candidates to be formally nominated on the coast is British Columbia's representative in the cabinet, Hon. Ian Mackenzie, minister of pensions and national health.

In his speech of acceptance he highlighted an issue which is likely to be of major interest in the election in British Columbia—the role of Japanese in the postwar period. Mr. Mackenzie says he would go further than the Prime Minister in the officially announced national policy towards the Japanese. He would have all Japanese excluded from British Columbia regardless of special considerations.

This attitude is interesting inasmuch as the C.C.F. has shown a rather moderate sentiment towards the Japanese and has even sponsored enfranchisement of the Japanese permitted to remain in the country.

There is still a good deal of speculation on the coast as to how the federal government intends to implement its policy in respect to preventing concentration of Japanese in various places in Canada once the war is over. People are asking how the government will be able to dictate the place of domicile once the Japanese have been granted the privilege of staying in the country.

Although the orchardists of the Okanagan have little to worry about this year respecting marketing, some of the more realistic members of the fraternity are looking ahead to the years of peace and wondering what measure of support the federal government will give to their system of compulsory co-operative selling through a single agency.

During the war years, of course, it has been a smooth road for the co-operators, but in the past Ottawa as well as some of the provincial capitals have sometimes frowned on any suggestion of compulsion in such matters. Naturally there is some anxiety as to whether this attitude will be resumed again when the urgency of war has passed.

What of Postwar Policies

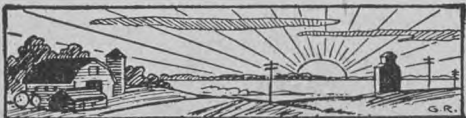
There has been little difficulty in holding the growers together during the past two or three years. With markets more or less stabilized by arbitrary war measures, the growers have happily disposed of their crop through their single selling agency, B.C. Tree Fruits, Ltd., and they have received good returns. But will this situation prevail after the war when price controls are relaxed and marketing becomes a more competitive matter? A few independent shippers, ignoring the majority, might quite easily upset the whole price structure.

That is why leaders in the Okanagan co-operative movement are hoping that the government's legislative attitude after the war will show recognition of the fine results achieved through wartime unity and reinforce the existing marketing machinery in such a way that it will stand up under the pressures of postwar competition.

Incidentally, the prospects are that B.C. Tree Fruits will do a record business this year. Last year there were 4,116,124 boxes of apples sold by the Okanagan growers. This year the estimate is 5,900,000 boxes, and Tree Fruits will market an additional 500,000 boxes from other areas.

Fruit growing is definitely big business in the Okanagan today. The records of the selling agency show that a total of \$64,000,000 has gone through the books during the past half dozen years, and during all that period only about \$150 has been written off in bad debts.

The whole record of fruit marketing in the Okanagan during the last few years has been an extremely gratifying one to all concerned, and it is a striking contrast to the confusion and recurrent depression that used to stigmatize the industry back in the muddled era when the principle of co-operative marketing was still fighting for recognition.



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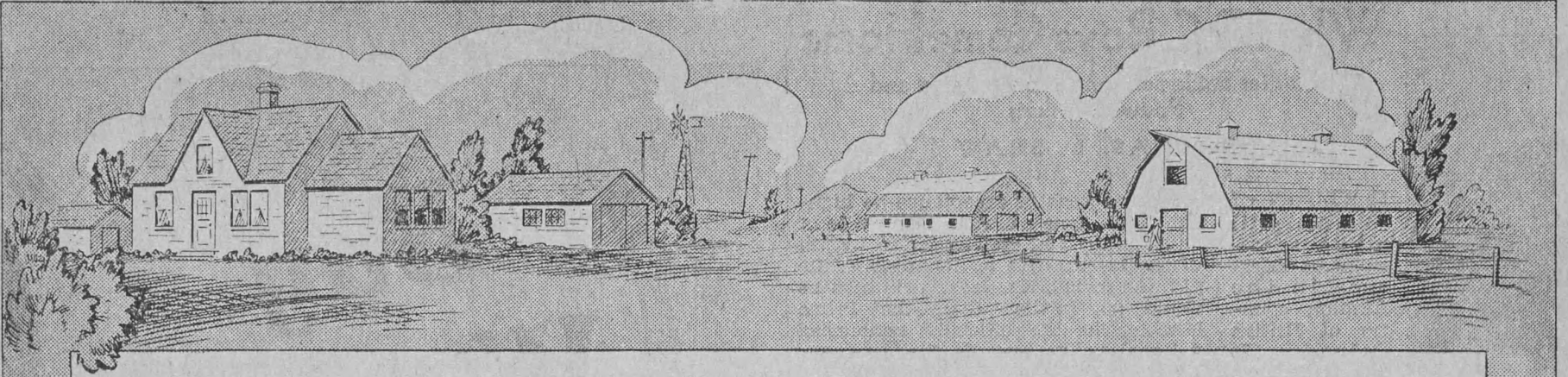
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TIME

Marches Past

THE Country GUIDE

The Approaches to Antwerp

It took two months to clear the harbor of Cherbourg after it had been captured and longer than that in the case of Brest. Le Havre was utterly destroyed. The tide of battle swept on to the Siegfried Line where it could not be properly supplied by distant French ports. The Allies desperately needed Antwerp. The city and its waterfront was captured intact but a great obstacle remained. Antwerp is on a canal and river system, 50 or 60 miles from the open sea. On the approaches the German armies made a suicidal last ditch stand. They prevented shipping from reaching Antwerp. If Antwerp could be immobilized long enough, it meant that a great autumn offensive, through and around the north end of the Siegfried Line, would be prevented. Perhaps it has been prevented.

As October closed came word that this German resistance had been crushed. The channel has still to be cleared of mines and other obstacles before the port, which can handle more freight than any other port on continental Europe, can be used. But it is the side door to the area in which will rage the hardest fighting on the western front. To the bitter fighting at Caen, and the dirty work of clearing the Nazis out of the coastal pockets, has been added this muddy, gooey, bloody task of driving the Germans from the dyked lands of the Schelde estuary. All this fell principally on the British and Canadian armies under Montgomery. They have done the job and they have paid the price. But once the approaches to Antwerp are swept clean, the supply problem of the Allied armies on the western front will have been solved.

Daybreak in the Far East

THE island hopping strategy of the Pacific has not always been intelligible to the layman. The blow fell first on this island and then on that. Many Japanese garrisons were by-passed and left to wither on the vine, as the Americans put it. But generally, American forces penetrated deeper and deeper into the Japanese stolen empire.

Then came news of the bombing of Formosa and the landing on Leyte. By lining up the dates it is readily seen that a series of hops along the north coast of New Guinea led directly to the Philippines. In mid-March, 1942, General MacArthur had left the islands, under orders, with the words, "I shall return." On October 18 he returned—on Leyte, one of the smaller islands between Luzon on the north and Mindanao on the south, driving a wedge between the two main Japanese armies in the Philippines.

Every attempt to lure the Japanese fleet into action had failed. But with this landing the Imperial Fleet took the gamble and struck.

One force sailed in from the Sulu Sea along the north coast of Mindanao. It was met by Admiral Kinkaid's Seventh Fleet, which had covered the Leyte landing, and in a night engagement with everything from torpedoes to big guns, was sent reeling back. A second Jap fleet sailed in from the South China Sea and approached Leyte from the northwest. It was met by a masterful concentration, which included Australian cruisers. Bombers and torpedo launching aircraft swarmed into this battle and the Jap fleet was decimated. The most important engagement was between Admiral Halsey's Third Fleet and the main Japanese fleet which came in from Formosa. This action, fought off the north coast of Luzon, was the shortest, fiercest and most destructive to the Japanese of the three.

As the month closes the full details of Japanese losses are not available but one thing is certain. The backbone of Japanese sea power has been broken and the sea cleared for further great advances toward the succor of unhappy China.

Portable Ports

D-DAY had its secret weapon. It was the portable port. Two of them were prefabricated in England, towed across the channel, and anchored in position on the Normandy coast. For five months they continued to do business, and the

business was 20,000 tons of war freight a day landed on French soil or more than could be handled by either Cherbourg or Calais. The weather was at its nastiest but the artificial ports went into commission with clockwork precision, breakwaters and all.

There is an outer breakwater formed by old merchant ships, loaded with sand and sunk a mile off the coast in water up to 30 feet deep. Inside these is a row of huge, hollow concrete caissons, something like deep barges, weighing up to 6,040 tons each, towed across the channel by tugs and sunk to form a continuous sea wall. The ships apparently break up the waves before they dash against the caissons. Inside the caissons the water is like the proverbial mill-pond.

The artificial harbor has a 20-foot tide. The unloading wharves therefore must float. They are like spans of bridgework, supported at the joints, not by piers but by pontoons. They were prefabricated in England, towed across, in sections, pushed into position and fastened together like a meccano set. On these a causeway was laid. Each wharf is the width of one lane of traffic. And over these improvisations pour tanks, guns, trucks, jeeps and all the accoutrement of a land army at the rate of 20,000 tons every 24 hours.

We, and the Russians, waited long for the second front. It took a long time to wind up for it. Everything had to be ready. Finally, in the dawn of that June morning, everything was ready and it was launched. Now the battle is raging on German soil. It will not be long until all those continental channel ports will be working, but for long months the big meccano set on the Normandy coast did its stuff.

The Great Air Plan

IN 1939 the Empire Air Training plan was launched. This page recorded it under the title, A Skyful of Planes. Later, when the terror of the blitz struck Britain, it was expanded. Now the great project, a masterpiece of war-time statesmanship, is beginning to be curtailed. It has served a great purpose.

It has trained 114,000 fighting airmen. Of these, 60,503 were Canadians; 34,361 were R.A.F. men; 8,067 were Australians and 6,026 were New Zealanders. The

R.C.A.F. provided all the ground personnel, numbering 146,000, of whom 34,000 went overseas. Some 38,000 Canadians have been trained in technical trades. The plan has cost \$2,192 million of which Canada has contributed \$1,631 million.

Why was Canada chosen for this great plan? First of all, the skies of Britain could not be kept full of air trainees in those early days of the war. They would have been like sitting game for German air fighters. Then there was need for a co-ordinated Empire training plan to get the most effective fighting air force. Also, Canada is the nearest dominion to the scene of the conflict and lastly, conditions, including air conditions and ground space, are just what was needed for such a huge project. The peak of the need has been passed but the plan will be continued, on the scale necessary, until the last Nazi and Jap airman has been shot out of the air. And Canadians will be telling their children's children of the time when these fine young Englishmen, Scots and Aussies were seen in droves on the streets of our towns and cities, and were guests in thousands of Canadian homes.

What To Do With Germany

THERE are several plans for giving Germany her deservings. Lord Vansittart has a 12-point program: Unconditional surrender; effective military occupation; trial of war criminals; disarmament of all German armed forces; decentralization and demilitarization of German police; abolition of military training of Germans in any form whatever; evacuation of all territories invaded by Axis powers; restoration or compensation for all war loot; control or closing down of Germany's war potentials including aviation in all its forms; financial assistance only with the approval of the Allied Nations; re-education of the German people under Allied supervision and Allied supervision of radio and all propaganda. This, Vansittart has laid down as the minimum in order to attain security, win the peace and prevent another German war.

Henry Morgenthau, secretary of the treasury at Washington has a serious plan which calls for the complete elimination of the industrial plant of Germany. He would reduce Germany to an agricultural economy, practically self-sustaining in food production and presumably with the small industries necessary to provide the needs of such a state. Germany's neighbor's would take what they want of the German industrial plant to replace their own ruined industries. No aid in any shape or form would be allowed to the German nation.

Russia is opposed to any plan that would strip Germany of her heavy industries. Stalin lays claim to part of East Prussia including Königsberg. Draw a line on the map of Poland from Grodno down through Brest Litovsk to Lwow and roughly all territory east of that is included in Russia's claim. To compensate Poland for this loss, Stalin would give her part of Germany east of a line drawn down from Stettin, through Frankfurt (east of Berlin) to Gorlitz.

On the west, France will get back Alsace and Lorraine and probably ask for the Rhine as a boundary. Holland is asking for German territory to repay for lands ruined by opening the dykes and flooding it with salt water.

Goebbels has, of course, made the most of these claims and Himmler has called on the Germans to defend every village, farm, hedge-row and clump of bushes. Whether they will or whether they won't—that is the million dollar question.



A DUTCH TREAT.

Lord Keynes, chairman of the United Kingdom delegation, speaks with Dr. Hsiang-Hsi Kung, Chinese minister of finance, at Bretton Woods.



Hon. L. B. Pearson,
Canadian minister at Washington, and member
of the council of UNRRA.

They met at Dumbarton Oaks. Britain's Sir Alexander Cadogan; U.S. Under-secretary of State Edward Stettinius and Russian Ambassador, Andrei Gromyko.



FOR A BETTER POSTWAR WORLD

By AUSTIN F. CROSS

THREE big world conferences have been held this year. In all three, Canada has played an important part. They were, in order of happening: Bretton Woods Monetary Conference; United Nations Rehabilitation and Reconstruction Administration, and Dumbarton Oaks.

What were these global affairs, what happened at them, and how does it affect the little fellows back at Red Deer, Yellow Grass, and Whitemouth? Let's take a look at all three of them.

Bretton Woods opened at the end of June, and seemingly dawdled all through July. Delegates from 44 nations stood off the heat wave, as almost half a mile high at \$25 per day in Mount Washington Hotel, they toiled at a new formula for international finance. But if it cost \$1,000 per day for each delegate, it will be a bargain for every nation concerned, if the financial experts there have evolved a better world in which to do business.

Bretton Woods concerned itself only with finance. It left to UNRRA the matter of feeding the world, to Dumbarton Oaks, the matter of policing the world. To the aviation conference it bequeathed the air, to future conferences yet unheld, it bequeathed any number of unsolved problems. But Bretton Woods went to town on your dollar and mine.

Surely it ought not to be necessary with a reading public with as high an I.Q. as The Country Guide to show that if Canada is selling her goods all over the world, then everybody, from farmer to fisherman, is more prosperous. Putting it in reverse, when we don't sell goods, we all get poor. Thus the depression which put half this nation on relief not only saw us all getting poorer every day we breathed, but it paved the way for the new war. So, such a conference as Bretton Woods was designed to get the world trading freely, even if it could not get the world free trade.

Bretton Woods did several things, but two at least stand out. One was to establish an international bank, which all nations would participate in and support. Whether the present Axis countries would ultimately be given a pass book and told they could open an account is another story.

But it seemed to me that the most important thing the bank did was to arrange that the Canadian exporter would be paid quickly, and properly, in Canadian dollars. Let me give an example. Suppose that the Smith and Jones Company of Winnipeg can sell some goods to Yugoslavia. The deal is put through, and the goods go to Yugoslavia. When it comes time to pay, Yugoslavia wants to pay in dinars. Now a dinar may be a wonderful thing in Yugoslavia, and if you walk along the streets of Belgrade with enough of them, you'll be a millionaire—in Belgrade. But at Portage and Main, what does a guy do with a dinar?

Well, in the old days, a man had to shop around to find the best market for his dinars. Since these cur-

rencies went up or down, he might take a loss on the exchange. Thus what he made on the goods he might lose in part, on the exchange. Obviously, too, a Canadian dollar in Yugoslavia would be no great asset to the average Yugoslav, if a Canadian importer here paid off his account there in our bilingual currency. Therefore, trade has been stultified by lack of free exchange.

But if the Canadian government told the Canadian merchant that as soon as the Yugoslavs put up their dinars, the government would pay off in Canadian dollars, you can see what a flip it would be to Canadian trade. Thus the government now undertakes to underwrite any Canadian trade venture, under the provisions of Bretton Woods. Or rather, it will endorse a business venture if it has any merit in it, and then will cover the venture with Canadian currency. Smith and Jones don't take any gambles in currency. The Canadian government, thanks to the plans of Bretton Woods, will help the Canadian business man get his dollar back fast.

LET me cite one example from real life, as to how we lost a chunk of trade before the war, because we had no such machinery as Bretton Woods now gives.

Mexico wanted Canadian rubber boots, rubber shoes, and kindred rubber products. But she had no money. She had no American dollars to risk, no Cana-

dian dollars certainly, and she lacked even pesos, her own currency. But she had millions of German marks. The Germans had made some big purchases, and paid off in marks. Mexico therefore had marks, and wanted Canadian rubber footwear.

The Mexicans offered the Canadian merchants the marks, but they would not take them. The result was that Canada lost the order, and somebody else got the business. Japan took a chance. Kitchener's loss was Kioto's gain.

But if we had had such an instrument as Bretton Woods now envisions, we would have had that German money, which we could have turned round and

used to buy German products that we badly needed. Canada took a beating on that trade.

Bretton Woods was a great success. In the intricate world of finance, so often sneered at, and yet so necessary if we are to survive, the Canadians made a great impression. Starting modestly, United States and Britain quickly saw that Canada knew her stuff. They came to realize how she could interpret the British view to the Americans, the United States standpoint to the English. In the end, Canada had far more to say than her population or wealth warranted. As much as to any other country then, Bretton Woods will be a monument to Canadian financial genius.

THE United Nations Rehabilitation and Reconstruction Administration, or UNRRA, as it is universally called, is dedicated to the belly. To millions of starving Europeans, and tens of millions of starving Asians, there could be no finer institution than one devoted exclusively to feeding the hungry. By the time the Nazis are through with Europe, there won't be much left there. This calls for a great deal of food. Since Canada has more food to spare than any country in the world, in proportion to its population, UNRRA is very important to Canada.

(I am not here going to argue about the fact that UNRRA also concerns itself with clothes, and other agencies. The truth is that these things gradually will adjust themselves, and not many people will freeze to death anyway. Medical supplies too, will bring relief. But the best medicine in the world can't save a starving man. Therefore, UNRRA spells food to millions.)

Canada with its huge supplies of wheat, and its capacity to export such food items as salmon, cheese, apples, eggs, and dried milk, just to name a few, thus is in an excellent position to cater to UNRRA. There are really two phases to this feeding problem. The first is to have the stuff stored on hand, ready to turn over to Europe's hungry when the time comes. The second is to have a progressive, and more or less continuous supply of food coming along. Semi-perishable products like cheese and apples, for instance, can't be stored like wheat, but continuous crops of apples, and successive lots of cheese, may be forwarded in never ending shipments just as long as UNRRA functions.

The details of UNRRA were laid down at the September conference in Montreal, insofar as they can be. At this writing, the various authorities are busy hiring staffs. With the manpower shortage being what it is, picking personnel is no pushover. However, UNRRA is tempting bait. It offers a chance to travel, it assures good salaries, a spectacular if brief career, real authority, and above all, a chance to see

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What they talked about and what they did at Bretton Woods, Dumbarton Oaks, and the UNRRA Conference

GROUP FARMING ON TRIAL

IT should not be at all surprising that visions of a better world after the war have appeared to many men. In the brave new world to come, the principles of the Atlantic Charter and Four Freedoms of President Roosevelt are expected to play a much larger part than history shows them to have played in the past. Naturally, too, they carry a fervent hope that agriculture might improve its economic standing in society and secure for itself a larger measure of social security. Also, there is the wish that individual farmers may find reason for abandoning some of their individualism and discover ways and means of lessening the degree of isolation which always has proven a handicap in the evolution of a satisfying rural life.

The notable strides made during recent years in co-operative marketing, purchase and credit, have combined with a greater readiness to accept new ideas—which has been one result of the war—to make co-operative production a logical step in the progress of agriculture in western Canada. Unfortunately, many of those who are most eager to see co-operative farming introduced into western Canada are more concerned about encouraging others to adopt this form of enterprise than to engage in it themselves. Worse still, while they appear to attach no special significance to the fact that among the 325,000 farmers in the four western provinces no single group has engaged in all-out co-operative farming for as long as two years successfully, they nevertheless appear to feel that it would be entirely proper and fitting that men returning to the land from the Armed Forces should be encouraged to try it out.

We hope that the returned men themselves will not fall for this altruistic pipe dream, at least until they have made very sure of their ground. Most of these men, will, we fancy, have difficulty enough in readjusting themselves to the humdrum routine of civilian life, without being encouraged unduly to experiment for the satisfaction of the rest of us, with an idea that has never yet worked for any length of time in western Canada, except in a religious community. Fortunately, there are signs that the committee appointed at the Saskatchewan conference late in August has made a practical as well as an idealistic approach to the problem. Mr. Henry Lewis of Verlo, Saskatchewan, convener of the committee, in a specially prepared memorandum, points out that "the chief thing to bear in mind in drawing up plans for co-operative farming is that farmers, as a class, are conservative in outlook. It is unlikely that any idea much ahead of current thinking will receive general adoption, without first laying a groundwork of intensive education." He also suggests that "it might, therefore, be wise to concentrate on the preparation of plans dealing with the simpler aspects of co-operative farming first," and packs a real wallop into the final paragraph of the memorandum, which says:

"The real task of fitting returned men back into

civil life, as well as the job of educating farmers towards group action in the operation of their farms, will be done in the community. The importance, therefore, of leadership within each community cannot be overemphasized, and the primary purpose of the initial educational program should be to train such leaders."

The Country Guide has made a special effort to locate as many as possible of these co-operative farming projects in western Canada; either those in actual operation, or others which have been planned or talked about. So far, the total count runs to about 15. Of these, not more than seven at the most have been in actual operation; and not all of these on the all-out basis, wherein the surplus over cash cost is distributed according to the number of hours worked during the year. On the remaining eight, one of the projected schemes is in the Peace River Block of British

Columbia, and the other seven are in the enquiry, study, organization or abandoned stages in Saskatchewan. The one that is believed to be farthest advanced is centred at Meteor; and is understood to be nearing incorporation. I have visited four of the schemes in operation and endeavored to visit a fifth during the past summer—a community of Seventh Day Adventists south of Wainham in the Peace River district—but was prevented from doing so by an untimely rain which made the dirt roads impassable.

share of stock costs \$2,000. The land is privately owned, with the exception of one half-section, purchased by the community as a location for headquarters buildings. The total farm consists of five quarters. All implements and equipment are turned in to the common pool, each member receiving an investment credit for the value of what he turns in, and it is planned to pay up to five per cent interest on the capital thus accumulated. Each member has one vote, and the net proceeds at the end of each year will be divided among the members on the basis of the number of hours of work done by each.

Though the land is retained in private ownership, there is a large element of communal living involved in plans for the Pioneer Co-op. Farm. All members eat together in a common dining-room, the cost of meals being taken out of the common fund. All working clothes and all costs of sickness and accident are also to be met out of the common fund. Headquarters buildings, when erected, will not provide separate residences for each family, but all will live together in a large central residence with separate apartments for each family. Three of the families are Ukrainian, one is Norwegian and the other French-Canadian.

At the time of my visit, July 18, the farm had 180 pigs (including 22 sows), and 40 head of cattle of which 17 head were milking. There was also a fairly extensive apiary located at some distance from the buildings, and about 750 growing chicks. The work was divided up so that each had his or her own responsibility. One man was responsible for the livestock, including the poultry, while his wife was cook and in charge of the household. Another man was responsible for the bees and for the blacksmithing work of the farm, while another was responsible for the two sawmills and the planer, operated as part of the communal business. Still another had charge of the field crops. One of the younger members operated the truck, and another of the women was responsible for the splendid garden which was growing at the time of my visit.

Mr. Gamache, who does not live on the farm, but is nevertheless a member, visits it regularly and consults with the others as to the management of affairs. He informed me that they expected to raise the number of families from five to fifty and to develop a number of light industries, of which the presently owned sawmills and planer are examples. The chief difficulty he foresaw for the future, was the ability of members to get along with each other.

The Lake Eliza Farm

THE second farm I visited is located in the Lake Eliza district, ten miles south of St. Paul. Here a block of something over 2,500 acres is operated by 22 members, of whom 12 are men. Shares, in this case, are \$1,000 each. This farm has been operating for a few months longer than the one west of St. Paul, but as yet had no headquarters buildings erected.

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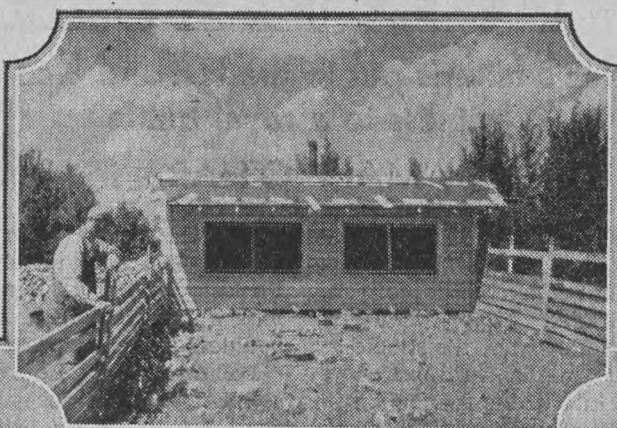
Co-operative farm projects under way in western Canada or under discussion will add to theory the great virtue of experience

By H. S. FRY

Columbia, and the other seven are in the enquiry, study, organization or abandoned stages in Saskatchewan. The one that is believed to be farthest advanced is centred at Meteor; and is understood to be nearing incorporation. I have visited four of the schemes in operation and endeavored to visit a fifth during the past summer—a community of Seventh Day Adventists south of Wainham in the Peace River district—but was prevented from doing so by an untimely rain which made the dirt roads impassable.

Pioneer Co-operative Farm

THE first of the co-operative farms I visited is called the Pioneer Co-operative Farm, and is located about ten miles west of St. Paul, Alberta. It is located on the northerly fringe of the Black Soil Zone in northeastern Alberta, in a wooded, well settled but not fully developed area. The organization of Pioneer Farm was largely inspired by Dan Gamache, the French-Canadian manager of the St. Paul Co-operative Store. Established only last May, the farm consists of five families, and has eleven members. A single



Left: Paul Gibeau, Assistant District Agriculturist, St. Paul, Alberta, talks to M. Paziuk, M. Rawluk and Dan Halina of the Lake Eliza Co-operative Farm, while W. Rawluk, a non-member looks on. Top: Carl Rude, in charge of livestock and poultry at the Pioneer Co-op. Farm, St. Paul, watches part of the 750 growing chicks on the farm. Right: Mrs. Rude and Mrs. Linchowich hoeing in the large community garden.—Guide photos.

PART III.

UPON the Saddle Back Ken took his bearings. The ranch behind him was due north. The Buckhorn Hills ahead of him, due south. And he knew exactly the way Thunderhead came and went. Once, when he had seen him coming he had lined him up with the mountain behind him, that highest peak of the Never-summer Range called The Thunderer. Ken had never forgotten it because the mountain had a name so like the colt's, and the colt's satiny hide was as white as the snow on the flanks of the mountain. And he was now following that line. And even without dismounting to look, he could occasionally see the print of a V-jagged front hoof on a spot of bare earth. He was on the trail all right.

Flicka was wild to go. She drank in the wind and the sky and a thousand exciting scents and stretched out in a gallop whenever Ken would let her.

When they had gone five miles Ken dismounted, and focussed the field glasses on the land south. The mountains brought close by the glasses seemed awfully big! Would he ever find his colt there? He lowered the glasses and then quickly put them back to his eyes. Something white had entered the field of vision, and Ken watched it until his eyes burned from strain. Yes, it was Thunderhead. It was too big for a sheep or antelope, and too white. No animal was as white as Thunderhead. He was moving slowly forward over the low saddle which connected Twin Peaks, and presently disappeared from view.

Ken mounted quickly and went on, and presently it seemed to him that he was following a course that was almost a trail. Thunderhead had either made the path, or had instinctively followed a path made by other animals. At any rate, it was leading straight to that little pass between Twin Peaks.

When Ken reached the pass, he expected to be able to catch sight of Thunderhead again, but from here on the ground rose rapidly and it was more broken. The only sign of Thunderhead was a pile of dung a hundred yards or so ahead.

Ken cantered on, lifting his head now and then to see the mountains that were leaning more and more steeply over him. He caught no further glimpses of the white horse until at sundown, when he had ridden about twenty miles, he found himself on the brink of a river. He dismounted and, while Flicka drank, examined the ground. Here Thunderhead had stopped to drink, too. The tracks led to the river brink and then on upwards!

Debating as to whether he should go further or camp there for the night, Ken heard a sound that made him turn to the mountains and listen. His face became pale as he heard that deep, hollow roar. It was the river, but nothing like the chuckling and gurgling of the wide spread of white water here below. It was like the thunder of bass kettle drums that never ceased. Before Ken's eyes there rose imaginary pictures of waterfalls leaping a thousand feet; great gorges with the river hurtling through; trees and boulders pounded and tossed as if they were pebbles. No—not darkness and night up there in that forest by that terrible river! He would adventure the river in the morning when there was plenty of light and the good courageous feeling of daytime. Meanwhile he would camp here in the open for the night.

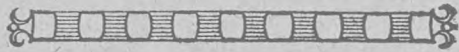
SOON after daybreak Ken was on the trail again. It was very different going from yesterday's, there was no unreeling of the miles at a gallop on this sort of ground. There were many places he had to dismount and lead Flicka,



own. And while he had gentled her, it had almost cost him his life.

As a filly, Flicka had been as wild as her mother, ROCKET, as beautiful as her sire, BANNER, and as wicked as her grandsire, a great white, untamed horse known to all the ranchers as the ALBINO. Ken had heard enough lore to understand the shortcomings in her strain. Some of Flicka's forebears had been fleet. So, because he had wanted a racehorse, he had contrived to have Flicka bred to APPLACHIAN, rancher CHARLEY SARGENT'S stallion, which had sired many famous racers. Ken reasoned that if he owned a fast horse and could race it successfully, his father and mother would be released from their perpetual worry about money. But now his secret would have to be told, for it would be unfair to his father if he pretended that Banner, the finest stallion on the Goose Bar, had been the throwback's sire.

At first, neither NELL McLAUGHLIN and least of all Charley Sargent had given the boy's story credence. Finally there came the day when Ken gave the colt the tryout, for which Ken had been training him, on the track, a half-mile oval level on the range. With Howard, Nell and Sargent to witness, Thunderhead made the half mile in 47 seconds. And he repeated his performance just as Rob drove up. It looked now as if Nell's dream would come true and they would have a racer, that would lift the family out of its financial difficulties, for things were not going well with Rob and his ranch. There was a growing sense of strain between Nell and Rob. He resented that she should lose faith in his ability to win the things which they had planned in making their home.



many times that he stood blocked, steep rocks or the river all around him, until, leaving Flicka, he did some scouting and found that by a series of rabbit-like leaps a way could be found through the rocks and there was open going again beyond.

Always, hour by hour, they climbed. Dense forest edged the gorge; and now

The Story Thus Far:

FLICKA, young KEN McLAUGHLIN'S beloved mare, had foaled. No one on the Goose Bar Ranch, save HOWARD, his older brother, knew that the boy had brought Flicka and her colt in from the range. The little foal was white, and Ken begged Howard not to tell. Clearly he was a throwback, and this fact distressed Ken, but only because he feared his father's displeasure. He had not forgotten ROB McLAUGHLIN'S sharply expressed contempt when, given a choice of any of the colts on the ranch, Ken had selected Flicka for his



THUNDERHEAD

Nell's faith is put to the test and Ken is witness to a royal battle

By MARY O'HARA

and then, walking a ledge in the rocky wall, half-deafened by the thunderous echoes of water falling in the canyon, Ken's heart failed him. When he walked, Flicka followed at his shoulder.

Ken rounded the cliff wall and came to a great pool into which tons of white water fell over a hundred-foot slide. He stood motionless in awe. It was the thunder of this fall he had been hearing for the last half mile. The pool was churned to a boiling white at the base of the fall, shading off through tints of aquamarine to the dark holes at the edges. The walls rose up, topped with rich and fragrant loam in which an endless variety of ferns and mosses and small forest flowers were embedded.

Almost oppressed by such grandeur Ken threw his head back and looked upward. Far above was a strip of blue sky and a speck floating in it—a great bird on motionless spread wings. He felt as if he were in the bowels of the earth.

That excitement felt by all adventurers, compounded of fear and curiosity upheld him. He must go on. Even if he didn't find Thunderhead he must find the source of this river.

As he went on he came to other such falls and pools. Once there seemed no

outlet whatsoever. Going behind Flicka he whacked her and shouted, "Go on, Flicka! Get out of here!" She scrambled unhesitatingly between two great boulders and disappeared.

Following her, he found the path again. The going was easier. And before noon he came to a little beach where again he saw the print of the V-jagged hoof. It excited him. What he would have to tell his father about all this! And Howard! That he had trailed his colt thirty miles into the impassable Buckhorn Hills and found him! For these tracks of Thunderhead's seemed very fresh. He and Flicka had been travelling faster than the colt and had nearly overtaken him.

From here on, they left the river and reached rolling ground. The forest ended, they came out upon the last grassy terrace before the rocks shot up in an almost sheer wall which Ken thought might be the rampart of an extinct volcano. He had never seen anything like it before. Its level summit was here and there interrupted by a jagged peak or a depression; it stretched to right and left, barring his way.

Ken was tired and his heart was pounding. He remembered what his

father had said—that some of these mountain valleys had an altitude of fourteen thousand feet. He had been climbing steadily since daybreak—ten miles at least, and the river had gone over one waterfall after another.

"Flicka, let's have our lunch," he said, and Flicka seemed very willing. He removed her saddle and bridle, haltered her and gave her some oats.

While he lay on the grass, munching his sandwich, he stared at that rocky rampart and wondered if it could be climbed. Certainly not on horseback. Beyond it there seemed to be a space. It might be a lake. There were often lakes in the craters of extinct volcanoes.

Ken saw some big birds soaring very high up. Could they be hawks? There were many hawks on the ranch but hawks had bent wing-tips. The wing feathers of these birds were straight clear to the tip and their wing-spread was greater. They must be eagles.

Just then he heard a sudden dull boom, a startling interruption of the silence of the mountains. There it was again—a hollow, crashing BOOM! He could tell the general direction from which it came, over beyond the river to the west, where there was a steep and craggy peak. Flicka was looking in that direction, too, and Ken trained the glasses on it. The sound came again

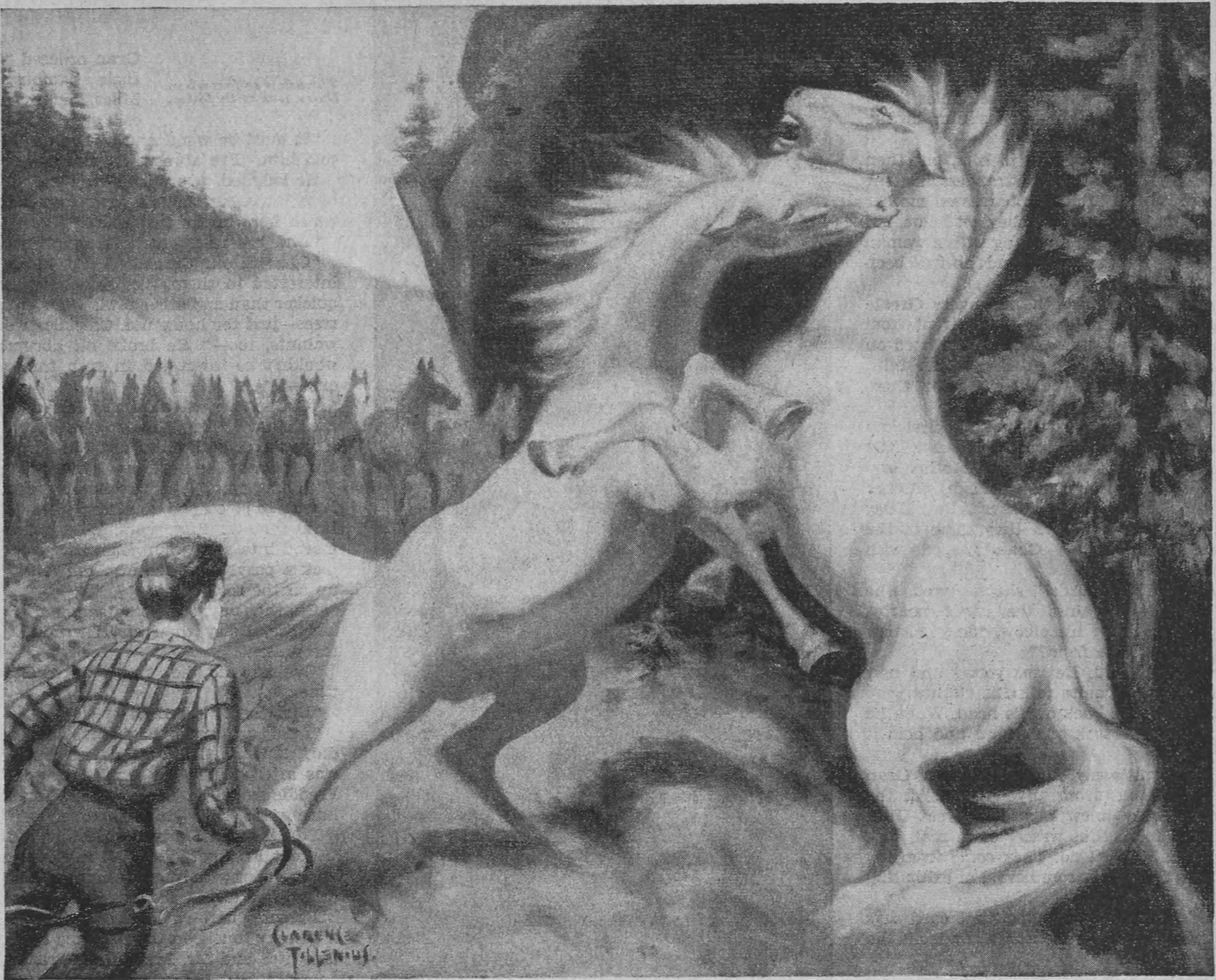
and at the same moment he saw what caused it. Two rams on a high narrow ledge over-hanging the sheer wall of the mountain backed off from each other with lowered heads, stood motionless for a moment, then charged. Their heads met and the sound of the impact was like an explosion of dynamite at a distance. The rams backed away again, paused, charged and crashed again.

Through the glasses Ken could see every detail of the fight. He could see the large symmetrical horns curling back, see the shock of the impact, could calculate which one would win. Incoherent exclamations burst from him — "Gee! Golly!—Gosh! Look at him!"

One of them was weakening. As another great BOOM floated through the air, one of the rams fell. Once down, the other pursued him mercilessly. There was a desperate struggle on the narrow ledge—he was over! His body hurtled through the air and as Ken lowered the glasses he saw what might have been a dive-bomber coming down from the sky. The eagle dove with wings folded. The sheep had hardly disappeared from view before the eagle also vanished into the tree-tops.

WITH his skin going goose-flesh, Ken sat watching. He had to gulp a few times. Not from fear exactly, but from the solitude and the awfulness of this place. The victorious ram standing like a king on the mountain ledge, and the mile-long dive of the eagle.

Suddenly he saw the eagle rising from the trees holding a mass of white stuff in his talons. Ken trained the glasses on him and now saw the most extraordinary spectacle. On a wide ledge of the peak was the eagle's eyrie, an enormous nest about ten feet across. In this nest two eaglets—nearly as large as their parent—were dancing up and down, flapping their wings, anticipating the arrival of the parent bird with food. The big eagle lit on the edge of the nest, dropped the provender inside and flew away again. One of the eaglets seized the mutton and spread himself over it, attacking it as if it were prey, treading it with his feet. The other danced angrily in front of him, flapping his wings and chattering. Before two minutes had passed the parent bird arrived with another instalment of mountain sheep, dropped it into the nest and flew away



The horses staggered like wrestlers, Thunderhead forcing the Albino backwards with his forelegs.

again. Presently there were two eagles bringing the food in turns. All four birds satisfied themselves, then the parents flew away leaving a quantity of the meat pushed to one side in the nest. The two eaglets stood side by side, gorged to repletion.

Ken dropped the glasses and heaved a deep sigh. He felt very queer, and it took him some minutes to shake off the spell that was on him and remember what he was there for. Thunderhead. He was after his colt. And he felt now as if the climax of his expedition were past. He wanted to find the colt quickly, and get to the bottom of the mountains before night, then home in the morning. But he had to clamber up that rampart and see what was on the other side of it. He couldn't go home without doing that.

He picketed Flicka and started to climb. Part of it was nearly perpendicular, in other places it was an incline, and here the rock was soft so that he could dig his finger and toes into it. At intervals he stopped to rest and get his breath and turn and look about him. It was much higher than it had seemed from below.

But at last he scrambled up the last few feet, pulled himself over and sat down on a rock. For ten minutes after that, it felt as if the blood were draining away from his body. He lost the feeling of being alive and himself. It was all too big.

A WIDE green valley lay at his feet, winding away southward. All around it were mountains towering tier upon tier, their sides glistening with glaciers. These mountains he had seen at a distance and his father had pointed out

and named to him the individual peaks—Kyrie and the Thunderer, Excelsior and Epsilon and Torrey Peak and all the others. But they had been like dreams, floating in the distant sky—not real at all. Now they were close and real. He was in the very world of them, hemmed in. And he shrank to nothingness before the vastness of that world—the unending progression of lofty snow peaks from which, now and then, a white plume arose like smoke from a chimney; from which, now and then, there came a sound—a deep jarring mutter which vibrated the drums of his ears.

Ken drew his knees up, clasped them with his arms and laid his head upon them to shut out the awful sight. A terrible fear and loneliness entered into him. Oh, to be safe and at home! Mother! Howard! . . . It seemed to him that if he could only be standing at the door of his mother's room watching her do her hair, her face smiling at him in the mirror of the dressing table, he would never want to leave again.

It was some time before he raised his head and then it was because, as happens when one is in a high place with one's eyes closed, he began to feel as if he were falling over the edge.

He looked down at the valley. It made him feel better. The deep mountain grass. The broad river winding through! And all sorts of little hills and dells and trees and creeks. The rampart on which he sat dropped down sheer for a hundred yards or so, as if it had been cut with a knife. From there down to the floor of the valley, it sloped,

cracking into fissures and ravines in which were streams and clumps of aspen and wild berry bushes. And in the valley he saw animals peacefully grazing—antelope—elk—horses—

Suddenly he looked closely at the horses. There were a lot of them, and off to one side, there was a white horse grazing. And when Ken saw him, first the tears sprang to his eyes, and then a burst of laughter came. Thunderhead! Just the sight of him down there made the mountains lift their weight off of him! He and Thunderhead together would be a match for all of them!

He snatched off his cap and waved it and yelled, "Thunderhead! You son-of-a-gun! How'd you get in there?"

They were upwind from him and too far away to notice him. He took the glasses that hung over his shoulder and trained them on the horse. A puzzled look came over his face.

That was not Thunderhead's body! Those gnarled and knotted muscles! Those heavy limbs! Those big twisted veins! Leaning over until he was in danger of falling Ken examined the stallion from his ears to his hoofs. At last he dropped the glasses and looked around crazily. He rushed to the edge and back again to the other side. "Dad! Oh, Dad! Mother! Here he is! Flicka, here's your grandfather! Oh, Gosh! I've found him! It's the Albino!"

It took him a long time to quiet down. His heart was going like a trip-hammer and his cheeks were crimson. Restlessly he moved about on the crest of the rampart, hardly able to think clearly, feeling that something should be done

about this but did not know what.

At last he got himself in hand and stood quietly watching the Albino, comparing him to Thunderhead. He was taller and looked as if he weighed much more. Thunderhead! Where was he?

Taking the glasses again, Ken carefully explored every foot of the valley. Could Thunderhead be hiding anywhere there? If he was in the valley, how did he get in? Where was the entrance?

SUDDENLY the Albino raised his head and began to search the wind. Almost instantly he showed excitement, dropped his nose and galloped at his mares with his head snaking along the ground and began to round them up. Ken, wondering what had given him the alarm, watched him, thrilled at the fury and speed with which he whipped every mare into position. In a trice he had trotted in a solid bunch. Then he whirled, raised his head to the rampart and neighed a brassy whinnying challenge.

Ken followed the direction of the Albino's gaze and saw Thunderhead standing on the rampart some hundreds of yards to the left of him, looking down into the valley. He was standing very quietly, without excitement or surprise, as if he had been in that spot, seen that valley and the mares, many times before.

The Albino went closer to the rampart. He neighed again and again. He trotted up and down beneath it. Thunderhead continued to look down at him for all the world as if he were saying, "Don't get excited. I'm biding my time."

Suddenly the colt heard a sound which did arouse his interest. It was a

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ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE TILLENIUS

AS Daisy turned her smart little roadster into the parking place by the fairgrounds, she wondered despairingly if she would see Miles there this year. They had run across him in the poultry exhibit two years ago.

Great-Gran had started talking to him, but then Gran was that way. She talked to strangers like she had known them all her life. It embarrassed mother and she shamed Great-Gran when they got home, but as mother said, "You can't do anything with a woman when she's eighty-five years old and always been stubborn to boot!"

But Daisy didn't mind, and the strangers Great-Gran talked to liked it. They were so different from mother's friends in the city. Gran always insisted on going to the County Fair. She said it gave her faith while she existed the rest of the year to know there was still some real folks left in America!

They always did the agricultural building first and then the big tent that held the poultry. It was a little smelly in there, but Daisy didn't mind. Mother and father always walked right on through, mother wrinkling her delicate nose in disgust. But Daisy lingered with Gran. It was when they came to the Cornish-Game chickens that Gran gasped with admiration.

"I never saw such fine birds!" she declared. She spied a man leaning against the cages nearby. "Mister," she said, joggling his elbow, "do you know where these chickens come from?"

The man turned around. He was young and now that he straightened up, quite tall. His clothes were careless, his hat rode the back of his head. When he saw who had spoken he took off his hat and held it in his hand.

Daisy liked that right away. And he answered Gran like she wasn't different from anyone else. All the young men that Daisy knew regarded Great-Gran like she was some fossil that wasn't quite real.

"Well, M'am," he said, "I do. They come from my folks' ranch just a few miles from here. I'm exhibiting them—"

"Young man," said Gran, "is what that card says true? Is this rooster just six months away from the shell?"

"That's right," he said, smiling at her. Daisy decided then he was good looking. His blue eyes crinkled around the corners, lighting up the freckles that belonged with his sandy hair.

"Well!" said Gran loudly, "you've got something to be proud of! Why, he's most as big as an elephant!"

DAISY couldn't help joining his laughter. He was looking directly at her by now.

"I used to raise pretty fine chickens back in Illinois, where I come from," said Gran. "Used to git the blue ribbon at the Union County Fair, but we never had anything like this! Are they good layers?"

"Yes, and no," said the young fellow. "Most of them aren't, but we've bred our strain to lay as good as the Rocks or Reds—"

"You've done something then," said Gran, "that will help a lot of other folks. I'd like to shake your hand!"

And there was Gran congratulating this young stranger and he was laughing down at her, saying, "My folks came from Illinois, too, when they were young. Wish they were here today so you could meet them—"

Down at the far end of the tent she could see her mother making determined signals for her to bring Great-Gran along.

"Gran," she said, "mother is waiting—"

"Let her wait then," said Gran. "No one ain't going to hustle me off to set in that grandstand this early! I come to see the fair and I'm a-going to see it! Not that racing ain't all right," she added. "I like a good hoss-race as well as the next one, but I didn't come up here today jest to bet like this city gang that's here. Daisy, you mosey on down there and tell your Ma we'll meet her at the grandstand entrance at one o'clock and not a minute before! I'm going to see that quilt exhibit and—"

"This is my great granddaughter, Daisy," said Gran, when she got back, "and this is Miles Ferguson. She's a city gal, Miles, but she's got more sense than most of 'em have these days. I helped bring her up."

He was a little shy with her. She felt it was the imported model that mother had insisted on her wearing that morning. "I'd much rather wear some simple wash-frock," she had told her. But mother said, "Don't be so ridiculous! It's smart to go to the County Fair since betting is back. Lots of our friends will be there—" So she had obeyed mother as she had always done.



Big Day

had its makings at the country fair-
grounds with the aid of a lady

by

MABEL THOMPSON RAUCH

It was a wonderful morning. Miles accompanied her and Gran all through the livestock exhibits. He knew many of the people there. It made it much more interesting. She petted velvety nosed mares and marveled over fluffy new-born lambs.

At noon he insisted on them lunching with him. Daisy had always longed to sit on one of the high stools at the open air stands. Mother would never eat at one. She said it was common and cheap. Daisy and

ILLUSTRATOR - HAROLD ENGLISH

*Time flew so fast when
Daisy was with Miles.*

Gran ordered "everything" on their hamburgers, just like Miles, and drank huge steins of cold sparkling root beer.

"It must be wonderful to live on a big ranch," she told him. "I've always wanted to—"

He laughed. "Ours isn't very big. Just twenty acres of walnuts, but that's a good size for what they call a ranch here in the citrus belt."

"And you raise chickens, too," she prompted him.

"Oh, yes, our Cornish-Game. Mother first became interested in them. She said they made frying-size quicker than any other fowl. Then we have a few fruit trees—just for home use. Chickens work in nice with walnuts, too—" He broke off abruptly. "Guess you wouldn't be interested in such things—living in the city—"

"Oh, but I am!" said Daisy earnestly. Her big brown eyes shone. "Live things, things that grow, they've always seemed best to me. Mother will only live in apartments. I've never even had a pet—"

"Young man," broke in Gran, "you don't know how it feels to be cooped up after you've lived on your own farm for over fifty years. Why, this last place Corie moved into ain't even got a backyard where you can pick a posy! Just one of them imitation things way up on the roof!"

Oh, that day, two years ago, had been a big day in her life, Daisy thought. Her mind jerked back to the present.

"We sure did, didn't we?" asked Gran for the third time.

"Did what?" asked Daisy.

"I said we made the fastest time up here we ever did," laughed Gran. "You jest drove like something was after you!" She cackled dryly. "The folks and Freddie won't git here till time for the racin'. We'll have quite some while to ourselves."

Yes, thought Daisy desperately, a few more hours without Freddie! Why had she ever drifted into the engagement with him? He came and came and mother talked and talked. . . . Then one day she was wearing his great square-cut diamond and mother was giving a swanky luncheon to announce the marriage of her daughter and Mr. Fred Hinkle, rising young banker.

THERE wasn't anything really wrong with Freddie.

Most girls would think him a great catch. It was just that they didn't have an idea or taste in common. His soft hands and sophisticated manners, his gossip and trivial discussions, his feeling that it was important to be seen with just the right people— She would have to go on living as she had lived all her life, when her heart cried out for something better. She wanted something real, to do something with her hands, the worry and work of helping a man along.

"Now we're here, ain't you going to get out?" asked Gran.

"Oh, darling, I was just wool gathering!"

"Well, you didn't look very happy a-doin' it—"

Daisy sprang out and helped the tiny old figure from the car. "Ouch! that knee's a leetle stiff this morning," said Gran, "but this sun will soon limber me up."

Daisy looked at the dear old wrinkled face. Women today weren't like Gran. They were always wanting something, not making the best of things. . . .

They strolled slowly towards the entrance. Dropped their money in the turn-stile and went in.

"Daisy," said her great grandmother, "did I ever tell you I met your great grandfather at the county fair? Well, I did. If it hadn't been for the fair we'd a never met. Folks didn't travel round much in them days. I'd seen him two three times before on the grounds, but on the big day he come right up and asked me jest as bold as brass if I'd like a ride on the merry-go-round? Well, I did—" She sighed and chuckled all together. "Aw, Daisy, that was a big day!"

Gran seemed restless. When they reached the fruit exhibit, "Look," she said, "A fine new building for the chickens. Air-cooled! Let's go right in. I want to see if that nice young feller brought his Cornish-Game this year."

THAT was what Daisy secretly wanted, also. Last year they had come to the fair but there was no Cornish-Game with Ferguson on the display cards. They had not seen Miles. It was after that that Freddie had worn her down into saying, "yes."

She had only been dreaming. Boys like Miles weren't interested in girls like her, who only knew how to

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THE Country GUIDE

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Co-operative Farm Machinery

On the question of the co-operative distribution of farm machinery, The Country Guide has already made its position clear. In a series of articles, Pattern for Rehabilitation, published two years ago and later broadcast over a network of stations from Fort William to Vancouver, this statement was made: "But there is something wrong with a system by which on the average, \$150 worth of machinery at the factory door costs the farmer \$300 at Regina. The freight is only \$27 of it. That is what a Committee of parliament found six years ago. A cheaper method of distribution must be found and if the machinery companies can't find it, the farmers will. They will purchase their machinery co-operatively instead of having it sold to them competitively." The statement was based on the findings of a Special Committee on Farm Implement Prices, appointed by parliament. Its report, in giving a general view of the situation, showed that on the average, out of every \$100 cash paid by the farmer for an average implement, the actual factory cost was \$50; freight took \$8.70; commission to the agent, \$15; distribution costs, \$16.80; leaving a margin of profit to cover overhead and administration charges, interest on investment etc., of \$9.50.

The above analysis, based on information supplied to the Committee by the four largest machinery companies, appears to indicate two things. The actual factory costs have been kept low. Competition has been effective in keeping them down. On the other hand distribution costs are high. In the field of distribution competition operates to increase costs. All this scurrying around for orders, with service piled on service, has to be paid for and can only be paid for by adding the cost to the selling price of the machines.

As indicated by the figures quoted, there is little possibility of effecting economies by lowering manufacturing costs. This fact would call for the counsel of caution in entering too extensively or too precipitously into the manufacturing field. The field of distribution offers greater opportunities for effecting economies and reducing prices. There is, of course, the question of obtaining machinery to distribute. In this connection the report of the parliamentary committee had this to say:

"The companies do not generally favor co-operative associations as dealers. They draw a distinction between co-operative associations which distribute dividends, on shares, in the same manner as other companies and those co-operatives which distribute patronage dividends. They point out, in their opinion, that use of the latter type would be unfair to their present dealer organizations from a competitive standpoint. They also suggest that their experience has not been satisfactory, as there is, as yet, lack of permanence and stability in the co-operative agencies. The companies say that they are maintaining an open mind as to the future, indicating that if the co-operatives show an ability to maintain themselves as a distributing agency, giving efficient service on a permanent basis, that the question of selling through them would be considered. The attitude of the companies varies slightly in degree, but generally speaking, the above correctly outlines the general attitude toward distributing through co-operative associations."

The statement quoted above was written eight years ago, before the present move for the co-operative handling of farm machinery was mooted. A recent important factor which has entered the case is that at the last session of parliament, farm machinery was placed on the free list and the ten per cent exchange tax removed. This opens up a wide field in the United States, and for some machinery in other countries as well, from which supplies could be drawn.

The Population Shift

During the depression census period, 1931-41, about a quarter of a million people moved off the prairies to take up their residence elsewhere. Saskatchewan suffered the worst. It had 25,000 fewer people at the end of the ten-year period than at the beginning of it. In the other two provinces the natural increase and immigration more than balanced the outflow and small increases in population were recorded.

The census was taken as of June 2, 1941. Since then a further enormous migration has taken place. The Dominion Bureau of Statistics now has a check on population movement through the ration card system and further startling figures have been published. From the time the last census was taken until April 1 last, DBS estimates that 126,000 civilians moved out of the three provinces. Manitoba lost 25,000, Alberta 15,000 and Saskatchewan, 86,000. The population of Manitoba remained about the same, that of Alberta increased by about 20,000 but in Saskatchewan the decrease in civilian population was around 52,000. That province has about 77,000 fewer people than it had 13 years ago, not counting the men and women in the forces.

In the west, as throughout Canada, there has also been a local movement from rural to urban centres. Thus the Winnipeg and Edmonton areas have shown marked increases in population. It is the farms that have been denuded to the greatest extent. Yet great increases in the output of those branches of agriculture which require the most labor have been recorded. Old people, women and children, as well as men of working years, have bent their backs to the war effort. They have done it quietly and almost unnoticed, and have achieved this great result. They are among the little sung heroes and heroines of this war.

Canada Packers Report

The report to the shareholders by Canada Packers Limited was published as an advertisement in the October issue of The Country Guide and in many other papers across Canada. It showed that the net profits for the year ending March 30 last were \$1,687,586.76 or four-fifths of one per cent of sales, after taxes and depreciation had been provided for and \$500,000 credited to a wartime reserve. The full annual report and balance sheet of the Company, distributed widely as a booklet, showed the capital setup of the Company to be 200,000 authorized and issued common shares of no par value, carried at a value of \$1,438,284.46. The shares were currently quoted at around \$117. Dividends paid to shareholders were \$800,000 and bonuses distributed to employees, \$937,000.

Of course the Company has more than its issued capital stock to finance on. For example, earned surplus account stands at over \$11¼ million and surplus on appraisals at over \$5½ million. If these figures mean anything, it is that the Company has been ably financed and extremely profitable.

A split of the stock of Canada Packers has been announced. The 200,000 shares have been divided up into 1,200,000 shares. To replace each share held, six are being issued. Two of the six are Class "A" shares and four of them Class "B" shares. Class "A" shares will be entitled to a cumulative preference dividend of \$1.50 per annum. After that is paid, Class "B" shares will be entitled to a \$1.50 dividend, if earned. When that is paid, further dividend earnings may be shared equally between the two classes of stock. The dividend paid last year to shareholders on the

old basis was \$4.00 per share. On the same basis, the new Class "A" stock would get \$1.50 per share and the new "Class "B" stock 25 cents per share. The former are currently quoted on the market at \$33 and the latter at \$13.25; equivalent to \$119 for the old shares.

Debt Reduction

Some thought it was a moral break down. During the depression years, there were farmers who got to speaking contemptuously of their creditors, forgetting, for the moment, that those creditors were the men who had trusted them. But when farming came back and the farmers had the money they showed that it can still be said that when they can, they will honor their obligations. In many instances, accounts that had been written off by their creditors had to be re-opened when the farmers had the money. The judgment passed on them during the lean years had been too hasty. They had not suffered a moral breakdown.

There has been a substantial, even a spectacular reduction in farm mortgage indebtedness. The annual report of the Dominion Mortgage and Investment Association for 1943 showed that with 25 of its member companies farm mortgages were reduced in that year by the following amounts: Manitoba, 17 per cent; Saskatchewan, 13 per cent; and Alberta, 23.2 per cent. Increased income was also being used to liquidate current indebtedness such as tax arrears, accounts with local merchants and farm implement paper. It is estimated that the amount owing by prairie farmers on farm machinery has been reduced by 90 per cent in the past six years.

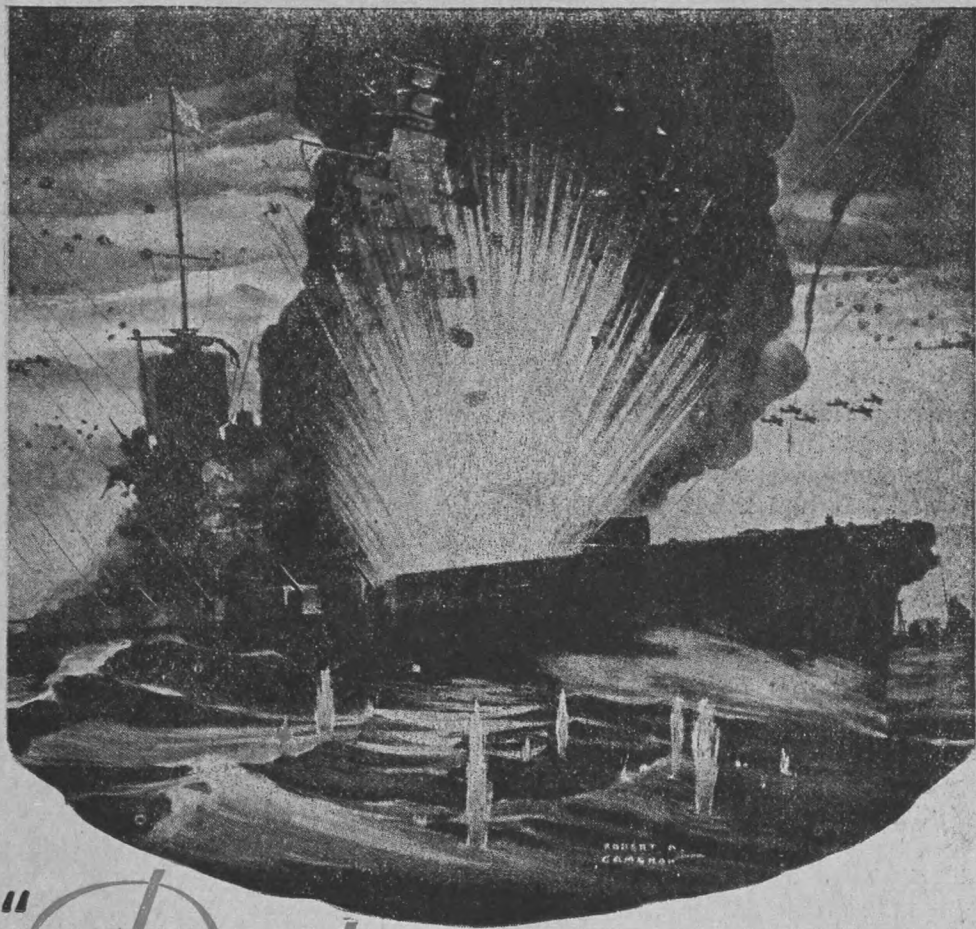
Farmers are more cautious in this war period than in the last one. Instead of getting into more debt they are getting out of it. Land prices have not skyrocketed as they did in the two dollar wheat period. In addition to debt reduction, a lot of money is being stored away in Victory Bonds against the day when depleted equipment can be renewed. What is in store after the war can be but dimly discerned, but one thing is certain, a lot of grief will have been avoided by the wiser policies adopted by farmers in their personal financing than was the case during the other war.

Cause for Thankfulness

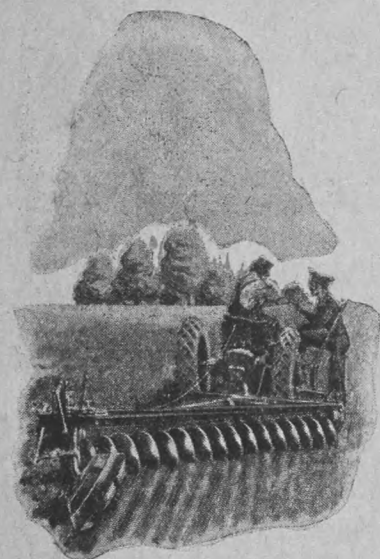
This is written while the Seventh Victory Loan appeal is still in progress, but by the time it reaches the reader, the campaign will be officially over. There will be still, however, some cleaning up to do. All that can be done here is to urge those workers who for any reason have not completed their solicitations, and those who have not yet completed their subscriptions, to get it over and done with.

The holdup during the weeks of autumn in the Siegfried line and the slow progress in Italy have dispelled the illusion of an early Nazi collapse. Canadian troops in these theatres have no illusions about it. They have strained and are straining themselves to the limit in gruelling and bloody conflicts. The Nazis are fighting with the maniacal fury of demons and the ferocity of cornered beasts. Nothing has happened to mar the certainty of victory but the fighting is still on the outskirts of Fortress Europa.

Bitter though the fighting is and may still be, we are coming out of this European conflict better than we dared to hope in those dark days four years ago. Outside the Channel Islands, no Nazi has trod on British soil, except as a fugitive or a prisoner. No Nazi bomb has fallen on an overseas Dominion. From the sickening medieval barbarities, practised by the Nazis on subjugated peoples, and authenticated by unimpeachable evidence, the British people have escaped. There have been the bombings, repaid tenfold; and the agony and destruction of the most devastating and costly of all wars, but we are coming out of it better than we at one time expected. A subscription to the Victory Loan is more than an investment. It is a thank-offering—at three per cent with the money back.



"Dad... those big shells
do more than hit the target!"



You know, sailor!

You were behind the gun that sent those mighty projectiles on their way.

You knew that at the end of an eight, twelve or fifteen-mile journey, those shells would find the target.

Not only find the target, but keep on smashing through it . . . piercing heavy armor plate . . . reaching the heart of the target . . . and shattering themselves into hundreds of pieces where they would do the most harm.

This, you know, is the job of armor-piercing shells: they deal their death blows in the split second after impact.

The Crucible Steel Company of America is proud to be supplying many of the important tools for allied victory—high explosive and armor-piercing shells of all dimensions, big guns for war and merchant ships and technically precise periscope tubes for submarines.

Crucible is proud, also, to be supplying vitally needed La Belle and Fieldmaster disks for "Dad's" plows and harrows as he farms for the Canadian "Food Front."

Shells and disks! Both made by the same company. Both with a job to do—both with the strength and toughness to smash through and do it well.

Crucible controls for excellence are being maintained with greater care than ever. Every step from the mines to the finished product is watched, recorded and perfected. Every shell, every gun, every tube, every disk blade, leaves our mill with a recorded pedigree.

★ ★ ★

La Belle and Fieldmaster Disks for plows and harrows, produced under the same metallurgical controls as the mighty shells, have a similar record for outstanding performance on the "Food Front." Although record quantities are being manufactured, the demand is still great and Crucible is making every effort to distribute disks equitably. For maximum performance from disk blades you buy, insist on La Belle or Fieldmaster Disks on your new equipment and for your replacements.



CRUCIBLE STEEL COMPANY of America

Agricultural Division

405 LEXINGTON AVENUE . . . NEW YORK 17, N. Y.



Packing House Labor Dispute

THE appointment of Mr. Justice S. E. Richards, of Winnipeg, by the Dominion Department of Labor, as a commissioner to investigate the dispute between major meat packing companies and the United Packinghouse Workers of America (C.I.O.) was announced in mid-October. This brings to a focus the long dispute between companies and the Union, apparently stemming from a shortage of labor in the packing houses across Canada, and the knowledge that a strong national interest was involved during the heavy run of livestock in the fall months. The packing house workers have attempted, without success so far, to obtain master agreements with the companies. At present, separate agreements are entered into between the Union and management of each individual plant and the companies so far have successfully resisted all efforts on the part of the Union for master agreements. In the fall of 1943, uncertainty as to the outcome of disputes then existing between Winnipeg packers and the Union was added to the extreme shortage of packing house labor, and it was the end of October before the dispute at the Canada Packers' St. Boniface plant was announced as settled. Later, at Theodore, Saskatchewan, in the middle of November, the Hon. J. G. Gardiner, federal minister of agriculture, expressed the opinion that "if the C.I.O., which had declared itself closely associated with the C.C.F., had the interests of the fighting forces or the farmers at heart they would have avoided trouble in a period so essential to the welfare of both." Later, the Alberta provincial C.C.F. convention in Edmonton strongly condemned Mr. Gardiner for "false and malicious statements" and opined that "the shortage of manpower caused by mismanagement of the manpower situation, plus the exceptionally heavy run of hogs, has been proved the real cause of the congestion."

Again this year, beginning this time in the latter part of June, difficulties between rival unions in the same plant, or between unions and management began to develop. By the end of August, slowdowns in Edmonton plants had been under way for a week or more. Producers' representatives were becoming anxious as to the effect on fall marketings of livestock. The dispute continued throughout September, and officials of the Canadian Trades and Labor Congress accused both federal and provincial governments of having failed to handle the matter either well or expeditiously. Meanwhile, strike votes had been taken, and Fred W. Dowling, Canadian Director of the United Packinghouse Workers of America (with about 10,000 members in 15 major packing plants across Canada), was able to say that 11 of the plants had voted in favor of striking to enforce their demands, and that unless government action came quickly, a strike was only "a couple of weeks away." Packing house management, represented by J. S. McLean, president of Canada Packers Limited, the largest of the Canadian packing companies, said that his company had never been antagonistic to unions, and that one or other of the international unions was represented in each of the Company's seven plants. Its agreements at each plant distinctly precluded strikes or slowdowns. Objective of the unions, he said, was "to force a master agreement on the packing companies before the end of the war" and "because the time is so short, their tactics are to throw the work of the plants into confusion." The master agreement would force a closed shop upon the companies and compel them to discharge workers on no other grounds than that they might be unwilling to join the union. About half of the company's employees were non-union members, and less than one half of the company's employees participated in the strike vote. Only 1,899, or 43.4 per cent of the 4,375 workers in four plants, voted to strike.

A statement issued on October 10 by the Canadian Federation of Agriculture said: "When arbitration machinery exists for the handling of such disputes, it should be brought into action immediately, and the government should accept its full share of responsibility in bringing about a speedy solution of this situation in order that all packing plants may continue to operate at maximum capacity, and the output of vital food supplies continue uninterrupted."

Meanwhile, the situation was becoming steadily more serious. The government of Manitoba brought management and men together and secured a promise to carry on at full speed at long as possible. The Canadian Congress of Labor meeting in Quebec City voted support to the unions. The Alberta Farmers Union, acting through the Canadian Federation of Agriculture was reported to have suggested that the government take over management of the packing industry under the War Measures Act, an action which union officials said they would welcome. Finally, on October 16, Labor Minister Mitchell announced, after consultation with the provinces, which have the packing industry within their jurisdiction, that a commissioner would be appointed. Justice Richards opened his investigation in Toronto on October 25. Meanwhile, union officials claim they have given no assurance to the commissioner that there would be no strike until he had had ample time to investigate the dispute.

The Taxing of Co-operatives

THE question as to whether surpluses and savings of co-operative organizations are taxable under the Income War Tax Act is now to be referred to a Royal Commission appointed by the Dominion government. Notwithstanding that the question was already before the Exchequer Court of Canada, the minister of finance, Hon. J. L. Ilesley, announced on Monday, October 23, that it had been decided to set up a Royal Commission and that co-operative organizations would be represented on it. The Co-operative Union of Canada had already been notified to this effect. John Bracken, leader of the Progressive Conservative Party, had said in a public statement that savings effected by a co-operative organization were not income and therefore not taxable. The minister agreed in principle, but said that certain questions such as "what is a co-operative?" and "what are savings?" as well as "what constitutes an allocation of savings to individual members?" require to be answered and the entire position clarified. He hoped that the result would "ensure a sound basis for the full development of the co-operative movement, without impairing the ability of the national treasury to secure a fair share of revenue from business profits in the ordinary sense." It is expected that the report of the Commission will be ready in time to permit introduction of clarifying legislation at the next session of parliament.

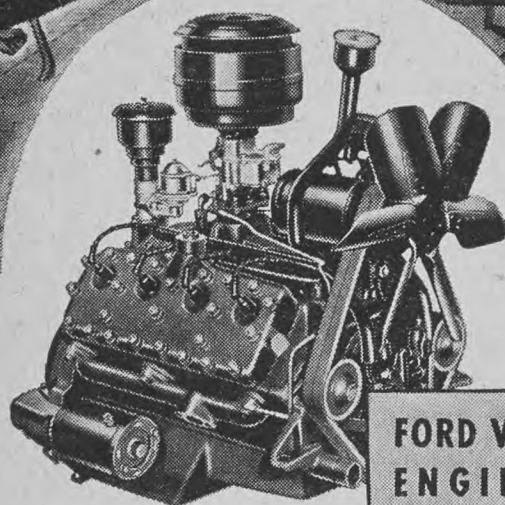
Farm Production In Russia

AN article in British "Farming News" contrasts Russian agriculture in World Wars I and II. By 1917, in the first world war, the acreage sown to grain crops had declined by 11 per cent; sugar beets, 31 per cent; potatoes, 17 per cent. It is stated that the volume of production in 1943, in spite of the diversion of large numbers of men, machines and draft animals from agriculture, was considerably greater than that of 1916. The total 1943 crop area was 39 per cent larger than 1913. The area under potatoes has increased fourfold, and of other vegetables fivefold, as compared with 1916.

Credit for this Russian agricultural achievement is given to collective farming, and it is stated that the volume of tractor work to be done in 1944 was



**Serving the Bombers
...and the Airliners**



**FORD V-8
ENGINE**

It's on the job!

IN THE GHOSTLY HALF-LIGHT betwixt day and dark, a cavalcade of Ford military trucks speeds cross-country somewhere in Britain. Soon it's circling the "perimeter track" around a closely guarded R.C.A.F. take-off field. Wheels brake to a stop and the air crews pile out nimbly, climb into the waiting bombers. Swiftly the giant aircraft zoom up into the night... Berlin-bound!

.....

At a bustling Canadian airport, a Ford delivery truck backs deftly in under the wing of a Canadian airliner. Husky attendants swing the load up into the gleaming underbelly of the plane.

Minutes count in the delivery of these air express parcels... this box may be carrying material urgently required to keep production moving in a vital war plant hundreds of miles away... that package may contain a drug or serum needed to save a life in a distant hospital.

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On the battlefronts and on the home front, Ford vehicles are "on the job", meeting important schedules with timetable accuracy. Fast, smooth, dependable as the day is long, the famous Ford V-8 Engine "Keeps 'em rolling" with time—and power—to spare.

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LARGEST PRODUCERS OF MILITARY VEHICLES IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE

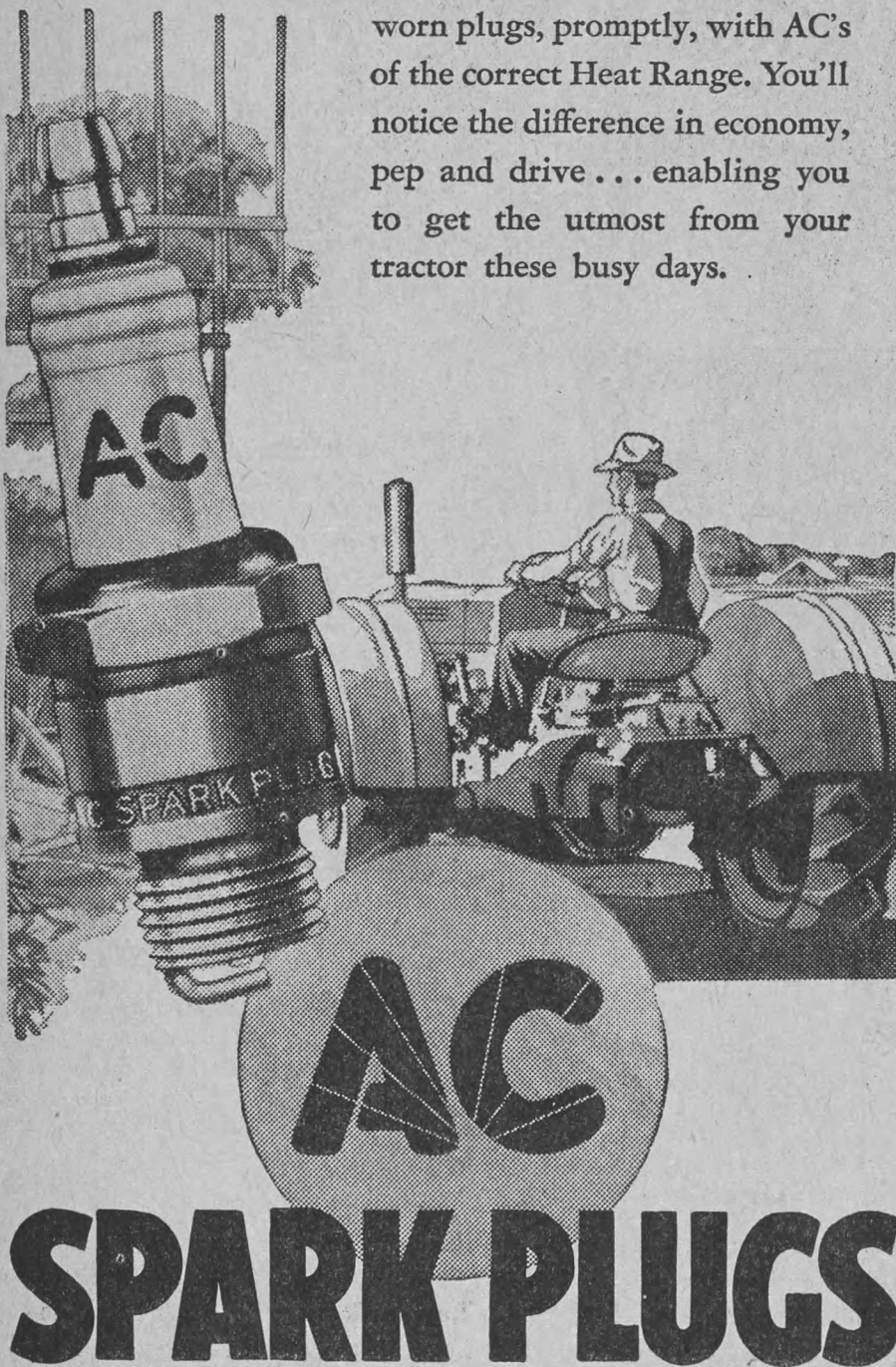
POWER WASTE IS FUEL WASTE, TOO

Loss of power caused by faulty spark plugs is as wasteful as dragging brakes. It can cost up to one gallon of fuel in ten.

As you know, misfiring may result from worn or dirty spark plugs—or, it may be caused by plugs of the wrong Heat Range, which fail when the need is greatest.

This year, every tractor should operate at full efficiency. Avoid power loss and fuel waste, first, by having plugs cleaned and regapped every time oil is

changed; second, by replacing worn plugs, promptly, with AC's of the correct Heat Range. You'll notice the difference in economy, pep and drive... enabling you to get the utmost from your tractor these busy days.



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AC Fuel Pumps, Gauges and Speedometers • AC Oil Filters • NEW DEPARTURE Ball Bearings • HYATT Roller Bearings • KLAXON Horns • DELCO-REMY Starting, Lighting, Ignition • GUIDE Lamps • HARRISON Radiators • PACKARD Cable • DELCO Hydraulic Brakes • HARRISON Thermostats • DELCO Shock Absorbers

UNITED MOTORS SERVICE DIVISION
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planned to exceed that of 1943 by 50 per cent. On these collective farms, too, 18 per cent more labor, as measured by work-day units, was done in 1942 than in 1940. The area sown to spring crops this year in the grain growing region, including those liberated from German control, exceeded the area of 1943 by over 8,000,000 hectares (about 20 million acres). About 17 million acres were seeded in the Ukraine alone.

Between 1941 and 1943, east of the front line, cattle increased by two per cent and sheep by 16 per cent.

In all, Russia has 236,000 large-scale, collective farms, which replaced about 25 million poor, medium and kulak farms. In addition to these, there are a large number of state-owned farms which grow about one-tenth of the country's gross agricultural production. In 1918, only one-tenth of one per cent of the total Russian peasants were in these collective farms, but by 1940, there were 19,300,000 peasant families on such farms, or 96.9 per cent of all such families. The average number of peasant families per collective farm is 82. On each farm there is reported to be an average of 65 horned cattle, 113 sheep and goats, 56 horses and 35 tractor horsepower.



B. N. Arnason.

MR. ARNASON becomes deputy minister of the Department of Co-operation and Co-operative Development which is being set up by the government of Saskatchewan at the present session of the legislature. Born in 1901 on a farm near Gladstone, Manitoba, Mr. Arnason received his public and high school education in the Foam Lake district, Saskatchewan; spent four years at the University of Saskatchewan, and joined the staff of the Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture in April, 1929, as Research Analyst for the Co-operation and Markets Branch. Appointed acting commissioner of that branch in 1932, he became commissioner in 1936 on the retirement of the late W. W. Waldron. He organized the Annual Saskatchewan Conference of Co-operative Associations in 1934; was secretary of Canadian Co-operative Implements from 1940 until 1942; and is now secretary of the Credit Union Federation of Saskatchewan, as well as of the National Organization Committee of the Co-operative Unions of Canada. Saskatchewan now has 1,000 co-operative organizations, having over 2,200 places of business and 250,000 members.

Farm Machinery Needs

A LITTLE over a month ago the United States War Food Administrator, Judge Marvin Jones, ended all rationing and distribution control of farm machinery and equipment, except corn pickers. Later, President Roosevelt directed the chairman of the War Production Board to increase the production of farm machinery in order that the United States might maintain its high record of food production well into the postwar years.

Recently, in Canada, the National Committee on Agricultural Engineering met at Ottawa and discussed all stages

of farm machinery supply and distribution, as well as other engineering problems, such as soil conservation, farm housing, and rural electrification. It is understood that the Western Engineering Committee, which has been in existence for some years and acts as an advisory body to the Farm Machinery Administrator under the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, estimates that western farmers will spend \$25 million for new machinery next year. Plans are also being projected into the year 1946 and later, and during the next six months a thorough survey of present farm implement and machinery equipment now on farms is to be made by the Economics Division of the Dominion Department of Agriculture in the three prairie provinces.

Large Numbers of Hogs Still Needed

EARLY in October the Canadian Meat Board was concerned about reports indicating a decline in hog production for 1945. The June 1 livestock survey conducted by the Bureau of Statistics indicated that sows bred to farrow from June to November this year would only be 38.3 per cent over 1940, whereas a year ago the figure was 143.9 per cent over 1940. These figures would indicate that the number of hogs to be marketed in the first six months of 1945 is likely to be very materially lower than the record number reaching the market during the first six months of this year. J. G. Taggart, chairman of the Canadian Meat Board, pointed out that Great Britain will require more bacon from Canada for the next two years than we are likely to be able to deliver, even if we do maintain a large production of hogs.

The outlook for Canadian export bacon is good for a considerable time after the war with Germany ends. Denmark cannot hope to regain its old export position for a year to 18 months after the close of hostilities, according to Mr. Taggart. At the beginning of 1943, Danish hog population was 1,605,000; by November, 1943, numbers had increased to 2,449,000, but by June, 1944, they had decreased to 1,999,000. Bred sows, which were 124,000 at the beginning of 1943, increased to 160,000 by November, but decreased to 127,000 in June, 1944. In 1940, the Danish hog population was 3,218,000, including 196,000 bred sows. The total number of sows in Denmark reached a low point in 1942, of 148,000, from the 1940 figure for all sows, of 336,000, a decline of 56 per cent. Canada's hog population at June 1 of this year had declined 407,000 from the same period last year, when a peak of 8,148,000 hogs was reached. It was still, however, 616,000 above the 7,125,000 figure for June 1, 1942, and 1,648,000 above the comparable 1941 figure.

For a period of ten weeks, from the middle of July to the middle of September, more than 20 per cent of the hogs graded each week on the Winnipeg market were No. 1 sows, the high figure being 28 per cent for the week ending August 12. Hogs marketed in Saskatchewan averaged over 20 per cent No. 1 sows for six weeks, from August 12 to September 16. Number of sows reaching Alberta markets during the same period was as large as in Saskatchewan, but owing to the greater total number of hogs marketed, the percentage was lower, the maximum percentage being 11 per cent, or 3,571 No. 1 sows for the week ending August 19. These pre-harvest sow marketings are characteristic of western markets, but it would appear that, with more attention being devoted to wheat production at the higher prices ruling during the past year, hog production is already suffering to some extent.

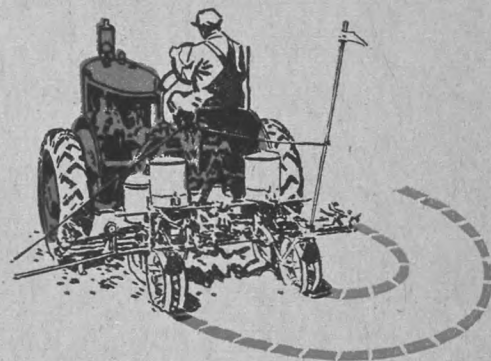
Power on British Farms

SPEAKING some time ago at Birmingham, England, the chairman of the British Oil Control Board said that the consumption of petroleum by British agriculture had multiplied four times since the war began. This power basis has made possible the food production campaign under conditions of very limited manpower. He stated that, during the 1944 harvest season, there was, at any one time, oil-driven machinery of approximately 2,500,000 horsepower operating on British farms, and that this machinery consumed petroleum at the rate of 3,000 gallons per minute.

FROM EVERY ANGLE



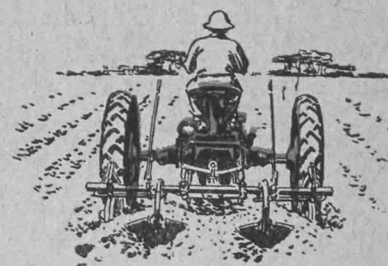
WITHOUT THESE BASIC FEATURES
NO MACHINE QUALIFIES AS
AN ALL-PURPOSE FARM TRACTOR



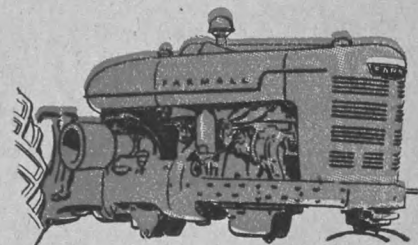
A SHORT TURNING RADIUS is vital for row-crop farming. Farmalls A and B turn in 10 feet. Tricycle design, and individual wheel brakes that enable operator to pivot on either rear wheel, are indispensable features.



AMPLE CROP CLEARANCE is required for cultivating. Farmalls have up to 30 inches vertically and a wide range of rear wheel spacings horizontally. Low pressure tires increase traction and decrease soil packing. On every job the operator has a clear view of the work he is doing.



THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE for the Farmall's versatility. It is built to operate with the greatest variety of quick-attachable tools ever known. The hydraulic "Lift-All" provides easy implement control.



POWER MUST BE PROPERLY APPLIED for efficient tractor operation. Farmall's correct gear ratios mean low fuel consumption. A governor controls operating speeds. Oil and air cleaners and dirt seals insure long wear. The power take-off and belt pulley complete the Farmall's unbeatable utility as an all-purpose farm power unit.

FARMALLS ARE FIRST

ANY MAN WHO BUYS A TRACTOR buys it for one big reason: *the work the tractor will do.* The quality of work, the volume, and the variety are the real measures of tractor value. Couple these factors with original cost, plus upkeep and operation, and you have the whole story.

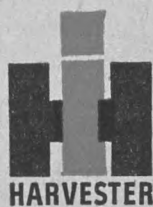
That's the way most farmers figure it out when they make this important investment. *The answer has turned out to be a Farmall tractor more times than all other makes combined.*

That doesn't happen by chance. It happens because these famous red tractors are designed and built to do more work, better work, and a bigger variety of work

per dollar of cost than anything else on wheels.

At the right are a few basic reasons behind Farmall tractor performance. The McCormick-Deering dealer will be glad to demonstrate how Farmalls, with their complete line of related tools and machines, make up the most efficient system of power farming in existence. . . . Those are the big things to remember when you plan the purchase of farm power equipment.

Subject to wartime requirements, and with all possible manufacturing speed, THE FARMALLS ARE COMING!



INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
HAMILTON of Canada, Ltd. ONTARIO

THE TOP TRACTORS FOR ALL FARMS

The Star Performer

COCKSHUTT

TILLER COMBINE



LABOR SAVER, MONEY MAKER

THE BEST VALUE FOR YOUR RATION PERMIT

Yes, Mr. Farmer, for the best performance, under all soil conditions, thousands of you, through your purchases, have voted Cockshutt Tiller Combines the star of the field. And there are many reasons for this deserving preference and popularity for Cockshutt's 4-DUTY implement that plows, discs, seeds and harrows.

CONSIDER THESE BETTER FARMING FEATURES OF THE POPULAR No. 33 MODEL

- ★ Fully enclosed oil bath clutch assembly. Longer life . . . smoother running.
- ★ Superior end thrust ball bearings throughout the disc gang contribute to the remarkable light draft.
- ★ Larger and wider reversible wheels mean less weight per square inch of rim surface.
- ★ Discs cut all weeds and leave seeds on top to perish. The famous seeding attachment for 'Once Over All Over' tillage gives efficient broadcast seeding . . . produces bigger crops.

FOR BETTER FARMING . . . more bountiful crops . . . bigger profits . . . the best 'Once Over All Over' implements are made by Cockshutt. And there's a size for every need. Ask your Authorized Cockshutt dealer about Tiller Combines today!

IMPORTANT: Sale of farm implements is still limited by Government rationing. If you can keep your present equipment in operation by prompt repairs and replacement by Genuine Cockshutt Parts, by all means do so. If, however, your need is urgent, make an application, through your Authorized Cockshutt Dealer, for a permit to buy. Use the services of your Authorized Cockshutt Dealer for either repairs or purchase of new machines. He is ready to serve you in every way possible.

COCKSHUTT

PLOW COMPANY LIMITED

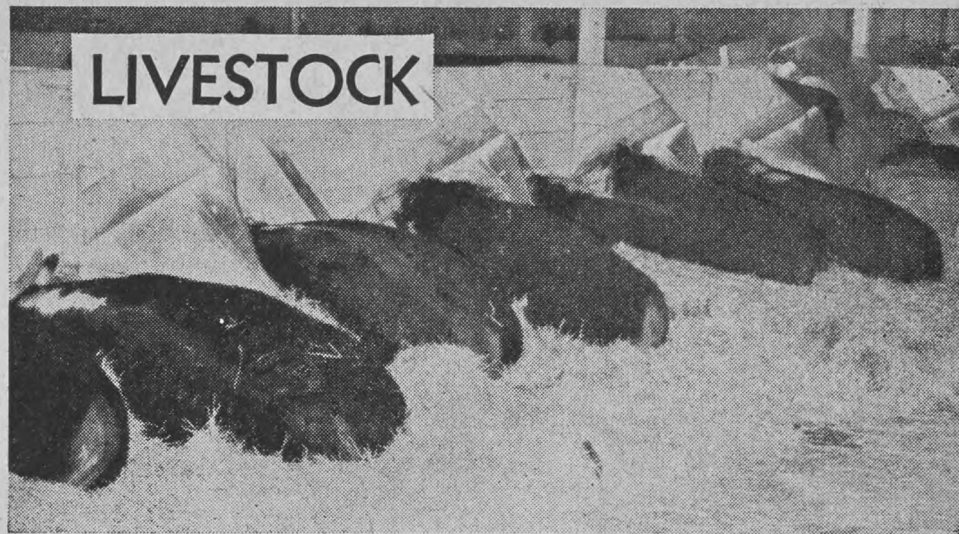
SMITHS FALLS
MONTREAL

TRURO

BRANTFORD

WINNIPEG REGINA CALGARY
SASKATOON EDMONTON

LIVESTOCK



The plain, underfinished type of cattle now so slow and draggy on Canadian livestock markets seldom come from good breeding stock such as these Hereford bulls, ten of which averaged \$1,408, at the 1944 Calgary Bull Sale for W. A. Crawford-Frost, Nanton, Alta.—Guide photo.

Bull Nose in Pigs

A chronic infectious disease of pigs noticeable during the past few years in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta

By Dr. J. M. Isa

Assistant in Animal Pathology

Manitoba Provincial Veterinary Laboratory, Winnipeg.

FOR many years standard texts on veterinary medicine have described a disease in pigs known as Infectious Chronic Rhinitis, or more commonly, "Bull Nose." This affection is generally described as having occurred for a long time in pigs up to six months of age in certain regions of Europe; and in more recent years in different areas of the United States. Veterinarians in western Canada have paid little attention to this disease because it may not have been recognised; its incidence was very low, or because it was not present.

At about the start of the war vague reports were received at the Manitoba Provincial Veterinary Laboratory from a few areas, describing pigs with distorted faces that sneezed a great deal and lost condition. The first definite statement giving a detailed description of the pigs involved, their surroundings and their management, was received from the agricultural representative at Swan River. Since then reports of what appears to be the same disease have been received from many districts in Manitoba. Unlike most animal outbreaks which spread west across the south of the province and then north, "Bull Nose" in pigs appeared on individual farms all over the province at about the same time. Naturally the incidence was highest where the pig population was greatest.

Symptoms of Bull Nose

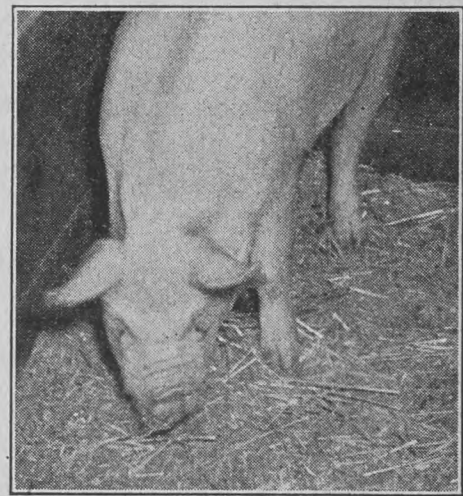
The outstanding feature of this disease is a distortion of the snout. Some authorities distinguished between two kinds of distortion. The type caused by a swelling of one or both sides of the face they call "Bull Nose." Where there is a bending of the snout without swelling the name Infectious Chronic Rhinitis is applied. However, there has been no proven difference found for the cause of the conditions, and since the end result is the same, the writer considers them as one disease. The distortion of the snout may occur in any direction; in some cases it is upward giving the pig a dish-faced appearance. In other cases the snout is turned to either side causing the lower jaw to assume an angle in relation to the upper jaw. Sometimes the snout has a pushed-in appearance, making the face look like a bull dog with the characteristic undershot jaw. Regardless of what form the distortion takes, the upper and lower teeth are out of line, and hence proper apprehension and mastication of food is interfered with.

Another feature of the disease is the disturbed breathing. This may vary from intermittent "sniffles"; efforts to dislodge material from the nose; to spasms of sneezing, the latter often accompanied by violent movements and bloody discharges from the nostrils. Occasionally the pigs suffer from nose bleeding and apparent irritation, since they go about the pens shoving and rub-

bing their noses against the floor and walls.

The chief economic importance of the disease results from the retarded growth of the infected pigs. The inability to feed normally, the restlessness induced by the violent sneezing and the local infection in the snout, greatly prolong the period required to make market weight, thus consuming much more feed and labor. In many cases infected pigs remain stunted and are never able to make 200 pounds. In those pigs that do get to market, the carcass rarely gets a good grade and in most cases additional losses are attained by the condemnation of the affected parts by the inspectors in the packing plants.

The disease as seen in Manitoba assumes the form of a prolonged chronic infection. Premises become contaminated by the introduction of an infected individual or material from an infected place. The soil, pens, and equipment become contaminated and serve as a source of infection to other pigs. Continued use of the same pens and runs without thorough disinfection and cultivation affords the opportunity for constant exposure to the infection from



This pig's snout is twisted by Bull Nose. The upper and lower jaws point in different directions, which makes chewing difficult and leads to unthriftiness.

litter to litter and year to year. A number of different germs have been isolated from infected hogs, but experiments to reproduce the disease by their use have not been successful. Hence the employment of bacterins or other biologics for treatment or prevention to date are questionable. The use of drugs has not met with much success. One authority recommends the daily use of a weak solution of creolin as a nasal irrigation in early cases. In advanced cases the disease is generally regarded as incurable. The only method that affords complete control of the disease is the disposal of all infected and contact pigs and a very thorough disinfection of the pens and the use of new runs.

GROWING UP WITH CANADA..

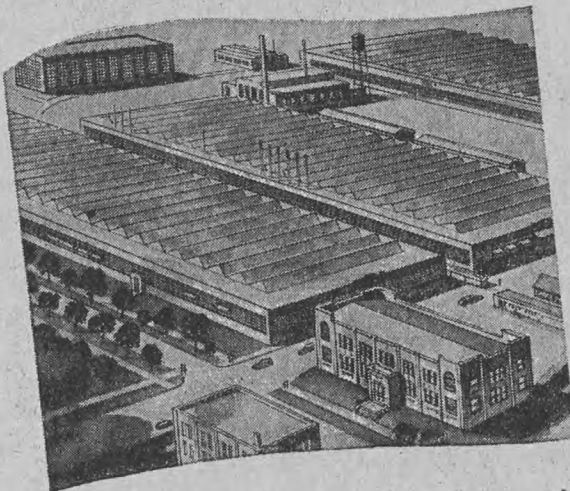


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An early print of the original McLaughlin plant and staff at Enniskillen, Ontario. Second from left is the late Robert McLaughlin, founder of the company, which is today General Motors of Canada.

Up through 75 eventful years of Canadian history... up from horse and buggy days to the fast-moving, mechanized world of today—General Motors of Canada and the pioneer venture from which it sprung, have grown with this growing nation.

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If you are eligible to buy new tires, and your present tires can't be recapped, ask for Dominion Royal.

"There's no finer tire built."

DOMINION RUBBER

COMPANY  LIMITED

Alberta Tests Flax and Linseed Meal

FOR many years the Department of Animal Science at the University of Alberta has been conducting feeding experiments with beef cattle, and has recently completed three years' work comparing the economy and efficiency of an entirely home-grown ration, including ground flax, with the same home-grown grain rations, but with purchased linseed oil meal substituted for the home-grown ground flax, as a protein supplement.

Linseed oil meal, which is a by-product from the manufacture of paint, is a residue of the flax after the oil for the paint industry has been extracted. It is, therefore, high in protein and quite low in oil and fat. Because of these characteristics, linseed oil meal is widely used, not only as a protein supplement, but because of its laxative and conditioning effect. Ground flax, on the other hand, while it has a similar laxative and conditioning effect, is relatively high in fat and relatively low in protein.

A considerable amount of alfalfa hay is produced in many sections of Alberta, and since alfalfa is relatively high in protein, it might be expected to supply sufficient protein for beef cattle finishing. Nevertheless, large quantities of non-leguminous hays, such as oat hay and others, are used annually for cattle feeding, and since these hays are low in protein, linseed oil meal is frequently used as a protein supplement. In these experiments, the hay used was 50 per cent alfalfa hay and 50 per cent timothy and oat hay. Both hays were cut before feeding.

The grain ration consisted of oats and barley and in each year the actual test was started only after a preliminary feeding period of two weeks. For the first thirty days the grain was fed two parts of oats to one part of barley.

This mixture was changed over a successive 30-day period, first to equal parts of oats and barley, then to one part of oats and two parts of barley, and finally to one part of oats and three parts of barley during the final feeding period. Grain and roughage were each fed twice daily at separate periods, the grain ration starting at two pounds per head daily, increasing at the rate of one pound per week until by the eighth week the cattle were being given all they would clean up.

The cattle were housed during the feeding period in a frame shed partially open to the west and with small exercise yards available to them.

In each of the three years there were nine or ten steers in each of the two lots, and in each year the lots averaged around 750 pounds per head. The average starting weight of the two lots each year differed by no more than fourteen pounds in any one year. Three years results, averaged out, show that the total amount of gain by the steers fed the ground flax, was slightly higher than those fed linseed oil meal. The latter ate a little more hay of all kinds, and also a little more grain, but somewhat less salt and had a slightly lower cost of feed per steer.

In two of the three years, the steers fed ground flax brought a slightly higher price due to the fact they graded out a little better, but in the third year those fed linseed oil meal proved slightly superior in grading and selling price. Summarizing the results of the three years' work, Prof. J. P. Sackville concluded that where linseed oil meal was valued at \$50 per ton and used under the conditions in this experiment, the ground flax meal was worth \$79 per ton, or at the rate of \$2.21 per bushel for the No. 2 CW flax that was used.

Selecting and Testing B.C. Dairy Herds

THE Dairy Branch of the British Columbia Department of Agriculture states that the average yield of milk per cow, as well as the percentage of fat in the milk from all herds in provincial cow-testing associations, increased from an average production of 8,000 pounds of 4.25 per cent fat in 1933 to 8,168 pounds of 4.38 per cent fat in 1943, and during the same period the number of cows involved increased from 3,923 eleven years ago to 5,568 last year.

The same source points out that herds averaging a pound of butterfat for 365 days in the year for every cow, were very scarce thirty years ago, and shows that in 1928-29, 76 herds averaged 350 pounds butterfat and over, and 22 herds 400 pounds butterfat and over; whereas, for the year 1942-43, the numbers were 196 and 62 respectively.

That careful selection of both sire and dam is very important in securing increased milk production is proven by figures from the first seven annual B.C.

Dairy Sire Lists, which give production reports for the daughters of 639 dairy sires. The average production of 52 per cent of these daughters was lower than that of their dams. It was higher than their dams for 27 per cent of them, and equal to their dams in 21 per cent, all of which indicates that there is room for much more careful and effective selection of both sire and dam than has yet taken place.

Some copies are still available of the Farming News and North British Agriculturist 1944 Annual and the Scottish Farmer 1944 Annual. The price, each, is \$1.00, postpaid. Once this limited number is gone, no further copies will be obtainable. It should be remembered that these two Annuals offer the most reliable record of the progress of all pure breeds of British livestock and are illustrated by scores of excellent pictures.

Correction Re Louse Powder

ON page 22 of our October issue an article appeared entitled D Day For Cattle Lice in which the following sentence occurred in the fourth paragraph, "The best powders contain rotenone, but since this may not be available locally, warble fly powder, which contains rotenone, will give good results if diluted with up to ten parts of flour or cornstarch."

The Director of Pesticides, under The Wartime Prices and Trade Board, has called our attention to the fact that such recommendation is contrary to Order A-857 of The Board. Rotenone, for warble fly purposes, is manufactured at a strength of 2.35 per cent rotenone; and for the control of lice, it is put up at a strength of only 0.25 per cent. Furthermore, the Director of Pesticides points out that there should be no shortage of louse powders, since some thousands of pounds of rotenone have been released especially for this purpose. The Country Guide regrets this error, but the recommendation intact was taken from a release by the Dominion Department of Agriculture issued shortly before the article appeared.

Feed Ewes Potassium Iodide

FOUR ounces of potassium iodide dissolved in a cup of warm water and sprinkled over a hundred pounds of common salt is a good protection against weak and dead lambs, according to Dr. J. D. Bowstead, of the University of Alberta. If the salt thus treated is thoroughly mixed and placed indoors, in boxes, so that the ewes can have access to it at all times during the winter, a cause of serious annual loss in the sheep industry will have been guarded against.

Dr. Bowstead explains that the occurrence of poor lamb crops resulting from iodine deficiency varies from year to year according to differing conditions under which crops grow. Consequently, many sheep owners, realizing that they have had fairly good lamb crops for two or three years without the use of potassium iodide, omit feeding it in the belief that it is not necessary. The cost, however, is so low, and its effectiveness so marked in the ewes in years it is definitely necessary, that there is no sound reason for not feeding iodine to wintering ewes regularly every year.

Flax Grower and Linoleum Worker Provide Employment For Each Other



A good proportion of Canada's flax crop in normal years is used for the manufacture of linoleum products. That provides a steady market for Canadian flax growers. Then, in turn, the purchases of linoleum by Canadian farmers provide employment in linoleum plants.

This simple example shows how the farmer and the industrial worker help each other.

The growing popularity of linoleum as a floor covering for every room in the home indicates an increasing demand for flax to be used in its manufacture.

LINOLEUM WORKERS CONTRIBUTE TO VICTORY



Huge Dominion hydraulic linoleum presses are shaping hundreds of thousands of metal aeroplane parts.



Miles of war fabric have been proofed against water, flame, mildew, gas and arctic weather.

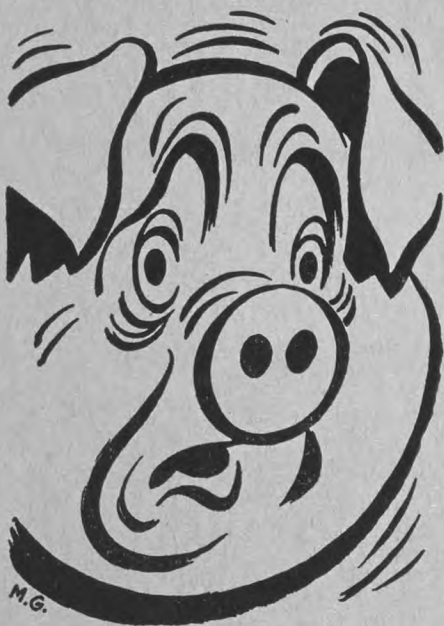


And linoleum for naval vessels, air force schools, training establishments, munitions plants, etc.



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This is Chilly Ike



When the weather's raw and cold, this pig beats it for the shed. He doesn't get enough sunshine. He doesn't eat enough to put on fast gains. He sure ought to get Hog Special. The same applies to his pals in the fattening pen.

Hog Special does a double job. Job No. 1 supplies vitamin D. There is apt to be a shortage of this vitamin in winter when the clouds hide the sun. Job No. 2 supplies tonics. These tonics stimulate appetite and help a hog make better use of his feed.

There's the story of Hog Special and why hogs getting this product should make more economical gains. And we believe you'll profit from the addition of this product to your ration—see your Dr. Hess Dealer.

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AGAINST BOTH TYPES OF
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Pearson's Creolin—the safe, non-poisonous, non-caustic antiseptic—keeps the animals healthy, barns free of germs and disease! Get the genuine Pearson's Creolin to use at calving time, when castrating—to treat diarrhoea, skin eruptions, etc. At drug or hardware stores. Write for explanatory leaflet to Pearson's Antiseptic Co., 45 Ann St., Montreal, P.Q.

**PEARSON'S
CREOLIN
DISINFECTANT**

High-Quality Low-Cost Livestock

A SHORT time ago Dean R. D. Sinclair, of the University of Alberta, addressed meetings of the cattle, sheep and swine breeders associations at the time of the Brandon fall fair and sales. He stressed two points in connection with postwar prospects for cattle, which have been mentioned in these columns before and will bear repeating.

Dr. Sinclair said that while he was not pessimistic with regard to cattle raising in western Canada after the war, he believed cattle raisers would do well to bring their herds down to more or less normal size and to cull out every inferior animal as far as possible, so as to prepare, while prices are still high, for the production of quality livestock after the war.

Dr. Sinclair believed that, no matter what steps the government might take in the postwar period to protect prices for agricultural products, marketing methods would be more or less similar to those prevailing prior to the war. Competition will be a strong factor and countries offering a market for our beef, or cattle, will insist on buying on a quality basis. Moreover, in livestock as with grain, the cost of production will be a strong factor; and livestock producers in western Canada, who are faced with a long rail haul to eastern Canada, or to eastern ports for overseas shipment, would still have to compete, though perhaps on a fairer basis, with other producers of surplus livestock.

There is a danger that some farmers who have learned of the enormous quantities of food and other supplies required by UNRRA (United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration); of FAO (Food and Agricultural Organization) and its hopes of raising the nutritional level of people all over the world, and of the various conferences for the stabilization of international finance and the security of the world after the war, will be misled into thinking that there is going to be "pie in the sky by and by." One need not be a pessimist to realize that the amount of readjustment and reconstruction and rehabilitation involved in the change from war to peace will tax the ingenuity and the ability of every statesman and producer. The spectre of unemployment is not laid yet. The ghost of surplus food products still prowls around. Agriculture must put its house in order as thoroughly as possible; and hope of better incomes, relatively, and a greater measure of social security, will depend in no small measure on the ability of individual farmers to produce efficiently.

Efficient production of livestock cannot be secured with inferior animals, inferior feed and inferior management. These factors are everlastingly important in livestock production, and Dean Sinclair has done well to lay public emphasis on some of the implications of the postwar situation.

The Importance of Water in Feed

WATER is important in the feeding of all kinds of livestock and should be regarded as a feed quite as much as hay or concentrates. This is not to say that any kind of livestock could live on water alone for the same length of time that

hay would maintain them, but if hay alone were fed, or grain alone, without any water, the results would be disastrous.

Dairy cows in particular require large quantities of water each day, and this is especially true if they are giving fair quantities of milk. Milk itself is more than three-quarters water, and this need alone requires substantial quantities, in addition to the amount needed to assist in the assimilation of feed and the building up of the blood.

Water supplied to livestock, and to dairy cows in particular, should be good, clean water, and should not be too cold. During the winter months it will pay in the health and productivity of the cows to take the chill off drinking water. This is done in practice in several ways. In some cases, special heaters are submerged in the water tank or trough, and the water heated until it no longer offers a shock to the system of the animal. In other cases, tanks are constructed in such a way that a fire can be built under them of willow or other waste wood, and the animals allowed to take a comfortable and healthful drink.

When feeding and managing a herd of dairy cows, it must be remembered always that the more a cow produces, the more really hard work she does in transforming large quantities of rough feeds into a valuable product, and that the better the quality of the hay and other roughage used, and the better and the more liberal the water supply, and the better the conditions where it can be consumed comfortably, the more likely the individual animal is to produce profitably.

Worms in Pigs Are Costly

WORMY pigs are not only undesirable. They are generally unthrifty and often the cause of much loss. When they are from two to fourteen weeks of age is the time to watch them, because they are more susceptible then to worm infestations. Symptoms are loss of appetite, unthriftiness, coughing, perhaps some vomiting and even pneumonia.


For small pigs, use Nema capsules (Tetrachlorethylene) according to directions. For larger pigs, depending on size, you can use 30 to 60 drops of Oil of Chenopodium, mixed with castor oil and stirred in with the feed. Starve the pigs for 24 hours first.

For eradicating round worms, Phenothiazine has been very effective. It comes in powdered form and is given mixed with the feed. Starving before treatment is not necessary and doses are as follows: 5 grams for pigs up to 25 pounds; 9 grams from 25 to 50 pounds weight; 12 grams from 50 to 100 pounds; and 20 grams from 100 to 200 pounds.

The best treatment for worm infestation is prevention, by running pigs on new land every year and plowing up the old hog runs and pasture. Prevention is incomplete unless sanitation is practised inside the hog house. The best form is to clean out farrowing pens regularly and remove the straw away from the building, and by scrubbing the walls and floors of the hog house with scalding water at intervals and adding lye at the rate of one pound to thirty gallons of water.



A few choice gilts at the Dominion Experimental Station, Lacombe, Alta. Type in bacon hogs and regularity of supply will be of paramount importance in the postwar years.



Relieve LAMENESS

due to bruises, strains, puffs

Farmers know there's nothing like Absorbine for lameness due to shoulder galls, strains, bruises, puffs. A standby for 50 years, it's used by many leading veterinarians.

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"THE MOFFAT Electropail"

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right in your barn where
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weaned young animals.

Now you can enjoy the conveniences of this handy device to heat all the water you need... cuts out the muss and fuss of heating water on the kitchen range and having to carry it to the barn... Heats a pail of water in but a few minutes and costs but a few cents daily to operate.

OTHER USES—Electropail has many other time-saving and chore-saving uses such as supplying hot water for warming up feed for stock, poultry and in your Milk House for washing milking machines, cans, accessories and separator parts.



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A Boy finds in Stamps
The Magic of Seven-League Boots.
His thoughts stride Continents
And touch Tomorrow's Shores.



We see him a Man—Gifted with Imagination
and Talent—a Man whose Sparkling Smile
owes much to Ipana and Massage

PURSUE your hobby, son! Let it stir your thoughts and quicken your imagination. Let it reveal to you new horizons—bright with opportunity and promise.

For children such as you, devoted parents and teachers are doing everything to help you face your future—to face it with knowledge and confidence and *smiling*.

Yes, *smiling*! For today, youth knows a lesson in dental health that many an adult has yet to learn. In the classrooms of thousands of schools, boys and girls are being taught the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

These youngsters know that soft foods rob our

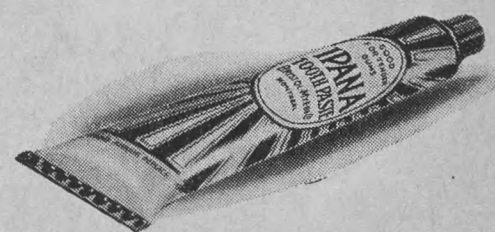
gums of chewing and stimulation. They know why gums tend to become tender, sensitive . . . often signal their distress with a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist*. It may not mean anything serious—but get his advice. He may say that your gums have become tender because of today's soft foods. And like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage".

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid gums. Every time you brush your teeth massage a little extra Ipana onto

your gums. Circulation quickens in the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Try Ipana and massage—for firmer gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier smile!



Ipana Tooth Paste

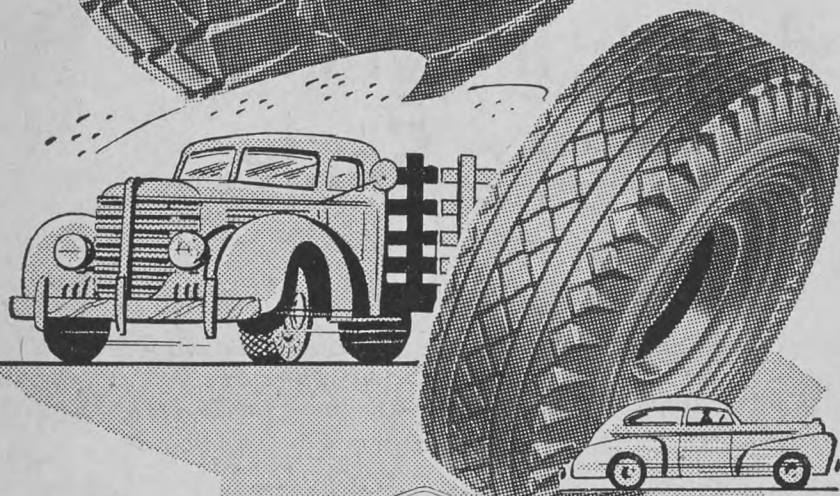
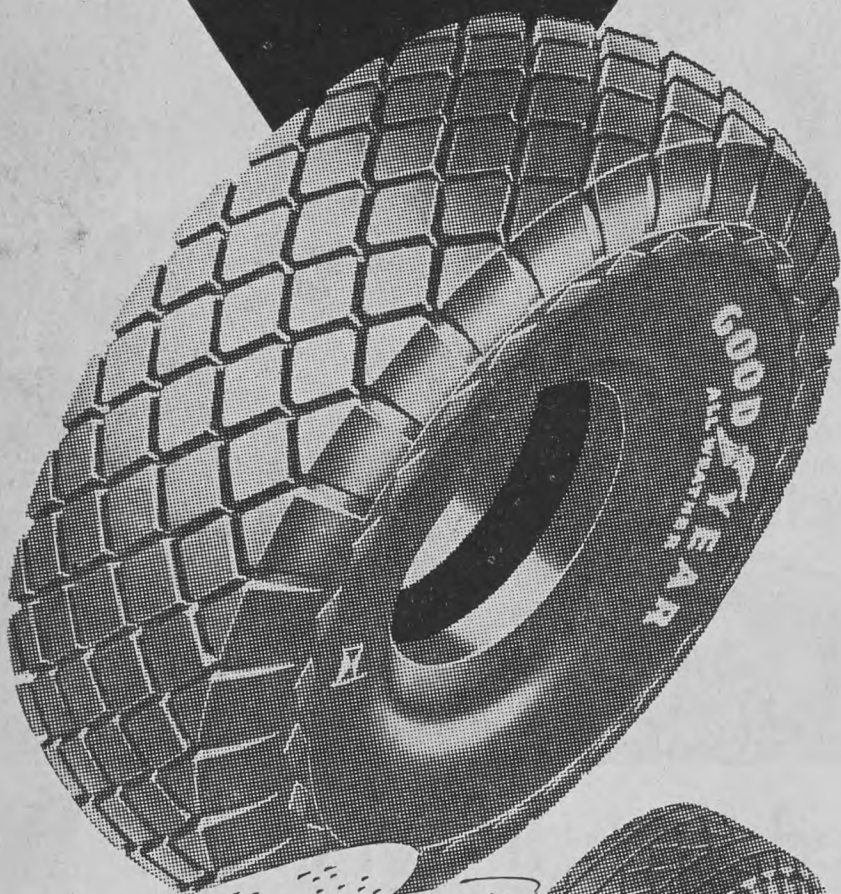
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• Today Canadian farmers make their first choice "Goodyears" . . . because experience in the past has proven that Goodyears pay off in mileage . . . and that means money saved! Goodyear tire-building skill and experience still give these famous pre-war qualities: the diamond tread with its hard-gripping, non-skid, four-way traction; an extra sturdy Cord body for more stamina and Goodyear's many built-in construction features for extra performance!

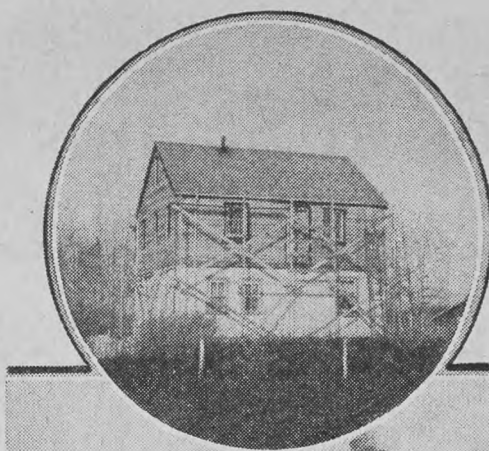
Yes! You get more for your money, when the name on the tire is "The Greatest Name in Rubber". So use your permit wisely . . . "Go Goodyear".



FP31

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FIELD

Above: John Horton (left) and Joe Koch arrange some neighborly matters after both had told a Country Guide representative how they and their neighbors at Petersfield, Man., do their farm work together. Mr. Horton shows his city-dwelling son how country folk build their own "bob-wire" telephone systems and (circle) Joe Koch's house awaiting the finishing touches after the neighborhood co-op. had raised it up one storey.—Guide photos.

They, Too, Farm Co-operatively

OUT at Petersfield, Manitoba, about 40 miles north of Winnipeg, seven men farm co-operatively. They are Joe Koch-Shultz and his brother Fritz—each with a half section of land; George Hacking, with a quarter section; his brother Bob (absentee) with half a quarter; Carl Schalk, with three-eighths of a section; Glen Palmer, with a half; and John Horton with a quarter. They have a total of 2½ sections of land, and their co-operative farming arrangement has developed as Topsy did, "it just grew."

There is no organization. There is no charter. There is no president or boss. In fact, this co-operative farming organization, which these seven men speak of as a co-operative, is not a co-operative at all in any formal sense. All that they have to go on are three things. The first two are the fact, first, that they are neighbors and second, that they have common problems. In these respects they are in no slightest degree different from scores of thousands of other groups of farmers across Canada. The third thing they have is the will to work together.

Now, of course, farmers have been neighbors and acted as such since time immemorial. There is nothing new about that. But these seven men have given to ordinary neighborliness and exchange of work a distinctive flavor. How it all came about, I learned when I went out to Petersfield and talked to John Horton and Joe Koch (as he is called locally). I also met Carl Schalk, who came along with his truck and a load of sawdust, which he was hauling to Joe's place.

It appears that Joe and his brother Fritz, along with George Hacking and his brother Bob, and Carl Schalk, all came to the district in 1934. John Horton has only been a member of the group since 1941, when he purchased his quarter; and Glen Palmer is the only one in the group who was born in the district. George Hacking, it appears, had been a city bank clerk, who later tried trucking for a time, but found things pretty slack in the city during the early 30's and his father traded a house in the city for a quarter section at Petersfield. I gathered that what George Hacking knew about farming could have been put in your eye without hurting very much. He did have a tractor, but not much money for repairs, so Joe, being a good neighbor, brought his tractor over and helped him out. George did day-work in return; and about Christmas time, when the year was over, they got together and balanced things up. The chances are that whatever payment was coming to one of them would be taken in kind, money not being very plentiful anywhere about that time.

Carl Schalk had his own tractor, but soon he and Joe bought a separator between them. In 1935, a fanning mill was required jointly and pretty soon they were mixing things up between them in fine style. Joe, his brother, and Glen Palmer each had a seeding outfit, and whichever field was the driest in the spring was seeded first, regardless of whose field it was. Today, in addition to the equipment already mentioned, there are three binders, three horse-mowers, one stacking outfit (stacker and three sweeps), a grain crusher, a truck, a 21-foot tractor disc, a duck-foot cultivator and nine horses as well as three tractors. Only the fanning mill and the stacker are owned by the group as a whole, the remainder being owned individually, or jointly, between two or three of them.

Their combined crop acreage this year was 770 acres, in addition to 200 acres of hay. Since Bob Hacking doesn't live on his land, and Joe Koch keeps a full-time hired man, there are seven men available to service the seven parcels of land, in addition to a little temporary hired help. When haying time comes, six of the men get together and go to it, three men for the teams, one for the stacker and two on the stack. The same principle applies throughout the year. If one man needs some help, somebody makes it convenient to come and help him. Each man keeps track of what he does for others and what others do for him, and at the end of the year, each member of the group gets together with each other member of the group individually and squares accounts with him. They have their own system of charges for different kinds of work. Everyone knows, for example, that a team at threshing time is \$1.50 per day, and a man \$5.00. Joe operates the separator and charges seven cents per bushel, finding the teams for the job. Tractor plowing is \$1.00 per acre, seeding 50 cents an acre, discing and cultivating 40 cents an acre.

When it comes time to saw wood for the winter, they get in an outside man with his saw and the gang provides plenty of labor for the job. "There has to be a great deal of give and take," said Joe. "Yes, and there is," said John Horton. "They're a great bunch of neighbors." And that's the way it seems to go.

George Hacking is the only one of the group on the regular telephone service, because he is located on the main road. It would cost about three times as much, for the first year at least, to instal telephones on the other farms. Consequently, they have rigged up their own "bob wire" system, as the result of which they can not only talk to each

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SELECTIVE SERVICE RULES THE SAME AS LAST YEAR

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Approved: A. MacNAMARA, Director of National Selective Service.

For WOODS WORK

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Your nearest Employment and Selective Service Office; or
Your provincial agricultural representative or fieldman; or
Your local Farm Production Committee; or
SIGN UP with any canvasser representing a pulp and paper company and authorized by National Selective Service. The best thing to do is to go back to the company you worked for before.

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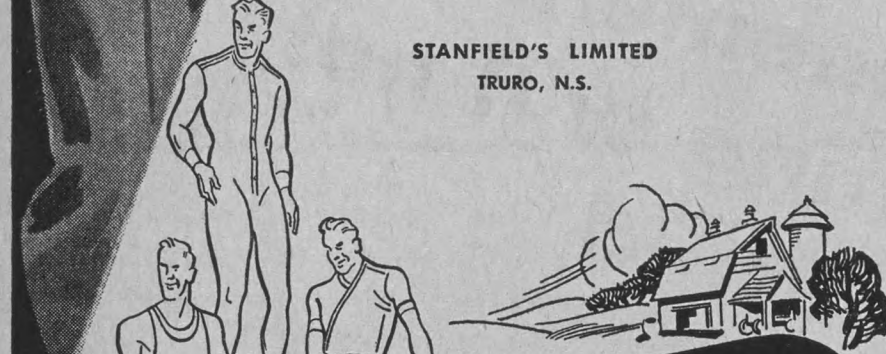
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other, but can get contact with the regular telephone service, if necessary. Mr. Horton, who joined the group last, told me that it cost him exactly \$10 to get hooked up to the barbed wire system, plus the strand of barbed wire and a few ordinary 10-foot poles.

We went over to Joe's place to see another example of how this group works together. Joe wanted to raise his house up a storey, so the gang got hold of a carpenter to boss the job and the seven

men pitched in and raised it up in six days before the harvest started. They didn't get it all finished, but they would have had it finished before this if the harvest had not dragged out so long.

And that's the way it seems to go at Petersfield with this group of co-operative farmers. I certainly got the idea that it would take quite a bit to get them to give up the many conveniences and considerable time-saving which has resulted from it.—H.S.F.

Serious Deterioration in Black Prairie Soils

EXPERIMENTS with different crop rotations have been conducted by one or more Dominion experimental farms and stations in the three prairie provinces since about 1911. These have now been studied and summarized in a recently issued bulletin entitled, Crop Rotations in the Prairie Provinces. The authors are Dr. E. S. Hopkins, Dominion field husbandman, and Dr. A. Leahy. The authors summarize the situation with respect to the loss of soil fertility from the soils of the prairie provinces as follows:

"In the brown soil zones the problem of decreasing soil fertility is not at present, and perhaps for many years is not liable to become, a serious factor.

"In the black soil zone, on the other hand, serious soil deterioration, both from cropping and erosion, has already occurred in some regions and will most

certainly occur elsewhere, unless well planned rotations and other soil conservation practices are adopted. In fact, during the period in which the rotation experiments have been in progress on some of the Dominion experimental farms, a marked deterioration has already occurred and where, originally, the grain rotations gave greater returns, now the mixed-farming rotations are much superior. In the grey-wooded soil zone, where the level of fertility is very low, it is necessary to commence farming on virgin soil with the best practices, in order to build up the fertility so as to enable the production of satisfactory yields. In both the black and grey-wooded soil zones, improved methods must be adopted and continued permanently, if the most profitable returns are to be secured in these regions."

He Keeps 'Em Moving

THAT fuel tank filler is worth two acres a day. I can grease the tractor while it is filling itself."

So spoke John Stevens, of Morinville, Alta., as we looked at the device illustrated on this page. Now it so happens that this contrivance has not given very good satisfaction, as a general rule, and that illustrates the point exactly. John Stevens makes it work. His farming operations are high-lighted by his ability to keep machinery working right, all the time. From his machines he asks one thing, service, and he knows how to keep them moving.

He is a power farmer and attains the maximum of mechanical efficiency by the use of special gadgets. Some of these will be illustrated in the workshop department of future issues, such as the device by which the car inflates its own tires, his non-clogging drag harrow assembly, his special grain box, his attachment to the combine for handling tangled grain, and his scheme for adding two feet to the garage without lengthening it.

The Stevens family came from North Dakota in 1914. As with many American migrants they had means and the house and barn were built that year. The old original log house, built 60 years ago, is now used as that indispensable adjunct to a mechanized farm, a workshop.

The elder Stevens' health was not good in his later years and the son got an early start in managing the farm. He took over in 1925 when he was still under 20. At one time he cherished the ambition to be a tooth carpenter but isn't sorry that he decided to manipulate farm machinery instead of forceps, and joggle with the roots of trees and bushes instead of molars. "A man with a piece of land and no mortgage is as well off as anybody," he says.

It's a pretty sure-fire crop country up there, 25 miles northwest of Edmonton

and, as he puts it, during the depression he was able to keep things decent and never had to drive a Bennett buggy. Like thousands of others, he has found that farm power has saved the situation in this manpower crisis. Last year he hadn't a man on the three-quarter section place during seeding time. Mrs. Stevens took her patriotic turn, three afternoons a week, on the tractor, while he did the necessary odd jobs that claim attention even during the busy season. And he had mighty little help during the harvest time. When those warm nights came around the first of October he kept the combine humming all through the still night, some nights.

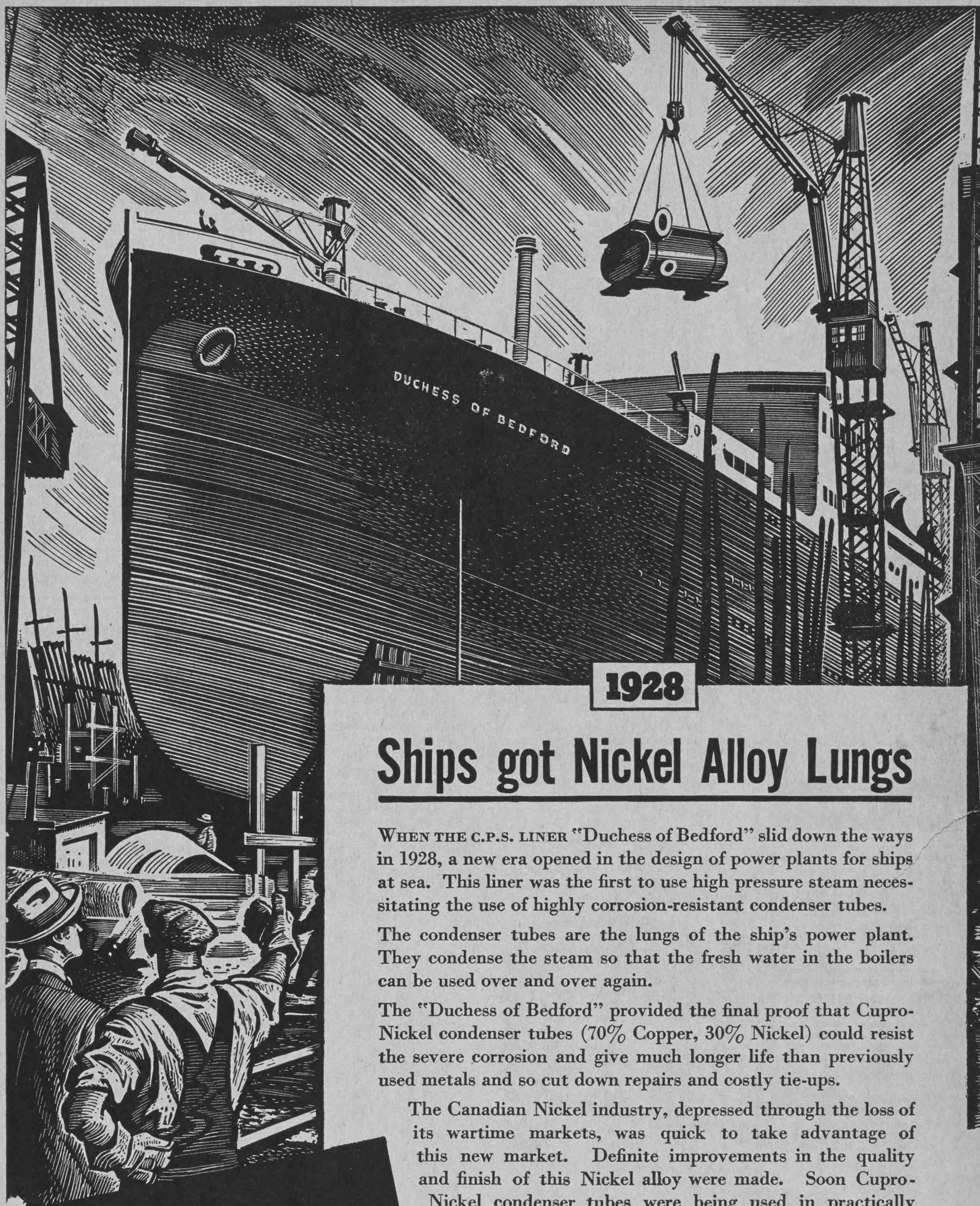
The Stevens farm isn't asked to grow wheat. It grows oats as the chief crop. The urge to the farmers to raise hogs found a response. When I was at the place last spring he had about 80 head of them running around.

The death of G. E. Roose, of Camrose, in 1938, left a vacancy on the board of United Grain Growers. At the annual meeting of the company the following November, this young man, then in his middle thirties, was elected to the position and became the youngest member of the board. He has one young son, now at the age when a boy's chief object in life is climbing trees to get at the crows' nests.

This is not the place in The Guide to describe John Stevens' various devices. The Workshop column is the proper place for that. In forthcoming issues something will be said about them.—R.D.C.



There is no place where John Stevens feels more at home than on a tractor. Some men have had trouble with this tractor self-feeder (left) but he makes it work. —Guide photos



1928

Ships got Nickel Alloy Lungs

WHEN THE C.P.S. LINER "Duchess of Bedford" slid down the ways in 1928, a new era opened in the design of power plants for ships at sea. This liner was the first to use high pressure steam necessitating the use of highly corrosion-resistant condenser tubes.

The condenser tubes are the lungs of the ship's power plant. They condense the steam so that the fresh water in the boilers can be used over and over again.

The "Duchess of Bedford" provided the final proof that Cupro-Nickel condenser tubes (70% Copper, 30% Nickel) could resist the severe corrosion and give much longer life than previously used metals and so cut down repairs and costly tie-ups.

The Canadian Nickel industry, depressed through the loss of its wartime markets, was quick to take advantage of this new market. Definite improvements in the quality and finish of this Nickel alloy were made. Soon Cupro-Nickel condenser tubes were being used in practically all new ships.

Today Canadian Nickel is again diverted to war purposes, and again the industry looks to the future with confidence. Plans are ready to develop and expand old and new peacetime markets, so that the Nickel industry may continue through its own initiative and enterprise, to make still greater contributions to Canada's welfare.

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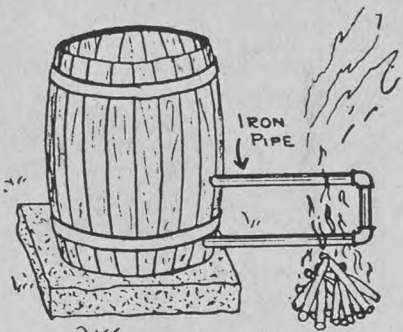
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For the Man who is His Own Mechanic

Some ideas that have been tried and proved workable

Heating Water

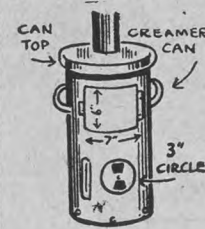
The sketch shows how to heat water in a barrel for scalding hogs, cooking feed, and so on. Bore a one-inch hole 1½ inches from the bottom and another of the same size about nine inches above it. Put ¾-inch pipe through these holes



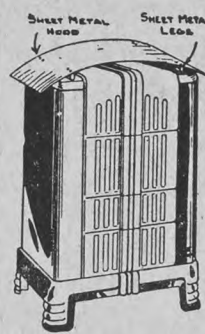
and extend them out about five feet similar to the coil in a furnace, using elbows and a union. If the barrel is of wood, the threaded ends can be screwed into the one-inch hole. One of the metal collars can be screwed on inside and out to make a tight joint. Now build a fire under the outer end of the pipe coil and the water in the barrel will soon become scalding hot and keep that way as long as the fire is kept up.—I.W.D.

Easily Made Heater

This heater will keep you warm while driving in winter. It is made from an old shotgun creamery can. Open an old stovepipe and use it to line the inside of the can so as to make it more heat-worthy. Put two inches of earth in the bottom and then put in a disc of sheet iron as a false bottom. This prevents the solder from melting off. The draft is made of half a baking powder tin. The door is made half an inch larger than the feed hole. The pipes can be made of old stovepipes, cut down to half size, or an eavestrough conductor pipe may be used.



Cap Over Heater



Not being satisfied with the performance of my circular heater, I took a piece of metal, curved it as shown, riveted some short legs under it, and fastened it over my heater. Before, the heat would go straight up to the ceiling. Now, it is thrown out to the side before rising, and seems much more effective in heating the room at living height.—I.W.D.

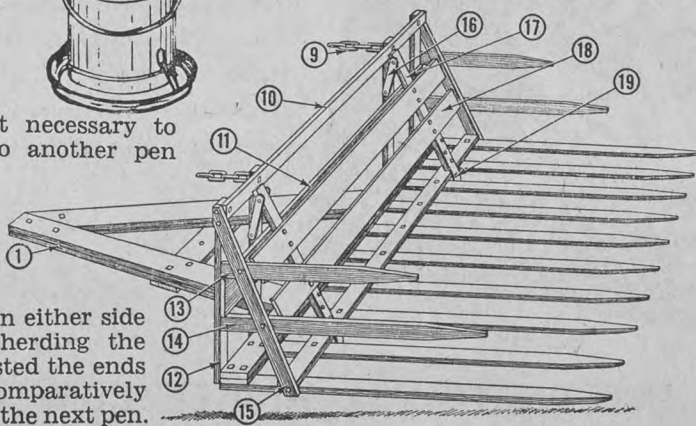
Sack Protects Waterer

The diagram shows my way of preventing the hens from roosting on the water fountain and making the water unfit for drinking purposes. I simply take a gunny sack, slip it over the fountain, and hang it up to the ceiling. I've had no further trouble.—I.W.D.



Herding Hogs

When we found it necessary to move several hogs to another pen we were confronted with the danger of runaways. Then I thought of the 25-foot snow fence which we opened up and put one end on either side of the door. After herding the hogs in there, we twisted the ends together and it was comparatively easy to move them to the next pen.



Power Sweep for Hay or Stooks

The time to make a power sweep is not when it is needed but in some slack time, if any, before the crop is ready. This design has simplicity resolved into its simplest elements and at the same time it works. It was designed by S. L. Tallman and Prof. G. L. Shanks, and published by the Manitoba Extension Branch.

As shown, the push arms (1) are run inside the front wheels of the tractor. The rear of the push arms butt against the drawbar frame or carry to the rear of the drawbar where they are bolted. Or they may be carried outside the wheels directly back to a crossbar anchored securely to the drawbar. The crossbar (2) is suspended to the tractor frame carrying the rear of the sweep eight inches from the ground. Chain (3) on the push arms is fastened to the tractor frame to prevent the sweep from swinging while the other chain (9) is used to lift the sweep off the ground while moving. The sweep runs on the ground while working. The hinges are heavier than can be bought in the store and are made by the blacksmith. The unloading gate, at (16) is hinged with shoes (19) shaped to slide over the ground with a forward motion, but hook into the ground when you back the tractor, so that the gate starts the load to move off the sweep. The sweep operates most satisfactorily with a rubber tired tractor moving at 6 to 7 m.p.h.

This is the bill of materials:

Item No.	Details
1—Push Arms:	4—2x8 (8' to 10')
2—Cross Bar:	1—2x8 (4' to 5')
3—Logging Chain:	Approximately ¾"x7'
4—Tie Bar:	2—2x4—6'
5—Hinges:	2—¼"x4"—7"
6—Rear Crossbeam:	2—2x8—12'
7—Front Crossbeam:	1—2x6—10'
8—Teeth:	10—2x4—10' clear fir
9—Lift Chain:	Approximately ¼"—15'
10—Top Cross Piece:	1—2x4—12'
11—Middle Cross Piece:	1—1x8—12'
12—Upright:	4—2x4—4½'
13—Side Rail:	2—2x4—7'
14—Side Rail:	2—2x4—9'
15—Diagonal Brace:	2—2x4—5½'
16—Connecting Straps:	4—¼"x1½"—18"
17—Gate Uprights:	2—2x4—4'
18—Gate Boards:	2—1x8—11'
19—Gate Shoes:	2—¾"x3"—18"
20—Diagonal Braces:	2—¼"x2"—2½'

Bolts: For convenient removal and adjustment it is recommended that only machine bolts with washers on both sides be used. 39—¾"x4½"; 24—¾"x6"; 16—¼"x3½"; 6—¾"x2¼" (for shoes). Lag Screws: 12—½"x5". Washers: ½ pound ¾".



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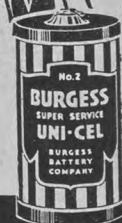
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GROUP FARMING ON TRIAL

Continued from page 7

This farm has no boss or manager, although there is a president of the organization. It is the custom for all the members to meet together each Saturday night to discuss the work of the past week and to plan for the coming week. At each such meeting some one member is appointed manager for the succeeding week, and the idea was to pass this responsibility around so as to ultimately find the individuals most capable of assuming this responsibility. If a man failed to make good in any one week, he would get other chances later on, until his ability had been thoroughly tested. One of the advantages of group farming was expected to lie in the fact that during the coming winter, for example, four men would be sufficient to take care of the stock and the regular farm work, leaving eight available to get out lumber and materials for the erection of the central building next summer. When spring arrives, six men could probably take care of the field work, leaving the remaining six to go ahead with building operations.

Culture and Education

On both of these farms, strong emphasis was laid on the social and cultural aspects of group farming. Mr. Gamache, for example, wanted everybody to have the opportunity of acquiring an education more or less equivalent to Grade 12, and the group would undertake to provide this opportunity. For the older people, emphasis would be placed on science and practical subjects. In the Lake Eliza group, where men and women were all to get the same rate of wage and where those under 16 years of age were not considered as workers in the same sense, it was planned that each boy or girl should have the opportunity of going to high school and even to university. If, after education, the student came back to the Community, the Community itself was prepared to stand the expense of school or university. If not, the Community would be reimbursed for its outlay.

I also visited Father Berubi, Roman Catholic priest at St. Lina, Alberta, about 30 miles from St. Paul. Largely as a result of the labor shortage, and the difficulty of obtaining sufficient machinery, members of his parish began to come to him with their difficulties. They asked for his advice because they thought there must be some way of solving the problem. He frankly told them that he didn't know anything about it, but that he could study it and he did. First of all, he carefully studied the Russian system of collectivized farms. He ultimately concluded that too much regimentation was not workable in this country. Also, he felt that the Russian system would tend to destroy initiative and ambition. Then he studied the Farm Security Administration Plan in the United States, where 27 community farming projects had been established (now to be liquidated), largely for the purpose of giving a new start in life to unfortunate farm families who have not been able to succeed on their own. This plan, too, he discarded, because the communities were not only too large, but involved a large overhead and subsidization by the government. He finally came to the co-operative principle, in which a number of small farmers could pool their land and equipment, and in return receive shares representing their portion of the total investment. He concluded that a machinery co-operative by itself was not sufficient, because farming, to succeed, requires a proper balancing of land, machinery and manpower—all three.

Foundations of Success

Two schemes were ultimately started by Father Berubi, one of which has been rendered practically ineffective as a result of the drain of manpower into the Armed Forces. The second scheme, the youngest, has been operating for something over a year. In both cases, the people involved were tied together

by both family and religious bonds; and, of the second group, Father Berubi told me the results were satisfactory beyond expectation.

Father Berubi favors the principle of one man, one vote, each member holding as many \$25 or \$50 shares as he chooses; separate houses for each family, with individual kitchen gardens and one common garden for winter vegetables; the election of a board of directors, and the appointment of a manager on a yearly basis. The plan also involves a record of the time each man works and what he does, the recording being done by each individual in, say, a counter check book. At the end of the year, after paying all expenses, providing for interest of not more than five per cent and setting up a reserve

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fund, the balance of any money available to be distributed on the basis of the number of hours worked by each member. As in the case of the other two farms mentioned, women are admitted to membership at St. Lina.

Finally, while Father Berubi has no doubt whatever as to the economic advantages of co-operative or group farming, he is equally certain that only select groups of persons can make it work. He laid down for me three fundamentals, the first of which was a common virtue, which implies honesty, confidence in each other, and preferably a common religious or family bond. Second, he thought a group should not consist of more than ten families; and third, a group should not be formed until there had been a preliminary and satisfactory education in co-operation of this type.

What, then, is the future of co-operative farming? Certainly this article does not, and is not intended to, provide the answer. Like Father Berubi, I am convinced that economically it is a good idea. Its potential advantages theoretically outweigh every conceivable disadvantage. Socially and culturally, it has enormous possibilities for a group of free and democratic people.

On the other hand, I am firmly convinced that many more such groups will fail than will succeed. Differences in habit, methods, ideas and temperament between human beings have been factors of extremely high potency in human affairs since the world began. If it is not really true that "there is nothing new under the sun," because tractors and electricity and radios and scientific advances are here to prove it, it is certainly true that "a new heaven and a new earth" has been a long time coming.

Straw or Weathervane

The rate of change in human relationships is speeding up. Fifty years ago the ideas of men changed slowly. Today we must move fast or be overwhelmed by our own achievements. The civilization that we are trying to save today by a bloody and costly global war—any civilization for that matter—is only proper co-ordination of the elements of progress. Agriculture—the business of food production from the soil—has not moved fast enough in the past in some ways. Individualism and the social outlook are not compatible. Farmers, by the choice they make between these two forces will help to determine the future of agriculture in western Canada. As for co-operative farming, it may prove to be a slender and brittle straw held in the wind, or a strong and durable weathervane atop the industry. In any case, much hard bought experience, some of it very bitter to the taste, awaits those who try it blindly.

U.S. Government Lends to Farmers

IN the United States the Farm Credit Administration has lent nearly 2½ billion dollars to farmers since 1933, when the Emergency Farm Mortgage Act gave F. C. A. the task of refinancing farm mortgage debts then in distress. F. C. A. has used a formula for lending to farmers, based principally on the earning capacity of a farm under normal conditions, calculated by average crop yields and normal prices, in this case, the 1909-1914 period. This enabled the Government agency to lend nearly 100 per cent, in many cases, of the then current low sales prices for farm lands. By the end of 1943, the Federal Farm Loan Corporation reported more than 90 per cent of all matured instalments paid, and in that year farmers paid the Government more than 20 per cent of the amount they owed at the beginning of the year. Of the principal paid in 1943, \$250 million was paid before it was due.

Farm land values have risen sharply during the war, but due to the "normal value" lending policy of F. C. A. land bank mortgages have risen only two to five per cent in size, compared with 1940, whereas the size of mortgages made by individual lenders in the same period increased 57 per cent, and the increase of all privately financed loans increased about 32 per cent.



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Seven years ago J. Richards, 201 East 23rd Street, Hamilton, Ont., was asthmatic, lost weight, suffered coughing, choking, wheezing every night—couldn't sleep. **Mendaco** stopped his spasms promptly and he now reports normal weight and good health although 70 years old. To prove that **Mendaco** may do the same for you, we make this liberal trial offer: Get **Mendaco** from your druggist today! Unless it loosens and removes thick strangling mucus, brings free breathing, restful sleep and frees you from the suffering of Asthma attacks, simply return the empty package and get all your money back. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. So don't suffer another day without asking your druggist for **Mendaco**.

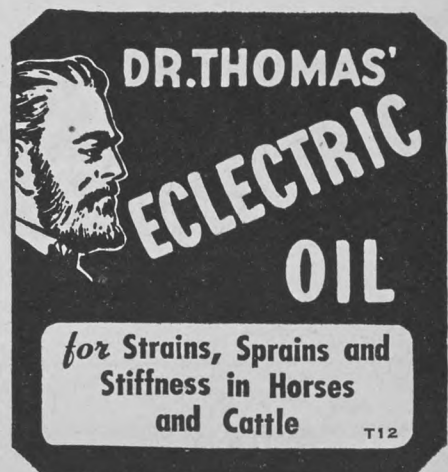
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T 12

MONTHLY COMMENTARY

A Crisis in Wheat Shipments

To get forward enough wheat to the head of the lakes before winter brings to an end early in December, navigation on the Great Lakes, is a problem now demanding the serious attention of The Canadian Wheat Board and the assistance of all those engaged in handling and transporting grain. It is for that reason that The Canadian Wheat Board recently put an embargo on the shipment of barley to Port Arthur and Fort William. That action was in contrast with earlier action of the Wheat Board when, in order to encourage shipments of barley to meet a strong demand in eastern Canada and in the United States, they had removed all quota restrictions on barley deliveries. Now, desirable as it is to meet the market demand for malting barley and feed grain, the need for wheat is more imperative, and further barley shipments must accordingly be delayed.

It is for the same reason that quotas for delivery of oats are still kept uniformly low at five bushels per seeded acreage. And it is for the same reason that the Wheat Board has been enlarging delivery quotas on wheat at many points in Saskatchewan and Alberta and has lifted restrictions entirely in Manitoba as well as at many places in other provinces. It is not enough merely to give wheat the preference over other grains. If the maximum possible movement is to be secured, it is necessary to make the most efficient possible use of railway cars in grain service. Important as are the needs for wheat, the railways have many other calls on their equipment and the number of cars that can be allotted to grain traffic is definitely limited. The railways can haul a great deal more wheat if they are left free to place empty cars for loading in the way that best fits in with the demands of railway operation.

Because the need for wheat is urgent, it will not be surprising if the railways follow the precedent set a year ago, when for some weeks they concentrated car loadings in Manitoba and eastern Saskatchewan, while during that period comparatively little grain could be shipped out of Alberta and western Saskatchewan.

Just when it began to be realized that there was an emergency situation, labor at the terminal elevators introduced a fresh complication by refusing to work overtime. Men employed on a hourly basis are paid time and a half for overtime. The permanent employees however, who are not laid off on slack days or during slack periods, are paid on a monthly basis. The War Labor Board recently ruled that overtime payments do not apply to such employees, and refused an application from the union to institute such a plan of payment. Refusal by the union to allow overtime work followed. The step was a clear defiance of the powers given by the government to A. A. Heaps, when, as described on this page in an earlier issue of The Guide, he was appointed controller of grain handling at the lakehead. Because of an earlier labor emergency, he was given power to direct any labor at the lakehead to take employment in terminal elevators, and power to order overtime work to the extent necessary.

At this time of year terminal elevators cannot give fully efficient service in only an eight hour day. Without longer operation railway cars accumulate in the yards awaiting unloading, and the return of empties to the country is delayed. Vessels taking on cargoes are subject to long delays, which not only increase the costs of operation, but may make them lose a trip during the remaining period of navigation.

Wheat has been unloaded into terminal elevators during recent weeks at a rate only sufficient to supply cargoes for vessels now in the grain trade. The number of such vessels was reduced by

transfer of boats to other business when there was not sufficient grain moving to keep them all occupied. Towards the close of navigation a large number of additional vessels usually offer to carry grain cargoes, some to be stored afloat during winter. If wheat is not available for these cargoes, there will be a waste of possible transportation. Moreover there is the possibility that when wheat is urgently needed overseas for the relief of liberated countries, and when shipping is available on the Atlantic, it will not be available in sufficient quantities where it is needed, in shipping positions on the Atlantic Coast. In that case the stored up quantity of Canadian wheat would not be able to play the part it ought to play in restoring the economy of the world. A further consequence might be that backed up supplies would interfere with later marketing of wheat by Canadian farmers.

Milling Canadian Wheat in Bond for Overseas

Canadian wheat is now being milled in bond by mills in the United States for account of the British Government. There is a great need now overseas for flour, greater comparatively than the need for unmilled wheat. No doubt that is because mills both in Great Britain and on the continent have been destroyed or damaged during the war, and also because labor and power for other mills are lacking. The mills in Canada have for a long time been turning out all the flour they can grind in continuous operation. The rate is something below their theoretical capacity, for lack of labor, and sometimes because of delays in securing repairs, but at least it is full capacity under present conditions. Consequently mills south of the border have been called on for help, and there is some surplus milling capacity there which has been called into use.

The Postwar Demand For Food

Everyone knows that there will be a great need for food to be rushed to European countries as rapidly as possible when ships can be spared from military uses for that purpose. It is also clear that wheat and flour in quantity will be among the most important first needs.

But many people are beginning to express doubts as to whether or not the need for large wheat imports into European countries will continue, and somewhat pessimistic estimates are being put out as to the opportunities to dispose of wheat in Europe after the first rush of relief work is over. Such estimates are based on the theory that in spite of the devastation in many countries, the capacity to produce bread grains has, on the whole not been greatly impaired, and that large harvests of wheat and rye will shortly be possible, reducing the dependence of different countries upon imported grains.

Actually, what will occur will depend only to a limited extent, upon the theoretical needs for grain which can be calculated. Much more will depend upon the political and economic conditions to be established after the end of the war. Different countries can get along without importing bread-stuffs, and will undoubtedly try to do so under certain circumstances. Fears of another war which might take place in the near future will cause them to insist on a high domestic wheat acreage, just as fear of the present war did, during more than ten years before its actual outbreak. Inability to export, and to find foreign exchange to pay for imports, will have a similar effect. So also will the accumulation of materials for war, which, as was the case with Germany during a long period, could mean that all importing

capacity might be diverted to paying for materials useful for that purpose. Poverty, and the fear of poverty, may mean that different countries have to get along on a diet mainly composed of potatoes and bread. More prosperous conditions would mean that people would eat meat, vegetables, milk, butter, fruit and eggs, in quantities sufficient to maintain good health. In that case land which otherwise might be put into wheat would be used for raising and feeding livestock, and for specialized crops.

Everyone recalls the heavy demands for food which Europe made on this continent during the first ten years after the last war. Several causes contributed to that. One of the most important was that Russia, which up to 1914 had been a heavy exporter of wheat, had no longer food to spare. A rise in the population of India took that country out of the class of wheat exporters. All over eastern Europe, where revolutionary changes in government had taken place, there was a break-up of old estates, with a growth in the number of small holdings in the hands of peasants. It took some years before agriculture on the new basis, was as productive as it had formerly been. Moreover, there was a fairly rapid increase in population in countries of eastern Europe, absorbing a great deal of additional food. Summing up, it was not essentially what occurred in western Europe during the war which made countries there more dependent upon wheat imports from Canada, but rather developments in other countries from which they had formerly obtained large supplies.

Newspaper correspondents at Washington have noted a conflict between ideas expressed by President Roosevelt and those by agricultural officials. The President told a recent press conference that after the war the world would be crying for food from the United States. Requirements of the UNRRA and other relief measures would absorb food surpluses of the United States. He also indicated belief that such exports would continue from a long range standpoint, and supported the idea that more farm machinery must be provided and other measures taken to allow farmers of that country to continue a high rate of production. On the other hand officials of the War Food administration, and the War Mobilization Director, James F. Byrnes, have been showing concern over the outlook for future agricultural exports. Mr. Byrnes is quoted as saying that immediately after the defeat of Germany allied military food requirements will drop by 50 per cent. Six million tons of food accumulated for military purposes, will, he said, become available for civilian relief purposes and European food requirements in 1945 can be met without any very large call on agricultural production in the United States.

Actually, of course, no calculation of statistics with respect to food supplies available, or with respect to calculated needs, can throw light on what food demands in international trade are going to be in a few years' time. What is going to happen in that respect is going to depend on the kind of world order which emerges after the defeat of Germany and Japan. Questions such as were discussed in international conferences in the United States are of outstanding importance, world currency problems at Bretton Woods, and world security organization at Dumbarton Oaks. We can be sure that the world can use to advantage all the surplus food that can

be raised in Canada. But such use will only be possible if political and economic conditions are such as to make its distribution possible, and provide the means of purchasing it to the people who need it.

Seed Grain for Next Year

In various parts of the west some concern is being expressed about seed grain for next year's crop. The danger of unsatisfactory or insufficient supplies is of course greatest in southeastern Manitoba, where a good deal of crop was lost or severely damaged by a long spell of wet weather, just after the crop was cut, or just as it was ready for cutting. But elsewhere, too, there is some nervousness, because of frost damage to grain, or because of dangerously high moisture content. Proportionately this question is more important so far as barley is concerned than is the case with other grains, both because a greater percentage of barley was damaged and because so high a percentage of the best barley has already been marketed for export.

Equalization Fee Payment Expected on Oats

Farmers who sold oats during the crop year 1943-44 may expect before long to receive an additional payment thereon, out of the equalization fee fund. That is in addition to the ten cents a bushel, paid out of the same fund, when such oats were delivered at country elevators. On the other hand there seems to be no chance of any additional payment on barley, to supplement the 15 cents per bushel paid at the time of delivery.

The equalization fee fund is administered by The Canadian Wheat Board, which also sets the amount of the fees, which vary from day to day. These fees are charged for permits to export grain to the United States. Under the Canadian price ceiling policy there is a limit on prices which can be paid for such grains in Canada, whether they are to be exported or to be used in Canada. But prices are higher in the United States than in Canada, and frequently have been very much higher. There would be a big profit, and at times a tremendous profit, in buying oats and barley at Canadian ceiling prices, and then selling them at prevailing prices in the United States. The equalization fee is intended to take care of that situation. An exporter is required to take out a permit, and he is charged for it a fee which is based on the market price for the day in the United States.

The intention is to share the money thus collected among all farmers delivering oats and barley during the year, quite regardless of whether or not their actual grain is exported, sold in Canada or remains unsold in this country. An advance payment of ten cents a bushel on oats is made, and of fifteen cents a bushel on barley. If the total realized from equalization fees does not amount to that much, there is a loss to the Dominion Government. That was the case on barley last year. But it is proper to regard that loss as representing, not a subsidy to western grain producers, but as a payment made in the interest of eastern farmers, to justify the government in maintaining the price ceiling, and in frequently preventing the export of oats and barley, when such exports would be profitable to western farmers.

It is quite possible that during the present year the situation will be reversed, and a surplus realized on barley. So far this year exports have been large, and the export premiums have been high. With oats, on the other hand, export fees this year have at times been very low, and the amount so far collected would fall short of meeting the cost of the equalization fee advanced at time of delivery.

An account of the 38th Annual Meeting of United Grain Growers Limited, held at the Palliser Hotel, Calgary, Alberta, November 9th and 10th, will appear in our next issue.

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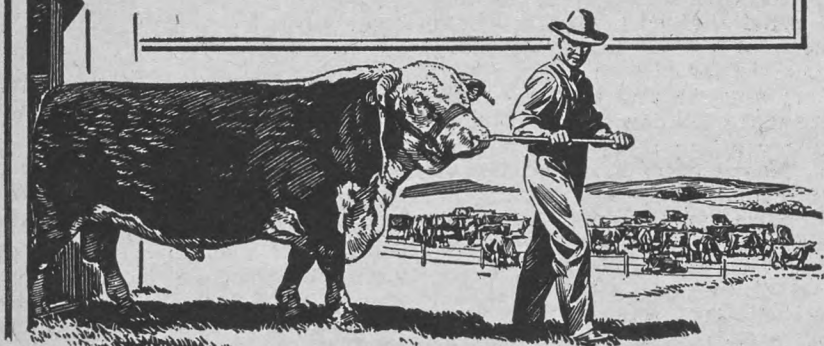
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Realizing the importance of good male animals, you may wish to purchase superior individuals but lack the cash to do so.



BANKING BY MAIL

If there is no branch convenient to your farm, you can still enjoy all the facilities of this bank by conducting your banking affairs by mail. For this purpose The Royal Bank supplies a special form which explains the simple procedure whereby you can make deposits, withdraw money, purchase drafts and money orders, etc., all by mail. Just write to any branch of The Royal Bank of Canada and ask for our Banking By Mail form SF 531.

Under such circumstances, the wise course is to discuss a loan for the purpose with your local bank manager. The Royal Bank of Canada is constantly making loans to farmers for this and many other productive purposes. If you have your eye on some desirable animal and need cash to make an advantageous "buy", talk your proposition over with the manager of our nearest branch.

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NEIGHBORLY NEWS

Contributed by the Elevator Agents of
UNITED GRAIN GROWERS LIMITED

sugar beets has been going ahead. On one field farmed by Peter Wiebe the yield was over 10 tons to the acre. Sugar rationing might have been a good deal tougher in this country but for the industry of our sugar beet farmers.—*Dominion City, Man.*

Passing of a Pioneer

The Kingsley district lost a well-known pioneer in the recent death of Alexander Horn. Mr. Horn was in his 82nd year. He was born in Lanark County, Ontario, coming to the Kingsley district in 1881. He homesteaded the farm where he lived up to the time of his death.

For some years Mr. Horn was councillor in the Lorne Municipality and later in the R.M. of Pembina. He was the first secretary of the Kingsley School District and retained that position for 55 years without missing a meeting. He was also chairman of the U.G.G. Limited local from 1912 until 1943. In addition to these activities Mr. Horn was treasurer of the United Church and found many other ways in which to serve his community.—*Somerset, Man.*

Agricultural Hall Damaged

Mankota was awakened at four a.m. recently by the fire bell to discover that the old agricultural hall was blazing. In spite of all efforts the building was badly damaged, the loss being partly covered by insurance. The cause of the fire is unknown.—*Mankota, Sask.*

Edmonton "Cowboy" Heads Lion Squadron

A recent announcement by the R.C.-A.F. command, as recorded by the Calgary Herald, states that W/C Vaughan Ganderton, known as "Cowboy" ever since he parachuted from a shattered bomber and landed on a cow's back in an English pasture, has been given command of the Lion squadron of the Canadian bomber group.

Thirty-year-old Ganderton, who calls both Edmonton and Wainwright his home, succeeds W/C Mike Bryson of Barrie, Ont., who has completed his operational tour. A member of the Lion squadron during his first tour, Ganderton recently held a staff post during his "rest" period at group headquarters. Ganderton was formerly U.G.G. agent at Blackfoot, Alta.

Boxes For Overseas

Saltcoats and district Active Service Auxiliary recently packed 143 Christmas parcels for the boys overseas. Each parcel contained two pounds of fruit cake; two pounds of canned chicken in addition to chewing gum and chocolate bars. The work done by local committees in this respect in the towns and villages of western Canada will be the means of brightening the Christmas of many a soldier, sailor and airman who volunteered from the prairie west to help bring into being a better world.—*Saltcoats, Sask.*

Leads One of the First Patrols Into Calais

The following news item is taken from The Winnipeg Tribune, October 2, 1944: "Capt. David Campbell, of Winnipeg, led one of the first patrols of the Winnipeg Rifles (Little Black Devils) into Calais, followed soon by the Regiment's second in command, Major Lockie Fulton, D.S.O., Birtle, Manitoba, and Capt. Frank Battershill, of Winnipeg."

We are proud to record that the Capt. David Campbell referred to in this news despatch is the same David Campbell who before the war was Mr. Wells' assistant in U.G.G.'s sampling department.

Since the above despatch was received Capt. Campbell has been promoted to the rank of Major in his regiment.—*Winnipeg, Man.*

Well-known Farmers Retire

After farming for 36 years in the Stornoway district, the Barne Brothers, Allan and Frank, have retired from farming. They sold all their equipment and livestock at an auction sale which took place on October 12. They were two of the old timers left in this district. Many times the Barne Brothers have attended the Yorkton fairs, years ago, and returned with several first and second prizes for their valuable livestock. The district regrets to see these fine pioneer farmers move away after knowing them so well for so many years.—*Stornoway, Sask.*

You Just Couldn't Miss 'Em

"Bang! bang!" went the farmer's gun, but it was not after the little rabbit that the pellets flew through the air—"ducks unlimited" were the target, and they surely have been plentiful. Several large ponds in this district provided plenty of sport for farmers and townfolk alike. The ducks' only chance of escape was to rely on poor marksmanship on the part of the hunter. Duck dinners and suppers have been the favorite indoor sport of the local nimrods and their friends.—*Penrith Siding, Manitoba.*

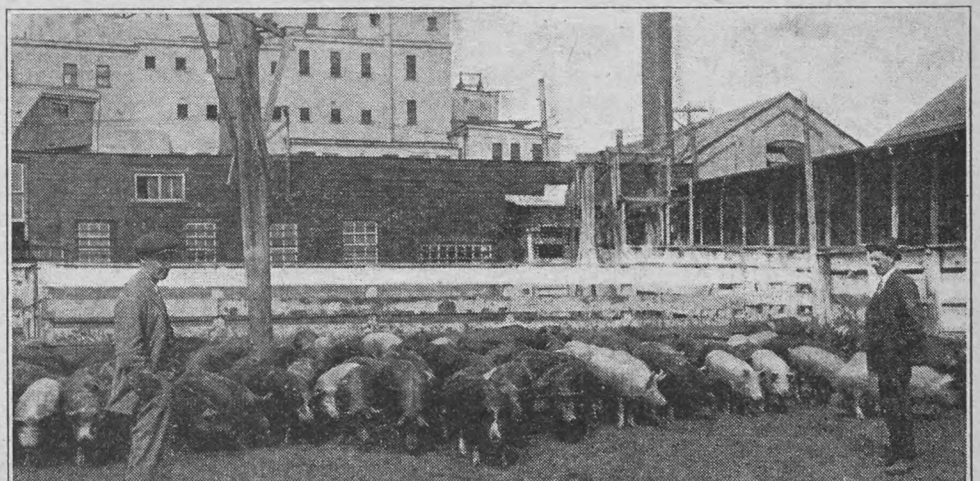
Boxes For Overseas Boys

A large crowd attended the dance sponsored by the Dropmore Patriotic Club. The club is sending boxes to the boys overseas with the proceeds from the dance. Splendid support is being given to this particular fund by the different entertainment events being held throughout the province—another commendable countryside war effort.

J. J. Wardle reports a yield of 60 bushels to the acre off a seven-acre field of wheat.—*Dropmore, Man.*

Sugar Beets Yield Well

In spite of the fact that land in this district is still very heavy due to excess moisture the digging and loading of



Calgary, April 5th, 1918. A bunch of choice hogs sold by United Grain Growers Limited to the P. Burns Co., at \$21.75. A single deck load of these hogs netted the shipper, The Carstairs Co-op. Ass'n. \$3,758. (Gurlette Calgary Photo.)

Dinosaur of the Cat Family

This district seems still to have a few survivors of the mammal and the dinosaur age. Recently one of our reliable citizens claims he noticed a bobcat feeding on a deer it had killed. Later he set a trap and caught the cat, the animal measuring four feet ten inches in length.

* * *

Our community gave a party not long ago to welcome home Gnr. Gus. Cojohn at which he was presented with a purse and received the good wishes of the community. Gnr. Cojohn is home after serving in Normandy and being wounded in battle, and losing his left leg.—*Wood Mountain, Sask.*

U.G.G. Agent Retires

T. G. Kelly, agent for the U.G.G. for the past 24 years in Trochu, has now given up his position in order to devote his full time to his fox farm and other holdings.

Mr. Kelly, while being in Trochu for 24 years, had nearly completed 30 years in the service of U.G.G.—*Trochu, Alta.*

Fire Prevention

In the last ten years, property damage in the Dominion as a result of fire has amounted to \$264,000,000. A total of 2,869 persons lost their lives and at least 10,000 others were seriously injured as a result of fires.

Most fires could be prevented by a little thought and time used in the removal of hazards. According to B. T. Stephanson, Agricultural Engineer for the Alberta Department of Agriculture, defective chimneys and sparks igniting roof surfaces are the most common causes of dwelling fires. These can be readily controlled by approved chimney construction methods. If the shingles are warped and checked, new roofing or spark arrestors are needed. Other causes of dwelling fires are handling

Other common causes of fires are the gasoline or kerosene near an open flame, use of a lantern or open flame when filling a tractor or automobile with fuel at night. To bring any open flame close to vaporized gasoline, states the department, is to invite death. Familiarity with the use of inflammable liquids tends to minimize the regard which should always be felt for their potential danger.

Barn fires are mainly caused by spontaneous ignition of hay, and by lightning. Any hay that shows signs of heating should be removed from the mow. Fire fighting equipment should be on hand when moving such hay so that any outbreak of fire may be extinguished immediately. Unrodded or defectively rodded barns result in a large number of fires. Properly installed lightning rods offer excellent protection from lightning damage.

Both dwelling and barn fires may be caused by defective electrical wiring. Use proper insulation, and fuses of correct size. All electrical wiring should be done in such a manner that it will pass official inspection.—*Alta. Dept. of Agriculture Ex. Service.*

U.G.G. Staff Hears Squad./Ldr. Northcott

An interesting feature of the U.G.G. office staff Victory Loan meeting held in the Company's head offices, Hamilton Bldg., Winnipeg, was the personal appearance of Squad.-Ldr. G. W. Northcott, one of the great fighter pilots of this war. He has completed no less than 310 flights and has nine enemy planes with seven probables to his credit. There are only six other pilots with a higher record of enemy planes destroyed. Squad.-Ldr. Northcott is the son of U.G.G. agent P. C. Northcott, manager of the Rufford, Man., elevator. He wears the D.S.O. and the D.F.C. and bar.

R. S. Law, President and General Manager introduced the speaker whose remarks were listened to with keen interest and attention as he described the work of our gallant fighting men and the need for continued support of the war effort.—*Winnipeg, Man.*

Records High Yield

The highest yield of wheat to be recorded at this point is 51 bushels to the acre. This high yield was reported by Mr. Stevenson whose farm is located two miles west of Bredenbury—*Bredenbury, Sask.*

Winners in Standing Grain Competition

The results of the Standing Grain Competition in the Junior Oat Clubs sponsored in Alberta by the United Grain Growers has just been announced. Cash prizes are awarded by the sponsor to the first and second prize winners in each Club.

During the past year, very satisfactory results have been obtained in the Junior Oat Clubs due to a satisfactory growing season in the majority of districts where these Oat Clubs are situated. Due to the fact that most farm young people have been called upon to accept more than their normal share of responsibility in the operation of their parent's farms on account of the shortage of help and the general accelerated livestock production program, it has been difficult for these juniors to devote as much time to club work as would be possible under normal conditions. In spite of this, however, very satisfactory results have been obtained and through the work of these Junior Clubs the coming generation of farmers are learning good farm practices and are building up supplies of good seed in widespread areas throughout the province.

The prizewinners in the Standing Grain Competition of the Junior Oat Clubs of Alberta are, as follows:

Abee: 1, Mike Fyculak (Thorhild); 2, Walter Skrobot. Andrew: 1, Bill Ostashek; 2, Alex Orydzuk (Okalta). Balzac: 1, Arnold Jones; 2, Stan Jones. Bellis: 1, Bill and Stanley Kondratiuk; 2, Helen Shubert. Bowden: 1, C. Keinert; 2, J. Kiss. Bow Island: 1, Ronald Gledrich; 2, R. and T. Miller. Brooks: 1, Henry Reghr; 2, Milton Meador. Clive: 1, Floyd Westling; 2, May Hecht. Cremona: 1, Eileen Rigsby; 2, Neil Rigsby. Hilliard: 1, Ernie Kilomas; 2, Jos. Bidyk. Holden: 1, Norman Erhardt; 2, Ezra and Don Eberhart. Huxley: 1, S. Malcolm; 2, Cecil McArthur. Notikewin: 1, Dan Lawrence; 2, Henry Lawrence. Pathfinder: 1, Nick Fylypuik (Myrnam); 2, Glen and Howard Berg (Manville). Pembroke: 1, Tony Rilling; 2, Mary Hoyda, Kenneth McIntosh. Plamondon: 1, Rolland Ganthier; Jeanette Gagnon. Richmond Park: 1, Jean Olynky; 2, Charley Martynak. Rymbey: 1, Ethel Webb; 2, Charles Hansen. Ryley (Haight): 1, Geo. Knudslein; 2, Carl Podborozny. Smoky Lake: 1, Joe, John and Walter Grandish; 2, Geo. Elashuk. Spedden: 1, Bill Lewicky; 2, Stanley and Andrew Pawlowski. Willingdon: 1, Marshall and Henry Kowalchuk; 2, Mike S. Fedorak.—*Calgary, Alta.*

A Fine Community Effort

Here is a story of a community effort of the sort that so often is recorded of the town and villages of western Canada and which illustrates once again and in practical fashion, what "the neighborly spirit of the west" really means. Last spring the house of Mrs. J. McHardy was ravaged by fire, leaving her homeless. Immediately a subscription was circulated which raised \$470; a 96-piece dinner set was raffled netting \$180; \$100 was donated by the local Red Cross, and a benefit dance was put on netting \$130. A new house was erected, with most of the work donated and the key was turned over to Mrs. McHardy at the dance.

The organizations responsible for this fine community effort were the Ladies Auxiliary, the Royal Purple Lodge, the Masonic Lodge, the Elks Lodge and the Canadian Legion.

The committee wish to thank the community for their splendid neighborly support in this effort.—*Delburne, Alberta.*

Sixtieth Anniversary

Sixteen pioneers attended the 60th anniversary of the Bethel church at Roland who were present on the occasion of the church's dedication 60 years ago. Another rather unique feature of this event was the presence in the choir of W. H. Lowe, he having led the first choir at the original opening of the church.

The celebration of the 60th anniversary was attended by large congregations. Two former ministers assisted in the conduct of the services, Rev. R. A. Peden, of Dryden, Ontario, and Rev. A. Lavender, of Schrieber, Ontario.—*Roland, Man.*

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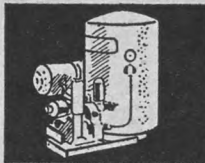
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Hard-pressed farmers everywhere will welcome the news that MORE "Z" ENGINES, WATER SYSTEMS AND ELECTRIC FENCERS WILL BE AVAILABLE THIS YEAR.



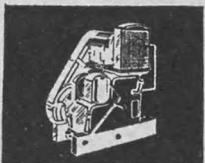
ELECTRIC FENCERS

Not enough to satisfy ALL who want them, however, so if YOU need the help of one or other of these proven products, see the nearest Fairbanks-Morse dealer RIGHT AWAY.



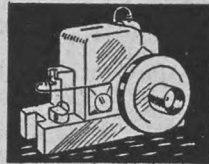
HAMMER MILLS AND
GRAIN GRINDERS

Limited wartime supplies of other Fairbanks-Morse Equipment will again be available from time to time, and will immediately be shipped to dealers in proportions based on normal requirements.

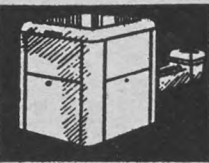


ELECTRIC LIGHT PLANTS
AND BATTERIES

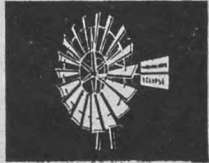
If your dealer can't get the Fairbanks-Morse equipment you want immediately, he will put you down for the first available. Meanwhile you can get replacement and repair parts without restriction, and the Fairbanks-Morse nation-wide organization is at your service to help keep your present equipment in good working trim.



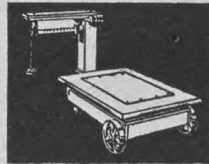
"Z" ENGINES



COAL STOKERS



WINDMILLS AND
WIND CHARGERS



SCALES

The CANADIAN FAIRBANKS-MORSE Company, Limited

Saint John • Montreal • Toronto • Winnipeg • Vancouver

RELIEVES SNIFFLY, SNEEZY DISTRESS OF HEAD COLDS

*A Few Drops Up
Each Nostril Work Fast
Right Where Trouble Is*

THE second you put a little Vicks Va-tro-nol (a few drops) up each nostril it starts relieving the sniffly, sneezy, stuffy distress of head colds. Va-tro-nol—a specialized medication—is so effective because it does three important things to relieve discomforts... (1) shrinks swollen membranes... (2) soothes irritation... (3) helps clear up cold-clogged nose... makes breathing easier... and brings such grand relief! Follow directions in folder.

NOTE... When used at first sniffle, sneeze or sign of a cold, Va-tro-nol helps prevent many colds from developing.



**VICKS
VA-TRO-NOL**



The world waited nearly sixty years for an antiseptic like this

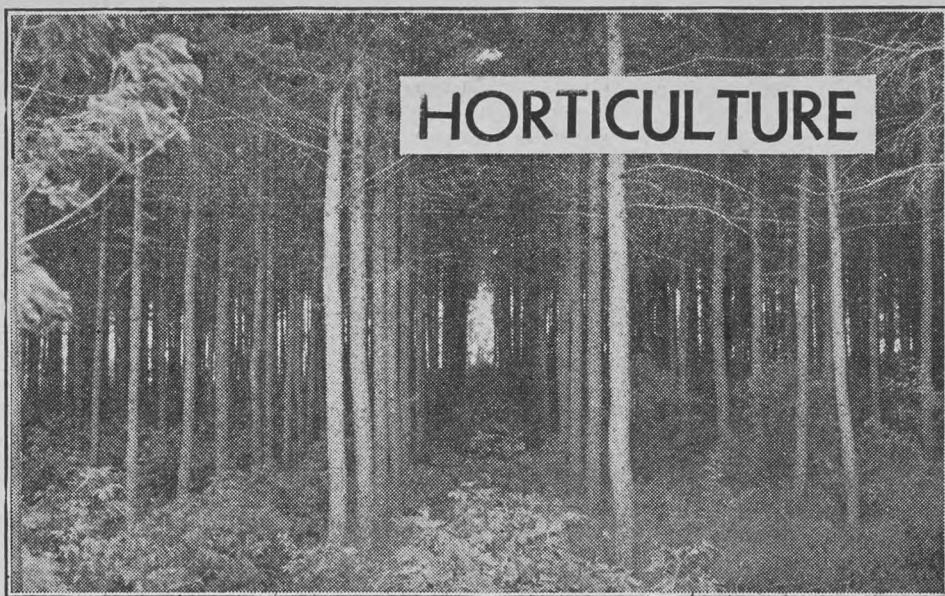
Since germs first came to be understood, any number of chemicals, mostly poisonous, have been found to kill them. But, strange to tell, the germs which cause disease are of a substance very like the life-giving cells of the human body.

To find the formula which would kill the germ and save

the body tissue—that was the problem which baffled medical science for two generations. That is the problem which is solved by this modern antiseptic 'Dettol'.

To the germs of infection 'Dettol' is deadly, but to tender human tissue 'Dettol' is kind and gentle and safe.

HORTICULTURE



This is the Siberian larch plantation at the Indian Head Forest Nursery Station as it appeared to the Guide camera in early August.

A Plantation of Siberian Larch

THE photograph shown on this page was taken early in August at the Dominion forest nursery station, Indian Head. It shows a plantation of Siberian larch. Set out in 1912, four-year-old Siberian larch seedlings were set 3½ feet apart in the row, with the rows four feet apart. One-year-old Manitoba maple seedlings were used for alternate rows, and the entire plantation covers 2¼ acres.

Our photograph shows the appearance of the plantation after the Manitoba maple trees were headed back in the winter of 1943-44. This plantation was first thinned somewhat in 1926, by taking out a number of posts, 3-4½ inches in diameter at the butt. In 1928, the maple trees were first headed back, and at intervals since that time, John Walker, superintendent of the station informs us, some selective thinning of the Siberian larch has been practised.

At the present time these Siberian larch trees have an average height of 35 feet, with a maximum of 42 feet. Their average breast high diameter is 5.3 inches, with a maximum of over ten inches. Further, with an estimated yield of over 35 cords, the stand of Siberian larch at present is about 40 per cent of the original number set out.

The management of this plantation at Indian Head reminds us of the problem facing thousands of farmers across the prairies who have closely planted shelterbelts. Mr. Walker points out that in these farm shelterbelts natural thinning may occur from branches broken or damaged by wind, hail, snow, or from general weakness, or from the failure of a particular kind of tree, or a certain individual tree, to hold its own in competition with other trees surrounding

them. The mixture of broadleaf and evergreen trees is no longer recommended, we learn. Only limited numbers of the short-lived, quick-grown poplar are now being distributed and it is recommended that ash, which is fairly intolerant of shade, be planted on the inside of the field, rather than in the centre of the shelterbelt. Maple has to be watched, and pruned more or less frequently in order to keep it from suppressing other kinds.

Mr. Walker advises going slowly in thinning out closely planted shelterbelts. This is partly because it is impossible to tell, perhaps for several years, which trees are going to outstrip or lag far behind the average, so that if thinning is done too hastily, the wrong trees may be taken out. He recommends little pruning for the first five years after planting the shelterbelt, except, perhaps, some heading back of the maples. Even when the trees get large enough so that it is no longer practicable to cultivate, too much pruning or thinning out will lessen the mutual protection which trees afford each other, and will react against building up a natural mulch of leaves, twigs and branches. Another argument against too early thinning of the shelterbelt is that it may stimulate the growth of weeds and encourage the development of sprouts. A final suggestion from Mr. Walker is that after thinning has been practised the growth of the remaining tree will be stimulated and the growth made by each individual tree will probably be increased. The reason for this is that when the space between trees on all sides is doubled, the actual feeding area available for the tree has been multiplied four times.

Still Knows His Fruits

EARLY in July I had the pleasure of visiting for an hour or two with Arthur Douglas, Kenville, Manitoba, who operates the Dominion horticultural sub-station in that area for the Dominion Experimental Farm Service. Mr. Douglas is almost entirely blind; and yet it is really remarkable how he is able to get around and not only remember where each variety is, but indicate some dead branches in a tree not fully hardy, or tell the visitor where to look for samples of fruit on a tree bearing very lightly.

The Bedford crab he regards as the best general-purpose crab for that part of Manitoba, although he thought that Trail was the best eating variety. He also thought well of Rescue and Anaros, regarding them as two of the leading crab varieties. Toba, which, like Trail, Rescue and Elkhorn, is an apple-crab hybrid, kills out badly at Kenville, and so does Rosilda, also an apple-crab. Dolgo, perhaps the most beautiful of all the cultivated crabs at fruiting time makes excellent jelly but killed back during the severe winter of 42-43. Florence, too, is not considered hardy by Mr. Douglas, and he also criticizes it for becoming mealy too soon after maturity. An interesting comment about the Dauphin crab was that it makes a jelly so heavy with pectin that after the jelly

is cooled, it is strong enough with pectin that it will lift a bowl. The Elkhorn he regarded as satisfactory in size of fruit and flavor, but not sufficiently hardy for the Kenville district. Among the crabs in the orchard, however, was a large, yellow-fruited, good quality crab which was a discovery of his own and which he had named the Kenville. The Osman, of course, was regarded as a good, general-purpose crab.

There were a great number of other varieties of crabs, plums, plum-cherry hybrids and small fruit. Among plums the Dropmore Blue was described as a "lovely fruit" and the Bounty as large and of good quality, while at the same time fairly hardy. Some apricots were growing in the orchard also, but Mr. Douglas said they generally bloom too early and get caught by the late, spring frost.

The Chief red raspberry he thought was outstanding among red raspberry varieties, and in this he appear to be in agreement with many others across the prairies, especially where hardiness is desired. As a matter of record, the Manchurian black walnut and Ontario butternut were both growing on the Douglas station, and it is surprising how frequently one encounters one or both of these nuts in places where one doesn't expect to see them.—H.S.F.

Hens only employed here



This is an egg factory. It produces a product essential in war.

Efficiency is emphasized in this factory as never before for the simple reason that feed, the raw materials of eggs, is none too plentiful.

Pan-a-min is added to the ration—to help produce eggs economically. For Pan-a-min supplies tonics. These tonics stimulate body functions and help the birds make better use of feed.

We believe Pan-a-min will help you step up the efficiency of your egg factory. Get this useful product from your Dr. Hess Dealer.

Hess & Clark, Ltd.
LONDON, ONTARIO

START IN Your Own Business

Take over a profitable Watkins route. Must be military exempt and between 25 and 65. Wonderful opportunities in many localities to own a pleasant, profitable, dignified business, backed by an international company. Applicants must be industrious and reliable. Suitable travel outfit required.

THE J. R. WATKINS CO.
Dept. B WINNIPEG, Man.

A GOOD LIVING FROM 5 ACRES OF LAND
FREE DETAILED PLANS ON REQUEST
GROW NEWER, BETTER FRUITS AND BERRIES
Giant Boysenberry, Mammoth Blueberry, Everbearing Strawberry and Raspberry, Sensational burgundy Apple, Pear, Plum, Peach, Cherry, Quince, Apricot, Grape, Currants, Gooseberries. Write today.
TOBE'S TREERY, BOX A-2, NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE, ONTARIO

COTTON BAGS—We are now able to supply you with bleached and unbleached cotton bags. Unbleached Cotton Flour, \$10.50 per 100, bleached \$13.50. Unbleached Cotton Sugar, \$11.55 per 100, bleached \$14.55. F.O.B. Winnipeg. Terms, cash. Dominion Bag Co., 596 Manitoba Ave., Winnipeg.

STUFFY NOSE?

Nose plugged up? Head cold threatening? Just smear **NOSTROLINE** in each nostril. Feel clogged mucous loosen, stuffiness vanish, breathing passages come clear. Relief is instant. **NOSTROLINE** clears head, stops discharge, relieves catarrh, head colds. Convenient. Pleasant. Adults and children. 50c—all druggists.

'NOSTROLINE'
CLIFTON, BRISTOL, ENGLAND

Fruit Development at Beaverlodge

THE Dominion experimental station at Beaverlodge, in the Peace River district, is 429 miles north of the southern boundary of the province. A great many variations of varietal adaptability in fruit production can occur in that distance, especially since all of it is north of the 49th parallel of latitude. From Beaverlodge recently came a little rejoicing from the Superintendent, W. D. Albright, on whose homestead, established in 1914, the Dominion Experimental Station was later established.

From 1916, when the first small fruits and apples were planted, until 1944, when the first apricots were matured, represents more than a quarter of a century. The first Herbert raspberries were harvested in 1917, followed by currants shortly after, strawberries in 1919, sandcherries and Tom Thumb plums in 1924, Orgeon Champion gooseberries in 1925, Osman, Florence and Olga crab apples in 1929, Hibernian apples in 1931, Besserabian sour cherries in 1939, Ussurian pears in 1940, grapes and Nanking bush cherries in 1942, as well as enough elderberries for one pie, and finally, in addition to Drilea cherries and Tait Dropmore pears, the crowning horticultural achievement of the Beaverlodge station came with the maturing of apricots in 1944. The apricot crop consisted of two apricots. One of them, fully matured and dropped to the ground on August 23, measured 1 1/4 by 1 3/8, and was of excellent quality, according to Mr. Albright.

From the small and moderate beginnings in 1916, the horticultural work at Beaverlodge has developed until now there are ten acres of fruit plantations. I visited Beaverlodge at the beginning of August and, in a later issue, I want to pay tribute to the splendid work which is underway there, looking toward the selection and adaptation to cultivations, of saskatoons.—H.S.F.

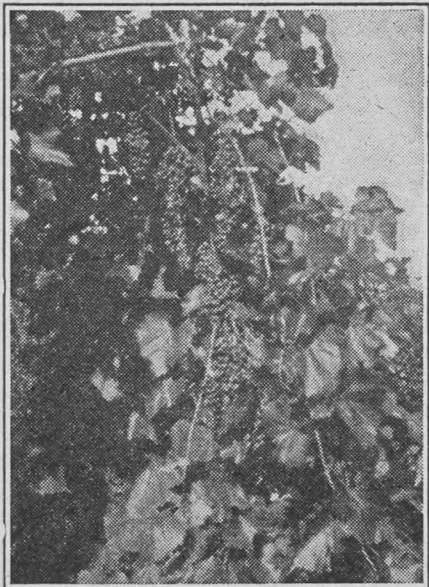
QUESTIONS

Q. (Mrs. A. M., Lathom, Alta.): Is it true that by treating garden seed with Semesan you get better crops?

A. It is an advantage to treat many of the garden seeds with Semesan or some other mercuric dust before planting. For detailed instructions write to your nearest experimental station. The object of treatment is to destroy seed-borne organisms. There is considerable variation as to the treatment in the different seed families.

Q. (A. S. H., Peavine, Alta.): Could you tell me which is the best time of year to get lilac slips. We have a few common lilacs and would like to get some slips. How do you take slips off them?

A. Lilacs are increased mostly by budding and grafting. If the desired variety is on its own roots, additional plants are obtained easily by removing sucker growths and transplanting them in April. Lilacs do not grow readily from hardwood cuttings. Most kinds of lilacs can be rooted by taking greenwood cuttings or slips in early June. However, this task involves greenhouses or cotton houses and is best left to the trained gardener with special propagating facilities.



Grapes growing at the Morden station.

Q. (L. A., Mankota, Sask.): What is the proper time to pull onions? How can they be handled so as to dry out for winter use?

A. Pull the onion crop when about 10 per cent of the tops have fallen over. This usually occurs in August or the first week of September. Leave on the ground for two weeks to dry and firm. If frost threatens, cover for the night period. Store in a cool, dry room. If only a household supply is required, best satisfaction comes from leaving the withered tops attached. Braid the onions in rope fashion and hang up on pegs. Large quantities are topped and stored in slat trays or in porous sacks.

FREE! Stomach Trouble (Due to Gastric Hyper-Acidity)



C. P. Shea, Campbell's Bay, Que., writes: "I suffered for the past 22 years with indigestion, pains and gas after each meal, and I found relief when a friend told me about your treatment. From the first day I used Canadian Von tablets I believe they have done me good. I can't praise them too much." If you suffer from indigestion, gastritis, heartburn, bloating, acid irritation, pains after eating, or allied stomach trouble induced by gastric hyper-acidity, you, too, should receive quick relief. Send at once for FREE Samples of this treatment. A free Booklet is included. Write.

CANADIAN VON CO.

Dept. 806-C

Windsor, Ont.

ROLL ONE!
LIGHT ONE!
SMOKE ONE!

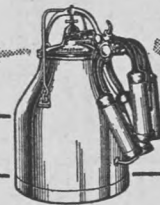


NOW you know why
Buckingham Fine Cut
makes better cigarettes



THE DE LAVAL
SPEEDWAY METHOD
OF FAST MILKING

MORE MILK
TIME SAVING
PLEASES THE COW
LESS STRIPPINGS
HEALTHIER UDDERS
BETTER SANITATION



EASY TO FOLLOW

IMMEDIATE RESULTS

1. *Be regular*—start the milking at the same time each milking.

2. *Have everything in readiness*—avoid unnecessary noise, confusion or distraction of any kind in the barn at milking time. Study your milking routine to eliminate every unnecessary move.

3. *Preparation of the cow*—Thoroughly wipe the udder of each cow, just before it is her turn to be milked, with a clean cloth which has been immersed in good warm water (130° F.) containing 250 parts per million of available chlorine. Follow immediately with Step 4.

4. *Use of the Strip Cup*—Next, using a full hand squeeze, draw a few streams of

milk from each quarter into strip cup. Inspect for abnormal milk; if present, milk cow last. (Steps 3 and 4 induce rapid let-down of the milk.)

5. *Apply teat-cups immediately after using Strip Cup*. Hold and apply teat-cups properly so that no vacuum is lost and least amount of air is admitted.

6. *Teat-cups should be removed from cow at end of 3 to 4 minutes*. Hand stripping should be employed chiefly for purposes of inspection, and should consist of only a few full hand squeezes from each quarter. Do not prolong hand stripping. Machine stripping can be done just before removing teat-cups by massaging each quarter briefly.

TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOUR DE LAVAL SEPARATOR

Your De Laval Separator is one of your most important pieces of farm equipment. Designed for maximum service, built by craftsmen, of the highest quality materials, it will serve you long and efficiently. Your observance of the three simple steps shown opposite will help it do so.



1. Use only De Laval Separator Oil and check lubrication system as directed.

2. Wash bowl and tinware immediately after each time separator is used.

3. Keep sufficient discs in bowl for firm disc stack; turn bowl nut down firmly.

THE DE LAVAL COMPANY, Ltd.
PETERBOROUGH
WINNIPEG

MONTREAL
VANCOUVER

THE WHICH RESULTS



POULTRY RAISERS

PLAN YOUR 1945 POULTRY OPERATIONS NOW!

A GOOD poultry flock is ALWAYS a sure source of revenue.

We have been supplying our customers with GOOD chicks for a quarter of a century.

Order yours NOW for 1945 and remember—

"IT'S RESULTS THAT COUNT"

Write for prices.

Rump & Sendall

BOX 8

LANGLEY PRAIRIE, B.C.

TAYLOR-MADE CHICKS XXX PROFIT CHICKS

White Leghorns, Barred Rocks, White Rocks, New Hampshires, R.I. Reds, Black Minorcas, White Wyandottes, Light Sussex, Buff Orpingtons. Orders booked with a deposit of \$5.00 on each 100, balance before shipment. Guarantee 100 per cent delivered.

HATCHING EGGS

We have Breeders in Ontario supplying us with Hatching Eggs from Approved and R.O.P. Sired Flocks. Send your Order NOW for Spring Delivery.

ALEX. TAYLOR HATCHERIES

362 Furby Street

Winnipeg, Man.

STEWART CHICKS

Orders are now being booked for 1945.

Write for catalog and price list.

Tune in our Old Time Program every Thursday, 9.30 p.m. M.D.T., over CFCN, Calgary, 1010 kc.

STEWART ELECTRIC HATCHERIES
602C 12th Ave. W. CALGARY, Alta.

COLES QUALITY CHICKS

NEW HAMPSHIRE AND WHITE LEGHORNS

Standard prices. Please write for catalog.

L. S. COLES HATCHERY
Cloverdale, B.C.

LAYING PULLETS

AND A FEW DAY-OLDS — AVAILABLE

Write for list and prices. Also some copies of the Report on Ontario's 1944 Poultry Conference — valuable and instructive reading.

BRAY HATCHERY

146 John St. N.

Hamilton, Ont.

IT'S NOT TOO EARLY TO ORDER

Tweddle Chicks and what's more—Tweddle offers a liberal "Early Booking Discount." This is a grand opportunity to get Tweddle Government Approved chicks from fast-growing, high producing bloodtested breeders and at the same time get a discount for early ordering. Tweddle Hatcheries have been your guarantee for first class chicks for twenty years and this year our chicks will be even better than ever. Don't delay, send for free catalog and early booking price list today. Also older pullets laying and ready to lay for immediate delivery.

TWEDDLE CHICK HATCHERIES LIMITED
FERGUS, ONTARIO



• MORE EGGS
• MORE MONEY
• AT LESS COST

For complete information and FREE literature write—

DOUBLE DUTY PRODUCTS CO.

812 BOYD BLDG.
WINNIPEG

Make More Dollars

with

PUREBRED HOLSTEINS

Help feed the world after the war. Holsteins out-produce and outsell all other dairy breeds. Let us help you select a few foundation heifers and a good bull. Write to the Holstein-Friesian Association, Brantford, Ontario.



Professor Rae banding Plymouth Rocks at the University, before they go on the table to be blood-tested for pullorum, under the Saskatchewan approved flock policy. This newer method of testing enables equipment to be taken direct to the farm and testing completed there, thus greatly simplifying and expediting the protection afforded poultry owners against pullorum losses.—Guide photo.

Sanitation and Disease Control

PREVENTION and not cure is the economical method of controlling poultry diseases. The individual treatment of sick hens is seldom recommended because of the low unit value of the bird and the relatively high cost of the treatment. Control measures are applied to the flock as a whole rather than to the individual bird.

The general measures which should be adopted to control excessive mortality in a flock are usually grouped under the heading of sanitation. Sanitation has been defined as "providing a place in which chickens can grow and produce efficiently." If chickens are provided with comfortable buildings, properly balanced rations, and not allowed to become exposed to disease infection, they will grow well and produce eggs and poultry meat at a high efficiency level. Profits cannot be made from flocks in which the mortality rate is excessive.

A recent test conducted at the Kansas Experiment Station showed that the death rate was 42 birds per 100 for the flock given minimum care (little more than providing the birds with feed and water), while in the pens given good care and proper handling, the death rate was only 7 per 100.

What To Do If Disease Breaks Out

IF disease breaks out in your flock, there are a few precautionary measures:

1. Send one or two live specimens by prepaid express to your nearest provincial animal pathologist. These birds will be examined free of charge, and the results of the examination, together with suggested remedies, will be sent within a day or two. When dead birds are shipped, they must first be rolled in a cloth which has been dampened in a formalin solution and then wrapped in waxed paper. Internal organs may be mailed if rolled in a formalin cloth and then packed in a water-tight container.
2. If the flock is running outside, get them indoors as quickly as possible, but be sure that the house is not overcrowded. Birds cannot be treated while running at large.
3. The sick chickens should be removed from the flock immediately and the dead ones burned.
4. Change the litter in the laying house or brooder pens daily, until the disease condition clears up.
5. Check up on management factors which might be a partial cause of the trouble. Make sure that the feed is suitable, and that it contains the various ingredients necessary for growth and production. Consult bulletins on feeding, if there is any doubt about what to feed.
6. Non-poisonous disinfectants such as potassium permanganate may be added to the drinking water. This helps to destroy disease germs in the water, but, contrary to popular belief, it has little or no effect as an intestinal disinfectant.

Artificial Lights

FOR many years, successful poultrymen have used artificial lights in their laying pens with excellent results. When some form of light is used, winter egg production usually increases. Late-hatched pullets can often be stim-

ulated to earlier production by means of light. Various systems of operating lights are in use: (1) morning lights, (2) evening lights, (3) morning and evening lights, and (4) all-night lights. Morning light is most popular because dimming devices are not necessary. With (2) and (3), some kind of dimmer must be used. A good practice to follow is to use morning light from November 1 to March 1, and so regulate the time as to allow about 12-14 hours of day and from 10-12 hours of night. It is important to give birds about the same amount of light each day. If the hens have become accustomed to lights and, for some reason, they are not turned on for a few times, a severe drop in production accompanied by neck molt may result. When morning light is used, feed and water must be available for the birds just as soon as they get off the roosts.

The most practical way to light a poultry house is by the use of electricity, but if electric current costs more than 4 or 5 cents per kilowatt hour, it may be too expensive. Some farmers use kerosene or Aladdin lanterns. No matter what source of light is employed, it is important to have the lights suspended from the ceiling so as to give the maximum light on the floor and also throw some light on the roosts. Reflectors are a great help in dispersing the light to the proper area in the house. One 40-watt bulb for each 150 to 200 square feet of floor space will provide adequate illumination if it is placed at the proper height.

Keep the Litter Dry

DRYNESS in the poultry house is just as important as warmth. When birds are in good production, they consume large quantities of water. The average flock of 100 hens will drink four to five gallons of water per day. They will put about one gallon of this into the eggs and the rest will be given off in the droppings and in their breath in the form of vapor. The problem is how to get rid of this water vapor. If it remains in the poultry house, the litter will become damp and the walls and ceiling will get wet and frost over. Then the hens become uncomfortable, egg production falls off, and colds and roup may develop, and also combs and wattles are more likely to freeze. The first step in controlling dampness is to make sure that the walls and ceiling of the poultry building are well insulated with planer shavings or straw. When the walls and ceilings have been insulated, check the ventilation because the moist air in the house must be circulated and gradually allowed to escape to the outside before the hens can become comfortable again.

There are three systems of ventilation commonly used. These are: (1) cotton-front, straw-loft type, (2) flues, and (3) restricted ventilation such as the modified Sanctuary system. But no matter which system is adopted, make sure that both inlets and outlets are provided. With good ventilation, it should not be necessary to remove the litter from the floor oftener than once every two weeks. Straw and planer shavings are both excellent to use as litter. If this litter is stirred up every day, it will last longer and there will be less danger of its becoming matted.

Mufford's



SUGGEST—

now is the time to order your 1945 Chicks so as to obtain a choice of delivery dates.

Be sure to get on our mailing list for our new catalog.

J. H. MUFFORD & SONS
MILNER, B.C.

PRAIRIE QUALITY CHICKS

Are bred and hatched right to give profit and satisfaction

Five excellent breeds to choose from including Barred Rocks, White Leghorns, White Rocks, New Hampshires and White Wyandottes.

Mail your order now to be sure of getting PRAIRIE QUALITY chicks when you want them in 1945. Hundreds of customers were disappointed in 1944 because they placed their orders too late.

Small deposit reserves your requirements.

Prairie Electric Hatcheries Limited

2534-40 Dewdney Ave. Regina, Sask.

WHY NOT

make your 1945 baby chick order

R.O.P. SIRE?

And when ordering remember the Sask. R.O.P. Breeders Co-Operative Hatchery sells the two highest grades, R.O.P. and R.O.P. Sired. Try our bred to lay R.O.P. Sired chicks for greater profits over feed costs, and our R.O.P. chicks for better breeding stock. A small deposit will book your order now for the delivery date you prefer in the spring.

SASK. R.O.P. BREEDER'S CO-OPERATIVE HATCHERY MARKETING ASSOCIATION Ltd.
19 Hochelaga Street, Moose Jaw, Sask. 225 Third Avenue N., Saskatoon, Sask.

"EARLY" CHICKS ARE BETTER

"Bred and hatched to bring you profit"

If you plan to raise chicks next spring, you should insure against disappointment and delay of delivery by placing your order NOW for Early's pure-bred, Government Approved chicks. We can supply most of the popular breeds such as W. Leghorns, Barred Rocks, L. Sussex and New Hampshires. A small deposit books your order. Write today to

Saskatchewan's Largest Hatchery
EARLY HATCHERIES
196 Ave. A. So. Saskatoon, Sask.

YOUR 1945 CHICKS

If you plan on raising BOLIVAR chicks next season—

RESERVE YOUR REQUIREMENTS NOW

—no deposit required until January 1st. Over 2,000 customers were disappointed this year through ordering too late.

BOLIVAR HATCHERIES LIMITED
R.R. No. 4 New Westminster, B.C.

A specialized R.O.P. Breeding Plant and Hatchery with 34 consecutive years of supplying bred-to-lay chicks to particular poultrymen of Western Canada. No business can survive this length of time without giving better than average satisfaction.

Pringle Baby Chicks

for fifteen consecutive years have earned the confidence of Canadian farmers. You can assist us to continue and extend service and satisfaction by ordering your 1945 chick requirements NOW, from

PRINGLE ELECTRIC HATCHERIES
Calgary Edmonton Chilliwack, B.C.

ANSTEY'S CHICKS

The demand for Anstey's chicks is likely to be heavy again for 1945, so you would be well advised to send in your order today.

Write for a copy of our 1945 chick catalog.
ANSTEY ELECTRIC HATCHERY LTD.
223—3rd Avenue North Saskatoon, Sask.

CANADA'S VETERANS *Their Post-War Opportunities*

This is the first of a series of advertisements to inform the people of Canada of plans to re-establish men and women of the armed forces. To get the full details save and read every advertisement.



For complete information write for the booklet "Back to Civil Life."

The Future After Discharge —

A MESSAGE TO RELATIVES OF THOSE IN THE ARMED FORCES

When your boys and your girls come home, when they lay aside the uniform, when they go out into the world as normal peace-loving Canadians, what lies ahead? Can they pick up their lives as civilians, where they laid them down, months or long years ago? Are there plans to help them do the things they wanted to do before the war? Will they have security? Can they continue education, or receive needed training? Will they be assisted in home owning, or to establish their own business, and will they be enabled to pick up their family life once again?

These are questions which concern all those Canadians who have loved ones in the services. They are questions which this series of advertisements is designed to answer.

OPPORTUNITY IS THE OBJECTIVE

Canada has been making plans for your boy's and your girl's return to civilian life since early in 1940. These plans are in effect and operating now. The aim is that every person who has served shall have opportunity. Thousands, already back in civilian life, have benefitted by training, by maintenance grants, by advice of departmental officials, and by the social security provisions. There is ample help for those men and women who want to help themselves.

ASSISTANCE ON DISCHARGE

When your boys and girls are discharged from the services, they will be given:

1. A clothing allowance of \$100.00 (if discharged after August 1, 1944).
2. Their pay to date of discharge.
3. One month's additional pay, if they have 183 days' continuous service, as a rehabilitation grant.
4. A railway warrant home or to the place of enlistment.

Dependents will receive:

1. Their normal dependents' allowance to date of discharge, with assigned pay.
2. An additional month's dependents' allowance, with assigned pay, if there has been 183 days' continuous service.

Your boy or girl will be allowed to retain certain items of uniform. They will be given a complete medical and dental examination and will be eligible for free needed treatment for a year after discharge. Those discharged not physically fit, in need of continuing treatment and unable to work, will have their pay and allowances of rank continued for at least a year if necessary and, if the disability is pensionable, for as long as curative treatment is beneficial. All are interviewed by Veterans' Welfare Officers and told of the re-establishment programme.

WAR SERVICE GRATUITY

On discharge, those enlisted to serve outside Canada, or those who served in the Aleutian Islands, are eligible for a war service gratuity. It provides \$7.50 for each thirty days' service in Canada and the Western Hemisphere and \$15.00 for each thirty days' service overseas or in the Aleutian Islands. For those with overseas service or with service in the Aleutian Islands, there is an additional seven days' pay and allowances for each six months of such service. Payments will be made at the end of each month in the months following discharge. Complete details of the war service gratuity will be given in a later advertisement.

RE-ESTABLISHMENT CREDIT

In addition to the war service gratuity, there is a re-establishment credit of \$7.50 for each thirty days' service in the Western Hemisphere and \$15.00 for each thirty days' service overseas. This is for things such as the purchase or repair of a home, the buying of furniture, a business, or government life insurance, and for certain other purposes which will assist your boy or your girl in becoming re-established. This credit, which is reduced by grants given for training or education, or under the Veterans' Land Act, is primarily for those who do not wish assistance under these three plans.

RETURN TO FORMER JOBS

If your boy or girl held a civilian position before enlisting, and was not engaged to replace somebody already in the forces, and if the position still exists, and your boy or girl is capable of filling it, it is the employer's duty, under the law of Canada, to reinstate him or her in that position with seniority. Application for reinstatement must be made to the former employer within three months of discharge from the forces or from hospital.

Veterans' Welfare Officers are stationed in key centres throughout Canada. They are the friends of Ex-Service men and women. It is their duty to advise and assist all Ex-Service personnel with their re-establishment problems. If there is anything about the Rehabilitation programme which you do not understand, consult your nearest Veterans' Welfare Officer.

TRAINING AND EDUCATION

The surest way to permanent employment—the thing your boy or girl will want—is a skill to get and to hold a job. Canada's plans give opportunity to acquire needed skill either at university or in preparation for a business or industrial career. Fees are paid by the state, along with living allowances, while training or continuing education.

WHILE ILL OR UNEMPLOYED

There is protection against illness or unemployment by maintenance allowances which can be drawn against in the first eighteen months after discharge. There is also protection under the Unemployment Insurance Act for those who enter insured employment and remain in it fifteen weeks.

HOME OWNING AND FARMING

There is provision to assist city and other workers to have homes of their own, either on small acreages of land outside the high taxation area, or in town, under the National Housing Act. Full-time farmers can be given financial assistance in full-time farming, while commercial fishermen may secure financial help in getting their own homes, on small acreages of land, and in buying needed fishing equipment.

FREE TREATMENT

In the year following discharge, service men and women are eligible for free treatment, hospitalization and allowances for any condition, even if not the result of service. Pensioners are entitled to this for life for their pensioned disability.

THE POLICY ON PENSIONS

Canada's Pension Act is administered by an independent commission, all former members of the services. Any permanent disability suffered overseas, not a result of misconduct, is pensionable. Where service is in Canada only, the disability must be a result of service.

Published under the authority of Hon. Ian A. MacKenzie, Minister of

PENSIONS AND NATIONAL HEALTH

★ SEND THIS ADVERTISEMENT TO SOME MAN OR WOMAN OVERSEAS.



JOHNS-MANVILLE *Asbestos* ROLL ROOFING

● You get the *economy* of roll roofing—plus the *permanent protection* which only ASBESTOS can give—when you choose Johns-Manville Asbestos Roll Roofing for your farm buildings.

Unlike ordinary roofing felts, *Asbestos* felts do not readily yield up their asphalt impregnation under the sun's rays. That is why J-M Asbestos Roll Roofings remain in good condition for so many *extra* years.

Backed by 86 years' experience, Johns-Manville Asbestos Roll Roofings meet every farm need—and provide low-cost protection for your valuable farm buildings.



JOHNS-MANVILLE BUILDING MATERIALS



Send

for the new J-M "Farm Idea Book"... a big, colorful 64-page handbook packed with information of real value to wartime farmers.

Canadian Johns-Manville Co. Limited, Dept. CG-46
199 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

I enclose 10¢ in coin for which please send me a copy of the J-M "Farm Idea Book". I am specially interested in
Roofing ☐; Rock Wool Insulation ☐; Asbestos Siding ☐;
Asbestos Wallboard ☐ (check which).

Address.....

Name.....

4F-2

FOR A BETTER POSTWAR WORLD

Continued from page 6

international affairs from the inside. For those who want a stimulating job for a couple of years, maybe more, UNRRA is the answer.

While UNRRA laid down plans a mile long, I cannot believe there has been too much "finalization," to use a word some people in Ottawa don't like much. For instance, let us suppose we shall have to feed Norway, and Czechoslovakia. I don't think anybody can tell yet what will be needed, and how it will be delivered. But UNRRA has set up the framework. For example, our law books do not provide a special punishment for a special crime, nevertheless when a man steals a horse, the whole machinery begins functioning impartially, from the time the man-hunt begins till the jail door slams in the convicted man's face. UNRRA can lay down the laws to be used, and when it is time to feed Europe, UNRRA will be ready.

Canada will have the handiest food. True, the States will produce bigger crops, but her domestic consumption will require all but a small fraction of her billions of bushels of edibles. Therefore, Canada perhaps has more stake in UNRRA than anybody. We're the country with the groceries. It will be our food, for the most part, that will give many a European his first square meal in a long time.

DUMBARTON OAKS is the biggest of all three conferences, and the hardest to assess. This was really a pre-armistice Versailles, a preview of a future League of Nations. Only Nicaragua and Paraguay and Portugal and the other small countries were not there. The big powers sat in on the game alone, this time. The smaller fellows will get their chance later. Dumbarton Oaks, in a rough and vague fashion, shaped the postwar world. The big three, Britain, United States, and Russia, settled anything that did not involve Japan, and then where Japan was involved, China was called in, and Russia bowed out. Russia and Japan are not at war with each other.

At the Oaks, they did not say it in so many words, but they dissolved the old League of Nations, and evolved a new United Nations. Thus, League of Nations II has been christened United Nations.

It would be foolish to be too dogmatic about what was done. This writer talked to government people who should know, and their advice was not to be too positive or assertive about anything. In other words, the general outlines are there, but they are only faintly sketched in with pencil. The inking-in process will come much later, when Germany is crushed like a trampled rat, and Japan's on her back, helpless, like a kicking bug. For example, who could say now whether the Curzon Line will separate new Poland from the new Soviet, or whether the new boundary will be further west of that, or east. Who would police the Soviet, if they grabbed the Dardanelles, or who would stop who if the Spanish Republicans rose against Franco? What's going to happen to Greenland? Suppose the Croats don't want to go in with the Serbs? Should Dubruja, wrested by Roumania from Bulgaria, and now back with Bulgaria, go back to Roumania again? How much of East Germany shall we take to compensate for the loss of the Polish Corridor? All of those are \$64 questions, and they'll have to be settled by somebody. But Dumbarton Oaks is passing this time, when bids like that are made. It just settles the little it can.

Dumbarton Oaks is important on another score. Most of the important decisions made cannot be announced. International affairs cannot be discussed without the utmost secrecy, particularly when there is a war on. Therefore, the chances are that anything worthwhile is pretty well hidden away in the minds of the discreet, top-ranking diplomats present. With the future of the world

at stake, nobody who knows much doing much talking. Some day, we shall look back to Dumbarton Oaks with satisfaction, if all goes well. The chance is that there will be a constant revelation of policy evolved there, as the fortunes of war permit, and as progressive betterment dictates. But right now it's the word.

This then, has been a big year for us. It is wonderful, after all the long dark, often seemingly hopeless years behind us, that we are sufficiently close to the end to be able to hold such conferences. It has been remarkable to how methodically, scientifically, and hopefully, we have got our plans organized. At Bretton Woods we made ready to get trading again, to import and export once more, to start earning a dollar outside our own borders. At UNRRA, we planned how to feed the world. At Dumbarton Oaks, we scheme how we are going to run our brave new world. These conferences will enable us to get rolling again, to get right back to the good old days, just as soon as Day arrives.

Beef plant shut down



This steer is off feed. That cuts his gains and reduces the average daily gain of the entire bunch. You'll probably have to hold him and a few others that went off feed when most of them are ready to ship. You won't get the profit you might have had.

To help keep the whole bunch on feed, we recommend the addition of Stock Tonic to the ration. Stock Tonic provides tonics that stimulate appetite and help steers use their feed efficiently. Stock Tonic also supplies vitamin D.

A lot of the boys that top the market use Stock Tonic. We hope you'll try it on that bunch now on feed. See your Dr. Hess Dealer.

Hess & Clark, Ltd.
LONDON, ONTARIO

Drive out ACHES



THUNDERHEAD

Continued from page 9

long impatient neigh from Flicka who had had enough of being tied to a twenty-foot picket rope. Ken heard it, too.

Thunderhead whirled around, looked, listened, lifted his nose with nostrils flaring. The whinny came again; he whinnied loudly in answer, plunged down the slope and disappeared in the trees.

Still Ken could not bring himself to leave. When Thunderhead disappeared, the Albino continued to observe the rampart for a while, trotting up and down nervously, but at last the stallion returned to his closely bunched mares and gave them permission to relax and resume grazing. He did this by plunging straight through them and scattering them. Then he stood watching until they were once more grazing, after which he too quieted down and began to graze. Peace descended on the valley.



The pain and loneliness Ken had felt under the weight of the mountains had changed to a bold ecstasy. He stood drawing in their icy breath, with his feet braced apart. He wanted the mountains to make their mark on him before he left, so that he could take them away with him and never lose them.

But there was still business to attend to. He had to find out how Thunderhead had got in to that valley, for of one thing he was convinced, it was the Albino who had given him that terrible blow when he was a yearling. And that meant either the Albino had got out, or Thunderhead had got in.

KEN thought of the river. There, where it cut through the volcanic rampart, might be a gap wide enough for a path as well as the stream itself. This gap was a few hundred yards to the west of where he was standing. He went along the summit of the rampart till he reached that great hole and lay down on his stomach and looked over. He need not give a second thought to the possibility of anything living entering the valley by that door. The broad river fell into a narrow chasm with sheer walls that went up hundreds of feet. It was a churning white cauldron fearful to look at, below.

After Ken had spit into the torrent, to show his utter superiority, he returned along the rampart and noticed that there was a veritable whirlwind of clouds gathering high above the bare slopes of the Thunderer, and even as Ken watched, the clouds spread out, descended upon the mountains, and joined each other. In a moment the Thunderer and all the other peaks were blotted out.

Ken began to have a feeling of haste. It was unthinkable, however, that he should go home having been as near to an eagle's eyrie as he was at this moment without a feather in his cap. Before climbing the peak he carefully examined the sky and the tops of the trees. No parent birds were to be seen.

When his head came up over the edge of the great mass of sticks and clods and branches that formed the eyrie he saw the eaglets as he had last seen them, standing leaning against each other. But he saw something else that had been out of his line of vision until this moment. The parent bird sitting on the nest perch, which was a steep little jut of rock around the other side of the nest and somewhat above it.

The eagle attacked Ken instantly. He turned and leaped—scrambled—slid, protecting himself with his upflung arms against the eagle's fury. If he had been motionless for one moment he might have been severely injured, but as he continued bounding as if with seven league boots, occasionally falling or rolling, he was not still long enough to offer the eagle a real opportunity. That came only when he hit bottom. Ken was on solid ground and on his back, fighting the eagle off with his fists and feet. He realized for the first time that it had only one leg. The bird drove his beak at Ken's eyes. Ken bashed its head to one side. The eagle recovered quickly and

drove again, catching Ken's underlip in its mandibles and cutting it deep. At the same moment Ken felt a searing pain in his middle where the bird had thrust in his talon, driving for his vitals—four terrible hoops of steel, each one two inches in diameter.

The buckle of Ken's leather belt saved him, for the eagle's talon encircled it and the steel gimlets went only half as deep into Ken's flesh as they otherwise would have.

Suddenly the eagle, having had enough of the kicking and hammering, loosed his hold and rose vertically in the air.

Ken's shirt was soaked with blood across his middle. Blood was running down his chin from his cut lip. All down the right side of his hip he was minus pants and the flesh was raw. The heel of his right hand was covered with tiny cuts and abrasions into which gravel and dirt was ground.

But what boys know when he has had enough? Before Ken washed and bound his wounds, plastering them with adhesive carried in his small first-aid kit, he did a little

more investigating, determined to find out where the entrance to the valley was. And he found the fissure in the cliff, close under the eagle eyrie, with the keyhole at the valley end. And he found—a little farther east—the path by which Thunderhead climbed the rampart, and saw there evidence to prove that Thunderhead had been there many times. The path was well worn. There were hoof marks everywhere. The surface had been trampled. There was manure, both old and fresh. It was easy to reconstruct the whole story now. After his first encounter with the Albino, Thunderhead had come to this spot to look down at his enemy—at the mares—at the lush valley, but never again had he ventured through the pass.

When Ken went back to Flicka he found Thunderhead there with her. As Ken threw the saddle on Thunderhead and then packed his kit, the air was filled with dancing snowflakes. There was no sky, no tree or mountain tops to be seen. But the light was still good and Thunderhead knew the way as well as he knew his way from the Goose Bar stable to the pasture. And Ken had to laugh at the mad eagerness of both horses to be gone from this place and get home!

Ken let the reins loose on Thunderhead's neck and Flicka followed close behind. Untroubled by the snow storm, or the clouds of spray that drenched them on the river paths, or the waterfalls leaping over their heads or the many obstacles on the nearly invisible trail, Thunderhead took his young master down the mountains and safely home without a misstep or a pause.

IT was a very sore and aching boy who lay in the walnut bed at the ranch next afternoon while Rodney Scott, the doctor who had cared for him when he had pneumonia and who was a good friend besides, extracted dirt and pieces of shale from his hip and hand and took stitches in the underlip and stomach. "And all that done by a one-legged eagle!" he joked. "Just suppose he had had two?"

Ken laughed. "And now, Mamma" (the doctor called all women Mamma, testifying to a small town county practice in which maternity cases preponderated), "put hot salt water compresses on those abraded surfaces—ten minutes on and ten minutes off."

"What about his going to school in three days?"

"In three days he won't know anything happened to him—unless infection sets in. Send him to school and I'll look in on him there."

That night as Nell was brushing her hair in Ken's room (by special request) he said, "Mother, discoverers can name the places they discover, can't they? So I can name that valley. I've named it *The Valley of the Eagles*. How do you like that name?"

"I think it's just right and perfectly stunning!"

Ken sighed happily. Then, looking out the window, he added, "Only thing is—I didn't get a feather—*darn it!*"

Wrapped in her dark blue robe, her

**YOUR POSTWAR
TRACTOR
should be...**

**A LIGHT TRACTOR
FOR LIGHT WORK**

**and AUTOMATICALLY
become...**

**A HEAVY TRACTOR
FOR
HEAVY WORK**

The exclusive Ferguson Linkage System turns draft into more weight when more traction is needed.

**ONLY THE FORD TRACTOR WITH
FERGUSON SYSTEM GIVES YOU
THIS ECONOMY...TODAY!**

PERHAPS your next job of plowing will be easy—a light tractor will do the job.

Maybe it will be hard... in this case you will need a heavy tractor.

Or, it might be fairly easy with a really tough spot coming up every few rods. Then, what kind of a tractor would be best?

The correct amount of tractor weight for every kind of ground working tool in every kind of soil is found in the Ford Tractor with Ferguson System.

It is a light tractor weighing nearly one thousand pounds less than other full two-plow tractors. On most jobs, that is a thousand pounds less to burn fuel and to pack your soil.

What happens when you run up against a hard pull? Here is the surprising feature. This modern tractor carries, instead of merely pulling, plows and other ground implements. As ground tools start into denser soil the extra weight of that soil plus the greater resistance of the tools getting through it have the same effect as though wheel weights were being thrown on and off as the tractor makes its way across the field.

So the Ford Tractor combines *all* the desirable features of both a light and a heavy tractor with none of the shortcomings of either.

The next time you are in town ask your Ford dealer how it automatically changes its weight to suit the job.

**FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED
WINDSOR, ONT.**

"I help to win a big war
...and also a little one"



I BECAME a nurse's aid when I realized the desperate need for them. My husband is in the Navy, and I wanted to help, too. I know now that I chose an important and worth-while job, and a gratifying one.



WHENEVER I work at the hospital, I take Tommy, my little boy, over to my next-door neighbor's. Dot's glad to help me out . . . and since she has a child of her own, Tommy has a fine time.



BUT WHEN I called for Tommy once, I found a small battle raging. Dot was about to spank her little girl. "I hate to," she sighed, "but I've got to make her take this laxative."



"DOT," I said, "it's wrong to force bad-tasting medicine on children. I give Tommy Castoria—made especially for children. It tastes good, and it's gentle and effective."



TO PROVE my point, I ran home and got my Castoria. Dot gave it to her little girl, who loved it! Dot was amazed. "Say, you've settled a big problem in this family for good!" she smiled.



As the medical profession knows, the chief ingredient in Castoria—senna—has an excellent reputation in medical literature.

Research has proved that senna works mostly in the lower bowel, so it rarely disturbs the appetite or digestion. In regulated doses, senna produces easy elimination and almost never gripes or irritates.

CASTORIA

The SAFE laxative made especially for children

feet drawn under her because of the chill that filled the house, Nell sat by her bedroom window staring out at the Green. It was one of those raw October afternoons that should be shut out by fires and curtains and cheerful voices, but there was no fire on the hearth and the bed was not made and her hair was not brushed.

Gus's heavy tread was on the stairs, coming slowly. He rapped on the door. "Come in!"

"Bring you some wood, Missus. You must have fire."

"It's not very cold."

Gus knelt down, laid and lit the fire, and carefully brushed the hearth. As he got to his feet he threw a quick glance at Nell. There were dark hollows under her eyes and her face looked both old and childish.

Gus started to speak, hesitated, then came out with it. "How de Boss come out mit selling de horses, Missus?"

"I don't know."

"He in de east still?"

"No. In Laramie."

"Laramie! Ven he get back?"

"I don't know exactly. But it was in the paper about a week ago."

Gus leaned to brush up a few more imaginary ashes. "You come down in kitchen, Missus. I'm getting some lunch."

"All right, Gus."

In the warm kitchen Gus moved about efficiently and set a cup of hot

Barnyard Strategy



The Sailor.

strong tea on the red-checked tablecloth before her, some baked beans, topped with crisp browned salt pork, and some of her own bread, toasted on top of the stove.

SITTING opposite her, stirring his tea, his pale blue eyes studied her thoughtfully, "You sick, Missus?"

"No, Gus."

"You going to ride dis afternoon?"

"I don't know." She looked at the food before her and took her fork in her hand, then felt her stomach shrink and close. Her belts had grown very loose these days; her slacks hung on her hips. She drank a little of her tea and set the cup down. "Well—I might."

"I saddle Gypsy for you, Missus."

Nell stirred her tea, staring a hole through the tablecloth.

"Dot Gypsy—she's wid foal."

"Yes, I know."

"Und de Boss, he don't want she should have no more foals."

"She must have been bred before he took her away from Banner last spring—early."

"Ya. Und dot mean she's foal dis winter."

Nell buttered a small piece of toast, made herself eat it.

"You don't like de beans, Missus?"

"I like them, Gus, but I'm not hungry."

She went upstairs again and slowly put on her black woolen jodhpurs and her warm grey tweed jacket, brushed her bang smooth and drew on her small black-visored cap. As she picked up her felt-lined gloves and the red scarf for her throat, she suddenly wanted to hurry and get out of the house.

As Gypsy galloped along, Nell sat her with an easy, unconscious swing. With the passing of her lethargy, her mind became painfully active.

She counted the time since Rob had left the ranch on September tenth. It was nearly a month. Figuring four days for the trip to Pennsylvania, then a week or ten days for the sale, and four days for the trip back—that would have brought it to September twenty-

DURING RAW WEATHER



GO RIGHT
AFTER COLDS
THAT STRIKE
YOU HERE

FOR

**QUICK
RELIEF**

JUST PAT ON
**SLOAN'S
LINIMENT**

Speed is essential in checking colds and Sloan's Liniment works fast. At first sign of a chest cold, just pat on Sloan's—no need to rub. Sloan's penetrating warmth is just the thing. Circulation is speeded up and colds are checked often before they get started. Keep a bottle of Sloan's always handy for emergencies.

Sloan's offers speedy relief for strains, bruises, bumps, minor sprains, neuralgia, muscular pains, frost bite and chest colds.

**SLOAN'S
LINIMENT**

What about
YOUR future?

With business booming, this is good time to get established in a Rawleigh business of your own with no priorities or shortages to worry about. You need no experience and can use our capital.

Write RAWLEIGH'S
Dept. 93-FBC Winnieva, Man.

eight. Where had he been since then? Laramie, apparently, just twenty-five miles away. He hadn't come home. He hadn't even written. And here it was, the second week in October.

At the thought that Rob did not want to come home, her mind swung around to his point of view. How was he thinking and feeling? Was he suffering too? *Oh, I hope so, I hope so, for if he loves me he couldn't help it. But does he? He could come to me, but I couldn't go to him. Or could I.* She thought of driving down to Laramie, going about hunting for her husband—No! No! She tingled with shame. She had to wait here, but how long? Until he decided to come back. She was entirely helpless.

For weeks now her body and her nerves had been played upon as if by little whips. Again and again there went through her heart and stomach a rush of sinking emptiness, and each time she recovered from it as from a shock, slowly and weakly. It was that which prevented her from eating, for it often came just as she had prepared food for herself and sat down and looked at it. She would ride now until it was completely dark, and there would be nothing to do but pull off her clothes and fall into bed! Perhaps she would be so tired that she would be sure to sleep!

Occasionally she glanced upward to see if there were any stars, or if the moon was rising, but the sky was a solid grey lid, not low or stormy, but withdrawn and bitterly cold. When the skies were like this they put a blight on the world, and on the human soul. She rode home in thick darkness.

NELL reached the stables from the south pasture. She had expected Gus to be watching for her, but no one was there, not even the dogs. She fed Gypsy, unsaddled her and turned her out, walked slowly down through the Gorge.

As she approached the house from the rear, she stopped suddenly, for lights shone in all the windows, and several cars stood behind it. It was obviously one of those uproarious gatherings which occur when town people descend unexpectedly on their country friends with all the "makings."

When Nell stood in the kitchen door, dazed and almost unbelieving, and exclaimed, "Rob!" she was promptly enveloped in a rowdy bear hug by her husband, and thereafter by Rodney Scott and Charley Sargent. The house was bursting with food and drink, lights and roaring fires and human noise and movement. Rob had brought T bone steaks. Potatoes were already baking and Genevieve Scott was just putting the finishing touches to two big pumpkin pies. Morton Harris brought her an Old-Fashioned. There would be nothing for Nell to do, they assured her, but make her famous dressing for the lettuce.

Gus was concocting the potent Swedish punch called glogg.

Nell ran upstairs to her room. *Rob is home. He kissed me. He is here!* This very night they would be together in this room and all would be explained and forgotten. She stood on the threshold of their bedroom, wondering if he had been there already, if there would be some sign, his coat thrown across the pillow, or his boots standing argumentatively in the middle of the floor. Instead, she saw the bed piled high with feminine wraps. Of course, the girls,

and their things. Well—it would all wait.

Moving lightly and excitedly, she brushed and groomed and freshened herself and ran downstairs again.

Rob offered her another cocktail. "You've got to catch up to the rest of us, you know," he said jovially.

"Have you been here long?" she asked, raising her eyes to his as she took the glass. It was like speaking to a man she hardly knew but was desperately in love with.

His eyes met hers for a split second. "Oh, a couple of hours!" he said.

"And I'm watching you make your salad dressing!" said Morton Harris. "I've got all the things out on this table for you!"

The radio was roaring. Bess Gifford and Charley Sargent were dancing in the middle of the living-room.

It seemed to Nell that she was floating on the surface of a river of sound and sensation. Her body was warm and quick and pliant, the pupils of her eyes dilated, her laugh rippled. She sat at the head of the table and when, now and then, the memory of all the days gone before came back to her, she put

her fork down and gently leaned her head back and wondered if she was drunk—so unbearably sweet was the pang of the present laid against the desolation of the past. It was over. He was here. He had kissed her. He would kiss her again tonight.

"Maybe you'll tell us, Nell!" shrieked Bess Gifford from the other end of the table. "Why is it that Rob and Charley are never so happy as when they can talk about how much money they lose on horses?"

"Lose on horses?" said Nell doubtfully, her eyes going to Rob's.

"Don't believe him," said Rodney Scott. "Come on now, Rob. Give us the low-down. You made a mint on this sale, didn't you?"

"If you will have it," Rob said loudly, "I lost my shirt."

"That's what he was saying to Charley," insisted Bess Gifford.

"Did you really, Rob?" asked Genevieve Scott.

"I did," said Rob grinning. "Who could have done it but me? I hit the eastern sale with two carloads of horses just when the Argentine polo players were unloading their stuff before they left the States. Their horses sold for fabulous prices. American horses sold for a song."

Nell sat very still. So this was the way he had chosen to tell her. Her eyes widened and flew to Rob's, and for the first time he met her gaze directly. His hard expression gave her a definite answer. It was true. A disaster.

But the hilarious party went on. At some time during the evening someone announced that it was snowing, and the men went out and closed the windows of their cars. Gus kept bringing in logs for the fireplaces and bowls of glogg. It was too late and the weather was too bad for anyone to think of driving back to Laramie that night. Nell went into the downstairs bedroom to be sure there was oil in the lamps. Striking a match and shielding the flickering wisp of flame, she suddenly saw another hand resting on the table before her. She could not mistake that hand—the hard power of it—the significance—

The flame went out. The hand closed around hers, completely engulfing it. Her hand was lifted and the palm was kissed twice, then dropped.

Trembling all over she found and struck another match. She was alone in the room. She lit the lamp and stood trying to pull herself together. She looked at the palm of her hand as if she could see upon it the imprint of the violent caress which had been able to turn all the blood in her body into fire. She wondered if, when she returned to the living-room, the mark of it could be seen reflected in her eyes, on her lips, in her smile, in everything she said, for the kiss continued to burn in her, she could not get it out.

As her heart quieted, she stood trying to plan the disposal of her guests for the night. Eight people, five beds, two of them double. She couldn't think. It was worse than trying to place guests for a dinner party.



PORKY: "What a blockbuster couldn't do for me!"

Don't be ashamed to show your guests where it is!



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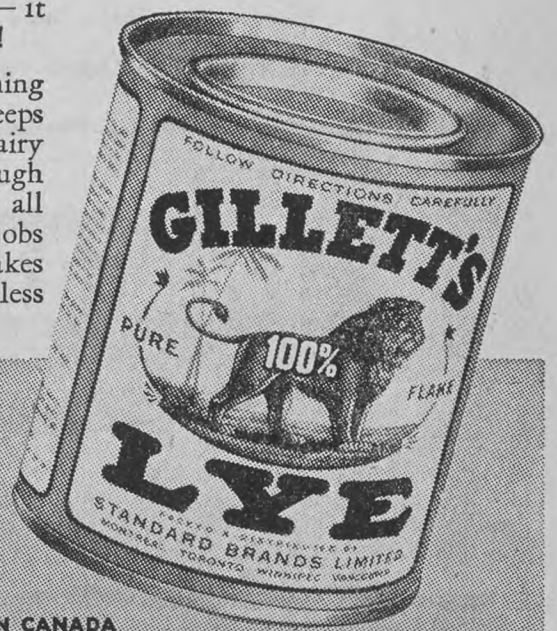
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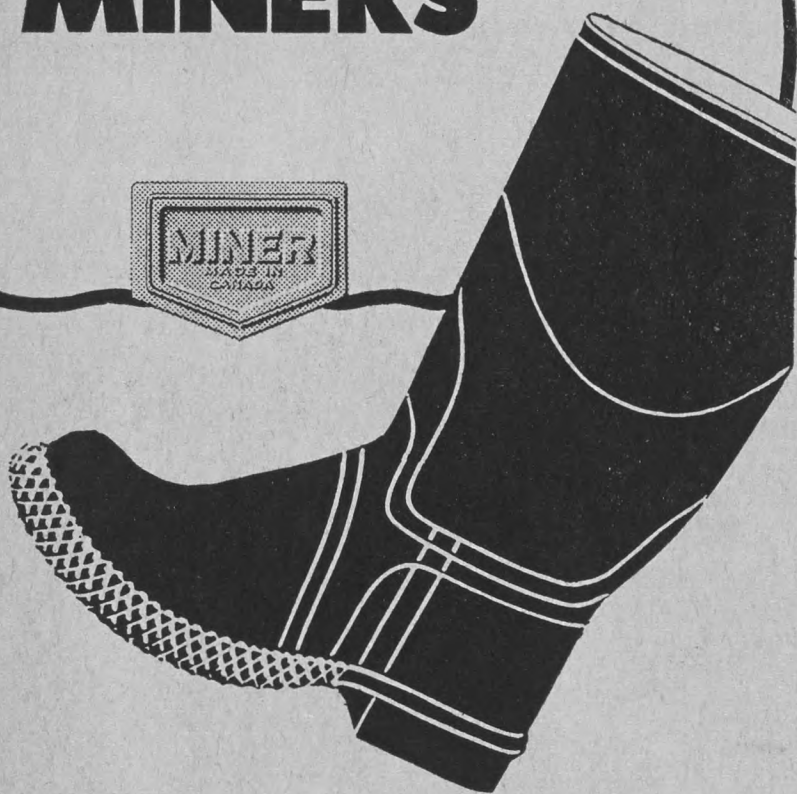
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Her guests planned it for her. Two married pairs could sleep in the two double bedrooms, the two bachelors in the boys' rooms, Rob in the bunk house. Nell slept in Rob's dressing room. If not his own arms around her, then let it be in his room. Not often in a whole lifetime does one lie all night long without sleep even brushing the eyelids, but so it was with Nell that night.

In the morning the men were up early, digging out their cars and putting on chains, while the women helped get breakfast.

They left immediately after, and Rob went with them, saying, this time without even a glance into her eyes, "I've got to go back to Laramie—some business to attend to. When it's finished, I'll wire you, and you can drive down and get me."

A WEEK later Nell was getting ready to drive to Laramie and bring Rob home. She dressed very carefully in a suit of green tweed and a felt beret of the same shade and when at the luncheon table in the Mountain Hotel grill she took off her jacket and sat there in her close-fitting, yellow sweater she looked like herself again, bright and young. But Rob had very little to say and she did not know how much she dared ask. Finally, she ventured, "Was it true—about the horses—what you said at dinner the other night?"

"Yes. I couldn't have chosen a worse time."

"I'm sorry, Rob." She hesitated. "Our debts? We can't pay them?"

"No, we can't pay them. That's what I've been doing this week—getting extensions on the loans and notes, making arrangements with our creditors."

This week perhaps, she thought, but what about last week and the week before? And why couldn't you have been living at home, driving down here in the daytime to attend to banking business as you always have before? But none of this worried her, now that she was sure he still loved her—That minute in the dark when he had taken her hand and kissed it! But oh, how—how could all this misery and unrest be wiped out between them?

It was not only his aloof manner, there was a deeper change in Rob. Some of his vital flame was quenched. That sale! She could too vividly imagine the agony it must have been to him as one after the other of his cherished horses, the accumulation of years of gruelling work, went under the hammer for a fraction of their worth. The ranch was stripped now of all except the young stuff and the band of brood mares. Dared she tell him she had hit upon a plan which, she thought, would point a way out of their financial difficulties?

She stole a look at his face and decided to wait until they were at home. He looked so very much on guard. And determined—what was he determined about now?

But after dinner that night, she said. "Rob, I've been thinking. And I've got an idea."

Dinner and a highball had mellowed him a little. He put down the periodical he was reading and looked at his pipe and discovered that it had gone out. "What about?" he asked.

"Well, about something we could do to make the ranch pay."

Rob paused in the act of relighting his pipe to look at her, and his blue eyes staring at her over his pipe made her remember Ken's words, "Dad's eyes are the fiercest of all."

"Well, let's have it," he said.

"Well, it really began with something you said some years ago."

"Don't bother to be tactful, Nell."

"You said that the income tax man said that the only ranchers in Wyoming who made money were dude ranchers. And then you said, And he knows." She glanced up at Rob questioningly, hoping he could not see the fine nervous trembling that shook her body.

"I remember. Go on."

"So that made me think of having dudes."

"On this ranch!"

"Yes. We had talked about it a few times, years ago, you remember?"

"And you always said it would kill

it as a home for you, if we did," reminded Rob.

"I know I did." Nell plodded doggedly ahead. "I always hated the idea. But—if we were in trouble—if you needed money—it seemed to me, Rob, I should not let my personal inclinations stand in the way."

SHE looked at him, and away again. His face was full of anger—rage really—and it was shocking to see him.

"So," he said in his best sardonic manner, "you have now decided that I am a complete flop. And that you had better let this place—that I have broken my heart trying to make beautiful for you—be the camping ground of any Tom, Dick and Harry that wants to squat here—"

Nell looked at him indignantly. "It's not fair of you to put it that way. It would only be a dude ranch in the summer. In the winter, it would be our home as it always has been. And if we need the money and this would make the difference between being able to pay our bills and not being able to—"

"And just how," Rob said, "would you get these summer dudes? Most ranchers in this state would be glad to 'get' them if they could."

"I've already started!" said Nell, on her mettle now. "I've written Aunt Julia, in Boston. She has a huge circle of friends

and acquaintances. And two of my school friends, Adelaide Kinney and Evelyn Sharp."

She stopped, and Rob said icily, "Go on. Tell the rest. I'm particularly anxious to know, now that I realize you have passed on the fact of my failure to your relatives and friends in the east."

Nell was silent for a while, then drew a long breath and said. "They'll be glad to give me lists of the right people to write to. And they'll let me use their names as reference. And we have the set-up. Practically no investment needed. Some guest cabins, yes—Gus and Tim and you could build them yourselves. And this is a lovely place, and there's beautiful country to ride in and plenty of horses! And I'm an awfully good cook."

"God!" burst from Rob's lips.

Nell said nothing more. In a moment Rob said, "I hope you haven't set your heart on this. Because I don't like to deny you any of your wishes."

"Rob, this isn't just something I want—for the fun of it—"

"Isn't it? I thought maybe you were lonesome here with me alone."

"You know it isn't that at all. It's because I said what I did last summer; that the horses would never succeed. It made you mad at me, and you've never got over being mad. And afterwards I knew it was awful of me, to have knocked everything so—the horses and your work—without having something else to suggest. So I tried to find another plan. That's all."

Rob smoked in silence for a while. The fire crackled and a big log fell in two pieces with a shower of sparks.

Rob began to knock the ashes out of his pipe. "I hadn't meant to tell you this, Nell, but I'll have to now. I'm going to raise horses from now on only as a sideline. I'm going to raise sheep."

"Sheep!" exclaimed Nell. "But that requires an enormous investment! How could we possibly raise the money."

"It's already raised. To begin with, although I did not make the twenty thousand dollars from my polo ponies which I had hoped to, I did make nearly ten. And I have put every dollar of that, and all I could borrow, into a band of Carriedale ewes."

"But what about Bellamy's sheep? I saw them on the back range yesterday."

"If you saw sheep on this ranch yesterday, you saw our own sheep. I've got a Mexican herder, and we drove them up from Laramie two days ago. Bellamy left with his sheep, weeks ago."

Nell was about to ask "What about the lease you gave Bellamy for another year?" but thought better of it. She did say, "You just said you hadn't intended telling me yet. Why not?"

"Because it may fail," said Rob coldly. "It's a gamble, like all stock-raising. It looks good now. The markets have

been good for several years. With these sheep I ought to net almost ten thousand in one year. If it continues, in a few years we'll be out from under."

For Nell, the reversal of all she had been thinking and believing and planning was so sudden, she felt flattened out. *Why! then everything's all right! Everything's settled and arranged! Our future provided for—and—and—everything!*

Nell's eyes flickered to Rob. Everything all right, and yet, between them, this cold distance and strangeness. Was it possible—once the habits of love had been broken—to mend them again?

Rob stared at the fire and said slowly, "I would have liked it—if this experiment could have worked out first, so that, when I told you, I could have told you of a *fait accompli*—money in the bank, debts paid, notes met, a going concern—not just, as it is now, one more hope."

Nell was leaning back in her armchair and made no answer.

"But," continued Rob, "since you have made it so plain that you doubted my ability to care for you and provide a home for you—" he left the sentence unfinished.

"Rob—I didn't think you would succeed with the horses. But that's not you personally—"

"But it was me, personally," he insisted. "You had no confidence in me, did you?"

A sudden passionate protest flung Nell to her feet. "I don't see why confidence means so much to you! I've never stopped loving you—not the least bit. Suppose some of the confidence was gone? That would be only human—and wouldn't really matter between us!"

Rob got to his feet and went about blowing the lamps out, and finally answered, "Just that it takes the heart out of a man."

In their bedroom Rob stood in a sort of daze, as if he did not feel at home there. He watched her as she moved about, turning the bed down, closing the window, taking her nightclothes from the closet and dropping them on the bed.

Then, as Nell undid the belt of her skirt and stepped out of it, and peeled off her sweater, he said to her hesitatingly, "I'm awfully tired. I think I'll sleep in the other room. Do you mind?"

He looked at his wife.

With just her slip on, she was seated in the low chair, one ankle crossed over the other knee to untie her shoe, her slender and beautiful legs shining in their long silk stockings. Her tawny hair hung loose over the pearl-like skin on her breasts. Her cheeks were flushed.

Without raising her head, she answered easily, "Not at all. I think it would be a very good idea. I shall probably sleep better myself."

PEOPLE do not die, thought Nell, they are killed by inches, because if you're too unhappy you can't eat, and if you did eat, you couldn't digest, and all through your body the processes are turned backwards.

Sitting at the desk trying to write a letter to Howard—"and we have a lot of snow. It will seem strange not to have you home at Christmas, but you'll get a lot of skiing there in Massachusetts—"

She raised her eyes to the window and propped her chin on her hand. It was a grey day, with a low sky that seemed full of snow. Yes. Three-quarters of life

is a slow dying. It's despair that kills us off—slowly or quickly—and I suppose everyone gets a dose of it. Now I know how it works. It works on the glands and they break down, and that ages the body and finally kills it—

She dipped her pen in the ink and wrote again: "We're keeping Gypsy in so that when she has her foal we can take care of her. Your father is rabid because she's going to have a winter foal—"

She finished her letter and sealed it, then hurried to the kitchen, looked into the kettles that were simmering on the stove in preparation for dinner and began to set the table.

Sitting opposite each other three times a day at meals had come to be an ordeal for both Rob and herself, worse every week that passed. They braced themselves for it—a sort of horror.

And yet she did not really believe it, and she was waiting, thinking that it would all pass; that their love, like a stream, had gone underground and was still running there strongly and would some day come up into the sunshine again. Perhaps, she thought, I've had my share of happiness and should not ask for more. But I'm not like that. Nobody is. A little is not enough—always more and more—and we will die if we do not get it—

Rob was explaining that he was going to the timbered hill on number seventeen after dinner to mark certain trees for felling, and she answered yes, the wood piles needed replenishing.

Why didn't he go now that dinner was over? Why did he sit there smoking, looking out of the window? Snow had begun to fall softly.

She went nervously about the kitchen, gathering up the dishes, tidying, running the hot water—

This waiting! It was almost as if the air trembled, waiting for the word that would shatter the tension. But November passed, and December, and nothing was changed. Rob was dark and hopeless and in a sort of frenzy.

I always knew he could do it, whispered Nell to herself. He likes it. Likes his anger and fury. Likes to harden himself. *Confidence!* Silly. They don't understand how women love their children, their men. Confidence has nothing to do with it. Besides, is it true? Is he really hurt or is this revenge?

She could not bear to look at him.

And at last she could not bear to be near him. She planned, all day, how to avoid him, and drew breath more easily, and could eat, and could straighten up, when she saw his back and his big boots tramping up the hill, disappearing into the woods.

She would run up to the bunk house and sit down beside Gus at his work bench, and, for a time, lose herself in a child's peacefulness as she watched him mending harness, punching holes in the straps, trimming the leather, measuring the pieces.

"You luk awful bad, Missus."

She knew that—she hated to see her face in the mirror—especially the eyes—so wild-looking—

"You sick, Missus?"

"I don't feel very well, Gus. Nothing special. Just awfully weak."

"Mebbe you go see Doctor Scott."

As Nell walked slowly and unwillingly back to the house, she told herself that it could come to be true that she would want never to see Rob again.

NELL and Gypsy were both out in the heavy blizzard that hit the ranch near the end of January. Nell because when snow was falling she could not stay in; Gypsy because of that puzzling natural law which causes animals to give birth to their young in the worst, rather than the best of weather.

Except for her age and the storm, the birth would have been routine, for Gypsy had been a successful brood mare and she had never had a sick day in her life. But the years had taken her strength and her labor was longer than it should have been.

When at length the foal slid out, Gypsy was unable to rise. She made one or two efforts, then her head sank on the ground.

The little one kicked and struggled free of the enclosing sac, snapping the cord that united him to his mother, and suddenly breathed. He should then have been licked and massaged and warmed



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MAGIC'S CARAMEL BISCUITS

2 cups sifted flour	1 egg
4 tspns. Magic Baking Powder	1/2 cup milk
1/2 tspn. salt	1/2 cup brown sugar
4 tspns. shortening	1/2 cup chopped nuts, any kind, or raisins

Sift dry ingredients together. Cut in shortening until mixed. Beat egg slightly in measuring cup; add milk to make 3/4 cup; add to first mixture. Roll out 1/4-inch thick; sprinkle with brown sugar and nuts. Roll as for jelly roll. Cut in 1-inch pieces. Stand on end in well-greased muffin pans. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) about 30 minutes. Makes 18.

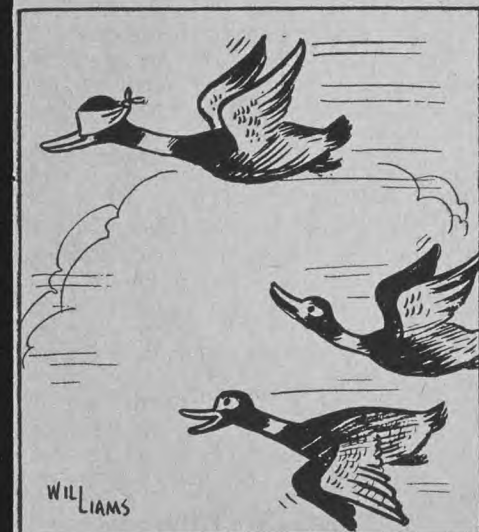


They're different! They're delicious! Magic's mouth-melting Caramel Biscuits are sure-fire meal brighteners—guaranteed to be a family favorite from the first bite.

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A Message from the Life Insurance Companies in Canada

LP-444

by his dam, but lacking such assistance he managed, after a little while, to sit up. The freezing wind turned the moisture upon him to a film of ice, and his violent shivering made it crackle.

Instinct urged him to get to the warmth of his dam's body—the warmth and the milk—and he tried to get his long wobbly legs under him and push himself up. Once up he went down on his knees; up again, he fell over sideways. But he kept getting up, and as the blood ran faster in his veins, and his eyes cleared a little, he began to move waveringly around the big warm hulk lying on the ground. A strong scent came to his nose and he raised his little muzzle and searched eagerly for the teat where it ought to have been, there above him. There was no teat there.

He sniffed, moved on, paused. His head dropped, his knees suddenly collapsed. But the tide of life was on the flow in him, not the ebb. He had to do something about this! He got up again, lifted his tiny soft hoof and struck at his mother, pawing her belly. *Get up! Get up! so that I can drink and live and not die!*

Gypsy was drifting toward oblivion, but that demand drew her painfully back. She raised her head. The foal pawed her again. She knew he could not nurse while she was down. Somehow she must get on her four weak legs. She forced herself slowly into a sitting position, waited a moment trying to hold up her heavy swinging head, then made the plunge and was up.

As her legs bent and buckled, she leaned against the tree beside her. She thrust out her feet, bracing herself. The foal made a small bleat and took two sprawling steps toward her and again lifted his little muzzle to where the teat ought to be. It was there! In ecstasy he began to nurse.

The driving snow beat upon them both and the pines thrashed and roared.

Up on the mountain a coyote sat on his haunches, pointed his muzzle and gave the long mournful howl that called he pack to him and told them there was going to be good hunting.

Gypsy heard him and knew what it meant for the foal when she had left him. No matter, she could do this one thing for him—give him the milk which was food and drink, heat, strength, purgative and stimulant all in one.

The foal drank, and when his belly was full and tight he stood back. And as if he had told his dam, "That's all—I don't want any more," her body slowly gave way and slid down.

NELL happened upon the mare and foal as the whiteness of the storm was changing to darkness.

She fought her way back to the house and told Rob. "The mare's down and the foal is standing there half dead with cold."

They took flashlights and went out. The mare and foal were just as Nell had left them. Rob fell on his knees beside Gypsy and felt of her. "She's alive anyway."

The mare did not move. "Gypsy! Gypsy girl!" There was no response. Rob shouted in her ear. He lifted her head.

"Her eyelids flickered! If I could get her down to the stable, she might have a chance!"

"Shall I go get Gus?" shouted Nell.

"Yes, and could you take the colt? He might follow you. Or you can shove."

Alone with his mare, Rob kept at the task of arousing her. He got behind her and forced her head up. He tried to roll her body so that her legs would be under her. He cheered her on, he shoved against her back until the veins in his neck felt as if they would burst. At last she sat up waveringly.

"Atta girl! Now come on! Gypsy! Up on your pins! Now we go!"

Standing in front of her, holding the halter with both hands, he hauled on it with all his might and lashed her with shouts and curses.

As she struggled he drew her forward and she was pulled upon her feet and he grabbed and held her. "That's it! Good girl! Hold on now! You're going to be

all right!" She kept her feet, swaying.

Gus and Nell arrived with a bucket of hot mash.

"Ah! That's the stuff. Here you are, Gypsy. Get this into your belly!" He lifted the bucket to her nose. "What's the matter? Don't you want it?" The mare's head swung dizzily. Her eyes closed.

Rob handed the bucket to Gus. "She can't eat. Let's get her home. Come on, Gypsy! Come now, girl! Take a step! That's it! Another now!" As if carried by his voice alone, the mare moved automatically forward. Her head rested heavily on Rob's shoulder. They covered a hundred yards or so. Now they had left the shelter of the ridge and the full force of the storm beat against them. Gypsy staggered helplessly.

When she went down again it was with a crash that pulled Rob down too.

The thin ray of Nell's flashlight caught his frenzied face as he disentangled himself and stooped for the mare's head again. "Get behind and boot her, Gus, while I pull on her! She can't stay here!"

UNDER the pelting ice and wind, they spent themselves screaming and shoving and hauling at the mare. She quivered, made a few spasmodic efforts.

"She wants to but she can't," said Rob, at last.

Kneeling, he drew her head against him so that she could still hear his voice and feel his hands. Nell, you and Gus go on down to the house. No use your freezing here."

"No use nobody to freeze, Boss. You can't help her no more. She don't know nuttin'."

"She'd pull through if I could get her to the stables. I'll let her rest a few minutes and then I'll try again. You go see to the colt, Gus. I don't want to lose it. Fix a bottle of milk for it. I don't know whether it nursed or not. Put it in with Flicka. I think she'll be good to it."

Nell went away with Gus. And he was alone again.

Insanity of wind and snow. Screaming as of something malevolent on the loose. And the bare dark bulk of his mare lying on the ground, her closed eyes and her nose encrusted with ice, her breath coming more and more rarely, more and more shallowly.

"If you could only try once more! Come on, old girl! It isn't far and we'll have many a good ride together yet!"

The ear twitched a little. He rubbed her throat and head. He knew he lied.

It wasn't only a horse dying. It was the end of half his life and his young manhood, his young wilfulness. It was the breaking of the last link with the happy beginning of things. It was the hell of the last few months pulling himself and Gypsy down into it. He crouched lower over her and still that ear moved when he spoke.

"Gypsy . . . Remember all the good times we had . . . the polo games . . . remember, remember, Gypsy . . . remember when we were both young together . . ."

He crouched still lower. Her breathing had stopped. The ear no longer twitched. For a long time as he sat there, his hand over his eyes, pressing them hard.

He heard Nell's voice calling him and felt her hands on his cap, drawing the earflaps lower, wrapping a woolen scarf around his neck. He felt the touch of her bare fingers on his cheek and throat.

He lifted his head as she sank to her knees beside him. "Is she—"

He made no answer. He just knelt there with the mare's head against him. Nell swayed against him and then straightened up.

"Don't go, Nell!" he cried, loosing one arm and flinging it around her.

"I'm not going," she answered faintly and wondered how, indeed she would ever be able to make that trip down to the house one more time.

"Oh, Nell!"

It was a harsh, anguished cry. He flung the other arm around her too and held her clasped tight against him, his face pressed against hers.

Was he crying? Crying for his mare?



Nell couldn't tell for the icy snow that beat upon their faces and melted there. How would they ever get home... how would there ever be an end to this... Ah... there was a change... he was not just hiding his face in her for comfort and assuagement of his grief... his hard cold lips were kissing her frantically... there was pleading in it... and shame... and love... one of his big bare hands was inside her lumber-jack and it felt as if it clasped all of her narrow back and held her naked body against him... the hand was warm... how could it be warm... it was warm... and something like electricity streamed from it into her... was it that that made her feel as if she were going to faint... was it cold and exhaustion... was it because Rob... because Rob—

It was ended. The knowledge was absolute and final. And as it turned into pure sensation, searing every cell in her body, she melted away in weakness. Rob half carried her as they fought their way down to the house.

They sat before the fire most of the night. There was nothing they needed to say to each other. His arms that would not let her go, her hands that clung and held held him, said it all.

The howling of the coyotes was nearer. They padded in a circle around Gypsy but dared not close in on her because of the fiery eyes that guarded her, flames of the kerosene flares that Gus had set at the four corners of her body.

THE next summer Thunderhead's career was taken seriously by everyone. He had been kept in all winter and given regular exercise by Rob. When school ended, Ken took over; and to prevent any more runaway trips, the colt was kept, when not being ridden, in the corrals or the Six-foot pasture. All other fences he was able to jump.

No longer could it be said of Thunderhead that he was ungainly or badly proportioned. His legs were long and powerfully muscled, his neck massive and arched. Strength, power and wilfulness were still his outstanding characteristics. He still fought Ken, he still bucked, but when Ken complained of the colt's dislike of him, his father said, "If that horse really hated you he'd never let you get near him. He fights you because you make him do what he doesn't want to do. But I'll bet, when he's waiting up there in the morning for you to come and give him his work-out, he'd feel pretty bad if you didn't show up."

Touch and Go was still the pace-maker for her big brother, and Rob McLaughlin said, "When I see that filly run, damned if I don't think she's the one that's going to be the racer."

The summer passed slowly for Ken, waiting for the date of the race week at Saginaw Falls where Thunderhead was to make his debut. Besides, there was the excitement of what was going to happen to his mother. She said at dinner that night, "I want a little girl," and of course it was right for his mother to have what she wanted. But it was hard to take.

"But, Mother, you've got us! Howard and me. Aren't we enough?"

"No. I want a little girl."

"It might be a boy," said Ken gloomily, and he added, "Besides, doesn't it hurt awfully? Doc Hicks might have to—"

"Ken! This is going to be a baby! And Doc Hicks won't have anything to do with it!"

"Oh, sure—I know that—"

"And as for its hurting—who cares about that?" Her voice was very gay. "You don't get anything for nothing, dear."

"No." His father had told him plenty about that.

"And didn't you—" her hand was light on his head, arranging his soft brown hair so that it did not fall over his forehead, "didn't you sit all night in the cold water holding Flicka—just because you loved her and wanted her so much?"

Ken thought to himself that it was different. How could you love something you hadn't even seen and be willing, in advance, to suffer for it?

HE had to struggle against a feeling of dread when he saw his father watching his mother, all the time with such anxiety. Rob wouldn't let her do anything this summer. He himself got up and cooked breakfast every morning, and Tim had to come in and clean the house. Gus churned and attended to butter and cream. Of course, no riding; and there was a new outdoor couch with wheels on the terrace under the pergola where she lay for many hours, not doing anything, her hands clasped behind her neck, her eyes on the sky or the distant hills.

Their father had called both boys to him soon after they got home and had said, "Don't do anything this summer that will cause your mother trouble or pain or the least anxiety!"

"No sir," Ken and Howard had answered instantly. Afterwards, they had looked at each other with a long thoughtful look. This mustn't be forgotten. Their father meant what he said.

Howard's coming home had been another excitement, because Howard was changed. At least he was changed when Ken first saw him getting off the train and riding home in the car telling his mother and father things about the school in a deep voice that never slipped any

more. He was in his grey tweed suit, and the fedora didn't look funny on his face now.

When he got into a shirt and blue jeans with a bandanna hanging out of his hind pocket, Ken began to feel more easy with him. And finally he told Howard all about his trip to the Valley of the Eagles, and promised to take Howard there as soon as there was a chance, and undid his belt and pulled up his shirt, and showed him the scar from the eagle's talons. It was still impressive.

Howard was astounded, "And only one leg! I'd like to know how he lost the other one!"

"Maybe he got in a fight with another eagle. Or maybe he was born one-legged."

"Aw—don't be a dope!"

"Well, calves are born with two heads, why shouldn't eagles be born with one leg?" Ken said.

Howard ignored this foolishness. He lay on his back in the meadow, one knee up and the other foot resting on it and inspected his biceps. "Gee! This rock-lifting sure gives a fellow a wonderful development!"

THE boys had been given important work to do this summer, the clearing of the scrub and dynamiting the rocks of a small draw which their father was developing for hay. At noon they had an hour for lunch and rest.

Ken's mind was not long off the races. "Gee, Howard! I wish you could stay over to see it."

"Well I can't," Howard said calmly. And it made Ken remember what his father had said. "If there's something Howard wants and can't have, he philosophical about it."

"Do you know something, Howard?"

"What?"

"I think so much about Thunderhead that when I see my own face in the mirror I'm surprised!"

"Hah! You goof! Do you expect to look like him?"

Ken giggled. "Sure. I see him in my head all the time—that long fierce face and his nostrils going in and out snorting and the red lining to them and those white-ringed eyes rolling at you, and when I pass the mirror, if I saw his face in it, I don't think I'd even notice it, but when I see my own face I'm surprised."

Howard sniffed at such childishness. "Say! When shall we go down there—to the Valley of the Eagles?"

"Let's go soon."

"And we won't say a thing about where we're going," said Howard. "Just off for a camping trip. It might worry Mother." He looked at his watch. "Hour's up. We'd better hop to it."

They removed the nose bags from the horses, hitched them up to the sledge and left them by the fence. The two horse had got used to the blasts of dynamite and watched the proceedings with interest.

Ken held the rock drill and Howard swung the sledge hammer until a deep





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enough hole had been drilled in the rock. Then they stuck the fuse into the stick of dynamite, tamped it into the hole with mud; then lit the end of the fuse and retreated to the far edge of the draw and waited for the explosion. Then they put on heavy leather gloves, drove the team down into the centre of the draw, loaded the broken rock on to the sledge and hauled it away.

By night the boys were so groggy with sleep they staggered to bed at eight o'clock.

It was not until they had finished clearing the draw that Rob told them they could have the rest of the summer to do as they pleased in. That was in September, only four days before the date for which Howard's return accommodations had been taken.

But four days was twice as much as they would need. They announced that

they were off for a camping trip, and Nell put up provisions for them, and Thunderhead and Flicka were hung with bags, rifles, slickers, frying pans, and the boys rode away up the Saddle Back.

From the moment of leaving the ranch Thunderhead was in a state of intense excitement, and when they headed south, his wild eyes and his nostrils and his pricked ears never ceased exploring those mountains ahead of them. His mountains! His valley! From which high fences and stern masters had kept him for a year.

He was hard to hold when the smell of the river reached them. Ken let him go and he galloped on the little trail he had made himself until they rounded the hill and the river came into view. While the horses watered, the boys debated whether they should stop and fish, or try to complete the trip that night; and because of Howard's limited time decided on the latter.

Thunderhead took the lead and they plunged into the mountains. He was filled with a fiery energy. The way was open to his inherited destiny, and he was ready for it. His stallion's consciousness had come of age at last.

THAT evening they pitched camp in the park-like grounds not far from the base of the valley rampart.

Picketed with Flicka below the camp Thunderhead did not lie down and sleep as a young horse should, but stood all night long, his body quivering, turned to that rampart and the pass into the valley, his ears pricked to catch the faintest sound.

He knew it immediately when, in the early dawn, a group of mares and colts drifted through the pass to graze in the park here below the rampart. He nickered and started to run to them, but was pulled up by his picket rope.

He plunged a bit, and then reared up, pawing the air. When he came down he whirled and looked at those mares again—just dark shadows in the vague grey dawn—then he dropped his muzzle to earth, placed one forefoot on the rope, with a little fling of his head got it between his teeth and bit it through as neatly as he had bitten off the leg of the eagle.

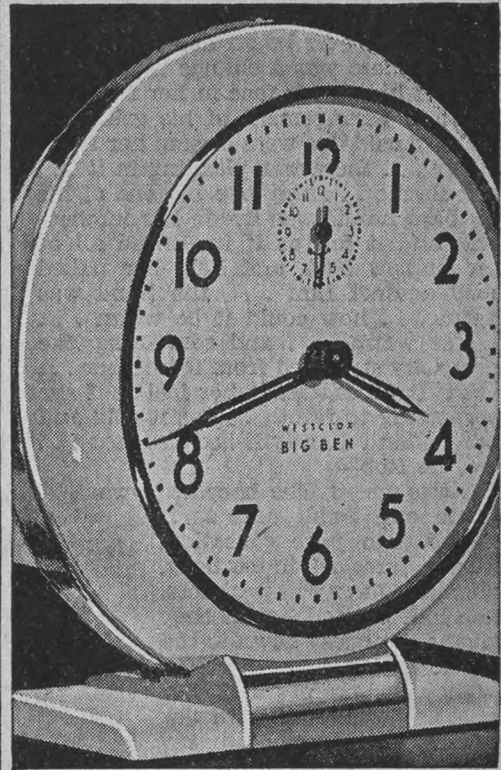
With an eager neigh he trotted off toward the mares, leaving Flicka impatient and unhappy, nickering lonesomely, but too docile to attempt escape.

Ken had been dreaming all night of the playful nickering of horses, and when he awoke and saw the dawn, he could not understand why the nickering continued even now.

There was one dazed minute in which he sat there, collecting his wits, brushing the sleep and the hair out of his eyes, and then he realized that off near the rampart was a group of mares and colts, a white horse among them, and that the nickering came from them.

It was just what he had seen on his former visit to the valley except that this was only a small number of mares; and the Albino, for some reason or other, was not behaving like a sensible stallion but was rearing, squealing, whirling around to face first this one then the other, a living coil of movement and excitement.

Suddenly Ken became anxious lest Thunderhead and Flicka should be excited by the proximity of the strange mares and break away from their picket lines. He flung back his blankets, leaped



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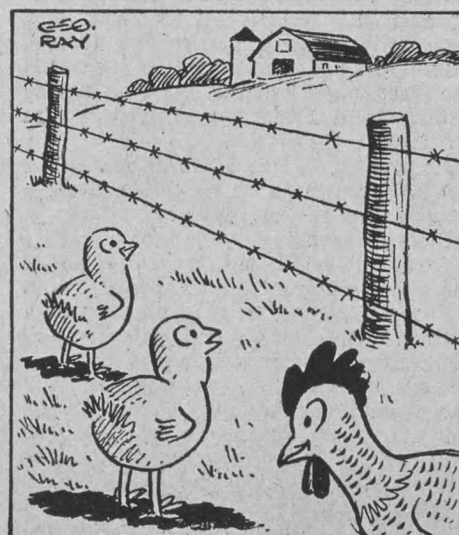
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out of them and ran down the stream. It brought him up sharp to see only Flicka.

In a daze, Ken picked up the second picket rope and looked at the end of it. Bitten clean through. He dropped it and rubbed his hand through his hair. That was Thunderhead over there with the mares, then, not the Albino! No wonder he had behaved peculiarly. Thunderhead with mares at last!

Ken's mind began to labor. He must be got away from them immediately! The Albino might come out through the pass, looking for those mares. And suddenly near-panic seized Ken. The race so near! And the least injury to Thunderhead at this late date might make it impossible for him to run.

He picked up a nose-bag full of oats and walked very quietly over toward the mares.

As he drew near, he called Thunderhead softly and held out the nose-bag and shook it. The oats made a rustling sound. That was enough, as a rule, to draw twenty horses at a run. But Thunderhead merely turned his head to glance at him, then gave his attention to the mares again. He whipped around them, got them moving, drove them toward the cleft in the rampart.

Ken stood still, appalled by the realization that the horse had actually taken possession of the mares.

"Hey, Ken! Ken!" rang out behind him. "What's up?"

As Howard came running, Ken looked at him speechlessly. Howard saw Thunderhead driving the mares through the gap, and he too halted.

"Holy Smoke!" he exclaimed.

Thunderhead and the mares disappeared in the twistings of the passage. Ken began to trot after them and Howard followed. Ken was calling desperately, "Come boy! Come get your oats! Here, Thunderhead! Oats!"

The passage narrowed. They were going through the keyhole, passing directly underneath the great boulder which hung over it, and the next moment there was the wide spread of the valley before them, ghostly with a faint luminescence through which the dark forms of the horses moved like shadows.

Then light flooded the heavens and shafts of rosy gold poured up from the rising sun to bathe the snow-covered peaks of the Neversummer Range.

Not even the disaster of Thunderhead's rebellion could lessen the impact of this radiance upon Howard.

"Holy Smoke!" he exclaimed again and stood motionless.

But Ken's agonized eyes found what they were looking for. The Albino, and his instant alert as Thunderhead entered the valley! The two stallions saw each other at the same moment, and stopped, facing each other about a hundred yards apart, motionless as statues.

Ken suddenly thrust the nosebag into Howard's hands. "Hold that! They're gonna fight! I've got to get him."

He ran to Thunderhead, calling his name. Thunderhead did not even twitch an ear in his direction. Ken seized the dangling halter rope and flung his weight on it. "Come away! Come away, Thunderhead!" He hauled with all his power, but he might as well have tried to move a rock.

THE boy burst out crying and struck at the stallion's head. "Oh, stop it, Thunderhead! Please, Thunderhead! Come away!"

Howard dropped the nosebag, rushed to his brother's side and seized the halter.

Ken's voice reached Thunderhead dimly but the stallion made no response. This was his world, his inheritance. Ken had no part in it. But how to become master of it? Only by the destruction of that which barred his way.

Rearing backward, he shook loose, knocking Howard down and snapping Ken aside with a whiplash of his head. Then, screaming his challenge, he hurtled forward as from a springboard.

At the same instant the Albino rushed to meet him and both animals stopped

short about thirty feet apart and stood tensely eyeing each other. These were antagonists who had met before and had not forgotten the event.

The Albino was confused. His feet shifted nervously as if taking firmer hold of the earth. His reaching nostrils expanded and contracted slowly. In his sunken eye-sockets his white-ringed eyes stared and meditated, seeing there before him, HIMSELF! His own superb and invincible youth! He was there! He was here! That was his own power and beauty!

The old stallion trumpeted triumphantly and rushed forward. One will seemed to animate them both, for Thunderhead charged too, each flinging bared teeth at the other's back in passing. The Albino drew first blood. A red stain sprang out on Thunderhead's withers and spread slowly down his shoulder. As they passed, they whirled and reared to strike at each other with their front hoofs, reaching over the neck to land body blows that resounded like great bass drums. Short snarling grunts were jarred from them. The Albino reached under and seized Thunderhead's throat, trying to pull back and tear out the jugular vein. But Thunderhead locked his forelegs around the Albino's neck and pressed close into those grinding jaws.

The horses staggered like wrestlers, Thunderhead forcing the Albino backwards. Then he loosed the grip of his forelegs and began to use them for attack, flailing with his hoofs on the back of the Albino, raking the flesh from the bones and striving to land a crippling blow on the kidneys.

For an instant the massive jaws crunching down on Thunderhead's jugular vein relaxed, the colt tore loose, both horse wheeled, plunged away, then whirled to eye each other again.

There was a jagged bleeding gash in Thunderhead's throat. The Albino was laced with pulsating crimson streams. The unnatural expansion of his nostrils showed the beginning of exhaustion.

Again the stallions charged each other with high heads and still, lifted tails. Meeting, rising, swerving, sinking with indescribable coiling grace—not one motion lost—they turned their heads sideways with bared reaching teeth and thrust them forward and under to seize the foreleg.

Each blocked this manoeuvre cleverly; they braced themselves against each other with locked, straining necks, and swung back first one and then the other foreleg out of reach of the darting, snake-like heads. But Thunderhead was as quick as a rattler. His muzzle thrust in and caught the lower leg of the Albino before it could be withdrawn and fractured the bone with a single twisting crunch of the jaws.

The Albino gave no sign. The moment Thunderhead loosed his hold, the older horse reared to his full height. One foreleg dangled useless, but he still had that mighty right hoof with which he had nearly killed the colt two years ago.

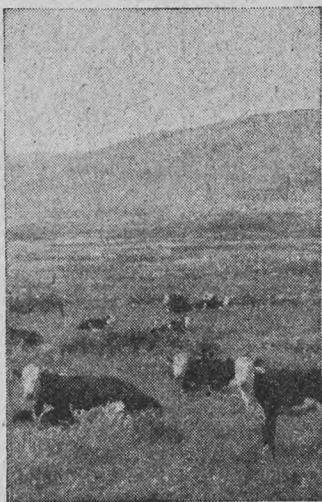
Thunderhead too was on his hind legs, feinting as if to strike. But he saw the blow coming. In mid-air he whirled, dropped his head and lashed out with his heels.

As the Albino came down with his killing strike, his face received the full impact of those terrible hoofs, and both cheeks were ripped up so that the skeleton of his head was bared.

His one good foreleg hit the earth with a crashing jar. Thrown off balance by failure to land his blow and the murderous kick, he sank to his knees. Before he could recover Thunderhead had spun around. His right hoof shot out in one pawing strike which crushed the bony structure of the old stallion's head and sliced off the lower part of his face.

Blood spouted from the fatal wound, mingled with the choking and bubbling breath. The Albino's eyes closed and the strength went out of him. His body sank into the earth, his head moving slowly from side to side in agony.

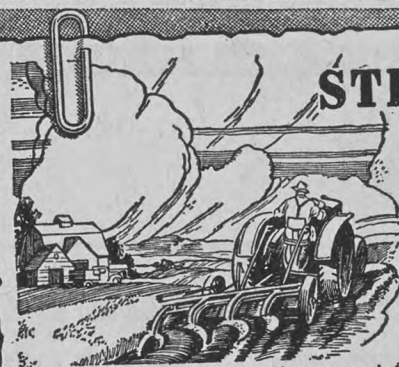
Thunderhead stood over him. The old stallion's eyes opened once and looked



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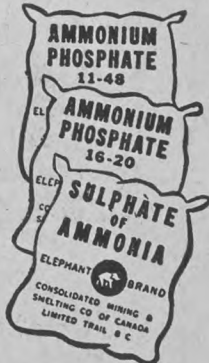
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up at the colt—his heir. To this prince of the royal blood he now bequeathed all his wisdom. He gave him knowledge of the voices of the trees and waters and the great snows and winds, so that nothing in the valley would be strange to him, no, not a single mare, nor the smallest colt, nor a hummingbird nor an eagle nor a blade of grass.

Thunderhead's right hoof rose and fell with lightning speed, cleaving the skull.

The Albino quivered and was still. Then it seemed that one deep sigh came from him, and on it there ebbed away his life, while his blood pumped slowly out to mingle with the earth of his beloved valley.

THUNDERHEAD lifted his mighty crest and made the mountains ring with his unearthly screech of triumph. "Stand, Thunderhead."

Hardly had the echoes of Thunderhead's cry of victory ceased than a small figure was beside him, commanding him. Thunderhead stood while two hands seized the halter rope and gripped his mane. Ken vaulted on to his back.

But the stallion's eyes were on the mares, and as Howard picked up the nose-bag of oats and started toward Thunderhead, the stallion suddenly plunged toward the mares. Ken flung his weight back, hauling on the rope, but it was whipped out of his hands as the great white head jerked impatiently, then dropped, snaking along the ground. The stallion was not only beginning to round up the mares, he was taking command and making himself known to them as their new master. Ken seized handfuls of the thick, wild mane.

Thunderhead whipped the two groups of mares into one, then he began to herd them at full gallop. Not for a moment was he straight between Ken's knees. His body was in continual undulation. Ken was riding the end of a whip-lash, twisted mercilessly. Occasional cries of pain and helplessness burst from him. The stallion was driving the mares and colts further up the valley and they were all running now, increasing speed at the furious coercion of their new master.

Wave after wave of nausea went over Ken. His face was deathly white. His body ached as it had been beaten. His fingers in Thunderhead's mane clung merely because they were stiffly locked. He had lost all hope of ever getting control of his colt—the hills were sweeping past—he could not stick on any longer—the herd was thundering behind him. Where was Howard? Where was the keyhole, and safety, and Flicka?

There came at last a moment of anguished exhaustion when he cared about nothing—only to be off—

He loosed his grip, flung himself flat back on Thunderhead's broad rump, at the same time swinging one leg over his withers. From his side-saddle position he slid to earth. His feet touched for a second, then he was hurled on his face.

He felt the jarring thud of the ground and lay there. The thunder of the herd roared up and over him. The ground shook. Clods of dirt and stinging gravel pelted him and abrupt blocks of light and darkness alternated over him as the big bodies of the mares lifted in the air to clear him—one after the other.

It receded into the distance—that thunder of hoofs—until at last it was not even so loud as the sound of the wind in the pines, and his own heart-broken sobbing, and the harsh faraway cry of eagles who dropped from the clouds to feast upon royal carrion.

(To be continued)

go on and on, just one swanky apartment after another, listening to Freddie's giggle and gossip—

"Wait a minute," said Gran. "You can't git away from things by walking fast."

Daisy turned frightened tear-filled eyes on her.

"Don't worry, dear," said Gran, patting her hands. "I've made up my mind that wedding won't come off if I have to take to my dyin' bed—" She broke off abruptly, clutching Daisy's arm, cages.

They were strolling between the chicken "Look up there ahead," she said softly. "Ain't that him?"

Miles was putting a cup of fresh water in one of the Cornish pens. Gran went right up and shook his arm.

"Well, how be you, Miles?" she asked. "What happened you didn't git your fowls to the fair last year? We looked for them but they wasn't here."

He had his hat off now and shaking hands like he had been waiting for them. His eyes lighted up just as she remembered, but Daisy thought his face looked older, somehow.

"No," he said. "I wasn't here. We had the Cornish all ready to exhibit and then—something happened—"

Daisy looked up into his pained eyes questioningly.

"Father and mother," he said. "I lost them both, at once. Two weeks before fair-time they were driving back from the city and a drunk crashed into them . . . my only comfort was they went together." He turned his back towards

the pens a moment, concealing his face. "I don't believe either could have gotten along without the other. . . ."

Great-Gran had his hand again and was patting it. She said, "Poor boy, poor boy!" Daisy murmured while her eyes misted, "I'm so sorry—we never dreamed—"

He threw back his shoulders, turned to them. "I'm not weak," he said, "but the shock . . . I couldn't come to the fair . . . but I did wonder if you came—"

"Well," said Gran brightly, "we're here this year and tickled pink to see you, Miles. We had the best time we ever had the year you took us around. Now we're together again, let's make this a real big day!"

"Yes, let's do that!" said Miles with enthusiasm. "Where shall we start?"

How could time fly so fast, thought Daisy, as she walked at his side. Why did she feel so at home with him? It was like she had known him always. Oh, why didn't she live here in the country near him? Then he would come to call and they . . .

But her dreams vanished abruptly. The picture of her bedroom heaped high with the expensive trousseau her mother had selected blotted out all happiness. And it was now twelve o'clock and mother and father and Freddie were to meet them in one more hour.

A wise old heart noticed her sudden silence. Gran tottered and clung to Miles' arm. The young people helped her to a bench.

"I'm all right," she said weakly. "It's just a mite hot, guess I've walked too far—Daisy, you go to the first-aid place and git me some smelling salts— No, Miles, you stay with me. She knows what I need."

When Daisy's trim little figure passed from sight, Gran sat up, jerked her hat straight and turned to the young man with a determined sniff. "Miles," she said, "do you like Daisy enough to marry her?"

Amusement, then astonishment, widened his eyes. Then they darkened with emotion. "She's the sweetest girl I've ever known," he said earnestly, "but marry me! Why she wouldn't dream of such a thing!"

"Don't be too sure," said Gran. "Haven't you noticed how she's changed since two years ago?"

"Yes, she seems worried—nervous—"

"Worried! My eye! The invites is out for her weddin' two weeks from today with one of these city dudes! She don't

BIG DAY

Continued from page 10

wear clothes well and walk through doors while servants held them open. Mother had reared her to marry well, and now she was going to marry well. . . . "Oh, God!" she thought, "life will

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love him no more'n I do, but she's been raised to mind her Ma and no other young feller ain't asked her. That's why I grieved so when we didn't see you at the fair last year. She talked about you for weeks—"

"But what can I do? You're meeting them in an hour—"

"No, we ain't," said Gran. "I'm going to leave a note for 'em at the grandstand entrance. Going to say I'm sick and Daisy's taking me home. Here she comes now—watch for a chance to ask us to your home, you said it's close. I can lay down there, then you'll have the whole afternoon to show her your place and find out if she'll have you—Here, hold me up while I act weak—"

Gran smelled the bottle while she said, "Daisy, child, I hate to spoil your fun, but I'm jest so all tuckered out. Write a note to your Ma and tell her you're taking me home—"

The two young people assisted Gran to walk to the fair exit and to Daisy's little roadster. There they settled her tenderly.

Miles stood beside the car. He looked at Daisy entreatingly.

"Couldn't you stop by my place?" he invited. "It's not much out of the way. I've milk. She ought to have something to eat, it's noon now—"

Gran lifted her head. "That's jest what I'd like, Miles," she said feebly. "I could lie down awhile at your house."

Twenty minutes later the two cars turned into a driveway under giant walnut trees and stopped beside a quaint white cottage. Flowers bloomed in every nook and corner. Gran could hardly play ill she was so eager to get out. It was so homey.

Miles said as he opened the door, "Things don't look like mother used to keep them. You know how it is—I'm busy out of doors—" But the inside was cool and clean and comfortable.

Gran took off her hat with a relieved sigh. "I'll jest lay down on this sofie here," she said. "Daisy you help Miles. She can cook right well, if I do say so myself—I taught her." She closed her eyes.

Daisy thought it was the prettiest kitchen she had ever seen, all painted in canary yellow, rows of windows looked out into the English-walnut grove. Miles rummaged in the big white refrigerator and then made a trip to the cellar. Soon the table was piled with a good country-style lunch.

"This is the first home-canned fruit I've tasted in many a day," said Gran, smacking her lips.

Daisy said little, but her eyes shone as she looked around the cozy rooms. The touch of love was on everything, the gay hooked rugs, the grape-vines trained across the screens, making the back porch a leafy bower. People in such places didn't move on all the while, leaving them for just another garish apartment.

"Your father and mother must have been such happy people, Miles," she said.

He looked down at his plate for a moment, and then said softly, "I think they were the happiest people I've ever known. They were so contented here—"

"Miles," broke in Gran, "I know that

kind of folks—I want to tell you why an old country-jake like me is living in the city. My youngest daughter married the son of our town merchant back in Illinois, so Daisy's Ma was raised with all the city notions. She married a young college man and they came West. Oil man he is. That was over twenty years ago and Daisy has been dragged up in the city ever since. Bout fifteen years ago, my last son died. I couldn't live on my farm all alone. Corie's Ma was dead, too. So I wrote Corie could I come to California, always wanted to see it. I knowed they was well fixed, but never dreamed they lived cooped up in swell places where you can't call your life your own!

"When I got here and seen how things were I would have gone back, but I was needed. They was raising Daisy with hired women who weren't teaching her a thing that would help her get through life. Her Ma was gone all day to lunches and parties. So I stayed. In spite of all Corie's done, Daisy has good common sense and at least on one side, good honest country blood—"

Gran stopped for lack of breath.

"How I do run on!" she said. "Don't know when I've enjoyed myself so! Miles, show Daisy your chickens and take a walk in that pretty walnut grove. I feel so much better I want to do up these dishes. Don't know how long it's been since I had a chance to putter around all by myself in a real honest-to-goodness kitchen—"

It was so quiet and hushed far down in the grove. There wasn't a sound except the birds and the rustle of the branches. They stopped under a spreading old tree and sat down on the long grass.

"Daisy," said Miles. His voice caught in his throat. "It's too soon to tell you how I feel, but I've been thinking about you for two long years. My only hope to see you again was to go to the fair, waiting each day, hoping you'd come. And today you came... Daisy, could you learn to love me? Just let me hope... It'll be the biggest day of my life—"

Overhead the leaves murmured gently. It was quiet, so quiet. No roar of the city continually seeping into one's soul. It seemed to Daisy that all her young life had been spent in traveling from place to place, restless, unsatisfied. Suddenly, she knew. Her travels were over... this was home.

She leaned her head back against his broad shoulder, and lifted her soft lips to his...

Presently, he said between kisses, "But sweetheart, country life is hard—even today. Can you be happy here?"

She clung to him fiercely. "That's what I want, the hard things, the real things of life. I want to do something! Oh, Miles, I want to help you, I want to be needed..."

When Gran finished the dishes she didn't lie down, but went all over the little house admiring it. Several times she said aloud, "They was nice folks—nice folks."

Off the hallway a narrow stairway led upward. A large attic bedroom with dormer windows contained furniture



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The \$12,000.00 Kiwanis House

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MRS. A. R. KIME, Ste. 8 Mayfair Apts.,
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dor, Sask.
Fred W. Martin, Turin, Alta.
St. John's Music Store, 1308 Main
St., Winnipeg.
Earl Davidson, Blackdale P.O.,
Man.

The Kiwanis motto "We Build" will be our guiding influence in the disbursement of the funds raised by this project in which so many participated.

from an older period than downstairs. "Real cherry wood," said Gran, smoothing tenderly the knobs of the poster-bed.

She looked around with deep satisfaction.

"This will be my room," she said aloud. "Kind of off where I won't bother them, but they can call me if they need me. And at nights I can hear the rain on the roof just like back home . . . and when the second baby comes, the oldest could have a little bed in that corner and I could look after him . . ."

She stopped and laughed, a happy excited chuckle.

"Why, you old fool," she said, "here you're planning like you're going to live forever— Well, mother did live to be ninety and just as active . . . a lot can happen in five years . . ."

It was nearing five o'clock when they walked around the side of the house. They didn't have to say anything. She knew after one glance. Daisy ran to lean her head on the understanding old heart.

"Gran, I'm going to marry Miles!"

"Is that so?" said the old lady, acting surprised. "The last I knew you were going to marry Freddie in just two weeks—"

Miles sat on the chair beside them.

"Tell us what to do, Gran," he begged. "You've seen so much of life. I can't let Daisy go now, I'm afraid I'll lose her. She's always done as her mother willed."

Great-Gran straightened her frail old form to its most erect dignity. She looked from one troubled young face to the other.

"Children," she said, "I've lived many happy years because I got the man I wanted in spite of everything. Daisy, I told you about meeting your great-grandfather. Well, by the time the fair come around the next year, his folks and mine had had a terrible fallin' out. Pa threatened him if he ever caught him on our place. But the big day at the fair there was such a crowd I could git lost from my folks. Of course he found me. 'Cinthy,' he said to me, we was standing down behind the stables. 'Cinthy, I been waitin' a year to ask you. Will you marry me?'"

"Yes, says I, but how? You know the trouble a-twixt our folks?"

"I've got my best team here and the buckboard," says he. 'We can make the river landing in an hour. You don't have to be eighteen to git married over in Missouri—'

"I took his hand. 'Where you got your team a-waitin'?', I asked. Miles, girls had a mind of their own in them days! Money and fol-de-rols and sich trash didn't influence a gal when she was pickin' a man to live with all the days of her life! She jest thought of him!"

"Daisy," said Miles, his eyes glowing, "it's too late to get a license here, but they keep open in Yuma all night, we'll wake up preacher, it's only a few hours drive—"

"But Miles!" Daisy looked at him with great eyes, breathless. "I haven't any clothes—or anything—"

"I didn't have anything either," said Gran, serenely, "but I lived with him in happiness to see our golden wedding day . . . and I did happen to notice some pretty things a-layin' in the bureau drawers jest like Miles' mother left them . . . It'd make him and her mighty happy I know if her son's bride wore them. You kin buy a tooth-brush in the first town you drive through—"

An hour later Gran returned to her rocker on the front porch. She was a little tired with the bustle of the last hour, but she smiled with deep satisfaction. Soft twilight was just coming on. She'd rest a little, then she'd go out and feed those fine big chickens.

She smiled tenderly as she looked where the tire-marks turned out the gravel driveway heading south. "Stay as long as you want to," she told them. "There's only one honeymoon. I'll be right here looking after things for you till you get back—"

After awhile she'd go in to the phone and send a telegram to Corie. She knew just what she was going to say . . .

But there was no hurry. She wanted to sit quietly and savor everything for awhile. When you're eighty-five, thought Gran, it's mighty wonderful when a Big Day comes along once again in your life.

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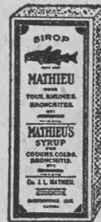
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THE COUNTRYWOMAN

Words

By FLORENCE HAMILTON

The words that men have made
Are great and terrible things.
The air is half alive
With the beating of their wings.
The arc of night is empty,
Void the moon above,
Save for the freighted air that bears
The words of hate and love.
Space, a No Man's Land
Is bare, but for the odd
Sound, through black leagues falling,
Of Man's voice calling "God."

Ed. Note—Writer of this poem was Edwin Markham's private, confidential secretary.

Wintertime Accidents

BECAUSE so many of our doctors and nurses are serving with the armed forces, we have to get along with less medical service at home. In some rural areas it is now necessary to drive 50 or 60 miles to get to the nearest doctor and an even greater distance to reach a hospital. Doctors are so overloaded with work that they are unable to accept country calls, so patients must be brought to them. This is bad enough in case of sudden illness, accident or fatal injury, when the weather is good and the roads passable for a car or snowmobile. In winter, when cars have to be put up because of shortage of gas or repairs, or because of bad roads, it is indeed a serious matter.

Oddly enough, it is in winter that the toll of home accidents increases, starting to rise in October and continuing to do so until a peak is reached in December or January. For one thing, the home population is greater in the winter and consequently more are exposed to home hazards. There are, of course, at this season greater risks of fire and accidents with stoves, furnaces, lamps and lanterns. Children playing indoors in cold weather are more prone to accidents involving burns and scalds. Additional hours of darkness, with poorly lighted rooms and stairways, slippery ice and snow increase the number of falls, indoors and out.

In Canada during 1942, according to figures from the Bureau of Statistics, 8,171 people died as a result of accidents. There is no way of knowing how many of these deaths could have been prevented, but it is estimated that about 80 per cent of all accidents are preventable. Industry has bettered its accident toll by nearly 60 per cent improvement through care and foresight.

We are apt to think of the home as a safe place to be, yet it is shown that fully one-quarter of all accidents happen in and around the home. Nearly one-third of the accidental deaths occur there. Home accident fatalities are exceeded only by accidental deaths from motor vehicle operation. This should give us pause for thought. Approximately 43 per cent of home fatalities are a result of falls; 19 per cent are chargeable to burns, scalds and explosions. Old people are particularly susceptible to falls. After the age of 64, three-fourths of the fatalities are due to falls. On the other hand, 35 per cent of the deaths from accidental burns, scalds and explosions, are of children under the age of 15. About half of the fatal burns occur during the first five years of life, chiefly because of the carelessness of parents and servants. Girls and women are much more liable to burns because of their household activities, and the type of clothes they wear. These accidents are more common in winter than in summer.

Destruction of homes by fire is a common winter occurrence. About one-third of the deaths of persons from burns and suffocation in house fires occur during the months of December and January. The heating plant may be defective, there are leaky chimneys and overheated smoke pipes. The very young and the very old are frequent victims because of their inability to save themselves in emergencies.

In Case of Fire

DO you frequently discuss with members of the family what each would do in the case of fire? It would help them make up their minds quickly in an emergency and they would have a clear idea of the most important steps to take. Have a practice fire drill, as carried out in schools and in places of business. Each person is given a station of duty and knows what will be expected of him. Agree on an alarm to be used in emergency and, under penalty, never to be used otherwise.

The matter calls for thought rather than worry. Think about the possibilities of fire in your home.

Some points of safety to keep in mind when settling in for winter living

By AMY J. ROE

Where would it be likely to start? Picture in your mind a fire starting from the furnace in the cellar, from the kitchen range, from chimney sparks in the attic or on the roof. Decide what would be needed for instant use in any of these places. Have that equipment on hand and make it a rule if moved for use it must be returned always to its place.

Every home, however situated or protected, should have its chimneys cleaned every fall and their exits provided with wire screens to arrest sparks. It should have a ladder reaching to the roof, footholds on the roof, firepails filled with water and never used except for fire. Salt in water will prevent freezing in winter. It should have thick woolen rugs or blankets at hand with which to smother blazing clothing, or oil flames which are scattered by use of water. It should have rope fire-escapes in upstairs rooms and a drill which will teach children to use them with ease and safety.

Probably the swiftest, surest help in case of fire is the chemical fire-extinguisher. One should be chosen that is not too heavy to be handled by women. With one of these on each floor of the house and the whole family drilled to its use, fire danger will be reduced to a minimum.

Don't take a chance of fire in your home this winter. A little forethought and preparation now may save many hours of regret later.

Storing Summer Clothes

WE have a better reason, than ever before, of taking good care of all fabrics in our home. For one thing supplies are insufficient to meet the large consumer demand. Machines and labor are scarce. Raw materials from which clothes and household cotton goods would be made under normal conditions, are vital needs in the carrying on of the war.

Store the family summer wardrobe this fall so that clothes will be in good condition to wear or to make over next season. Wash or clean clothes before putting them away, for spots and stains may become set on standing and be difficult or impossible to remove. Some stains such as perspiration, damage fabrics. Remove pins, buckles or other metal attachments. Many of these articles are made now of metals not proof against rust or corrosion.

Wash cotton clothes and put away without starching. Tests of stored cotton fabrics show that those with starch or other sizing tend to rot sooner than those without. Also silverfish and some other household insect pests attack starched fabric.

Clothes may be put away rough dried or given a quick press to make them fold more smoothly, hold their shape and take up less space in storage. Pack garments in covered boxes, trunks or chests, or hang on hangers in dust-proof clothes bag. Winter cold does not harm fabrics, but heat, light, dust and moisture may.

Christmas

WITH a prayer in our hearts that this will not be another war Christmas, we begin now to think of that event. We have no assurance that peace will come before the end of the year but we realize that the war is in its final phase.

We are asked to pay heed to notes handed out from Ottawa by War-time Prices and Trade Board to the effect that: Two considerations should govern the choice of gifts this year . . . supply and essentiality.

Leather goods are still scarce so while you may be able to give mother or sister a pretty handbag, you will rule out luggage of any sort. Mitts and gloves are in better supply. There will be some sports equipment such as skis, toboggans, hockey sticks, badminton and tennis rackets. Skates will be easier to buy after the New Year. Bicycles and canoes are out this season but there will be pen and pencil sets, gift certificates, ties, handkerchiefs for brother and father. It is when we come to buy something for the littlest one, the baby, that we are asked to use the utmost discretion and not to give clothing, especially woolen articles, unless the child really needs it. Metal toys are off but there are more toys made from wood and plastic. There will be rayon lingerie and hose, cosmetics and plastic novelties for the womenfolk.

Make Your Home Safe

Check these danger spots and score yourself.

1. Falls lead as the cause of accidental death in the home:

The dark stairway.
The loose rug on a waxed floor.
The carelessly dropped toy where people walk.
Inadequate or no handrails on stairs or steps.
The slippery tub with no hand-hold.
The mop, package or laundry left on the stairway.
The unsteady chair or box used to climb on.
Icy sidewalks and steps.

2. Burns and scalds come next!

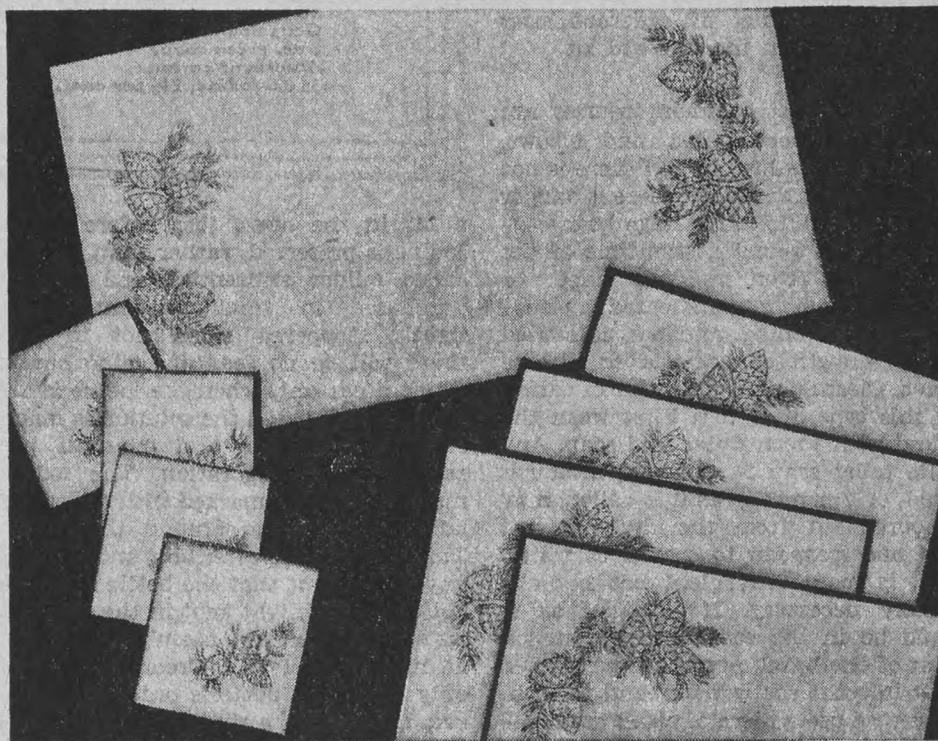
Kettles of boiling water carelessly carried or left on floor.
Handles of cooking utensils containing hot liquids near edge of stove or within reach of children.
Careless handling of hot fats.
Match box left unprotected from children.
Curtains too near an open flame.
Little children allowed near laundry tubs.
The kerosene can to start the fire.

3. Other causes of frequent accidents:

Pointed scissors given to children to play with.
Rusty nails left in boards or boxes.
Careless storage and use of sharp tools.
Poison bottle left unmarked.
Failure to lock the medicine chest that is within reach of a child.
Playing with firearms.
The worn or broken electrical cord.
Use of dry cleaners inside the house.
Failure to properly discard pieces of broken glass.
Needles and nails left around for little bare feet to step on.

Pine Cone Luncheon Set

By ANNE DEBELLE



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FIRST AID IN THE HOME

A little Betty Ann dressed herself one cold morning, she stooped over to pick up her stocking and backed against the tin heater. Mother answered the shrill cry of "Mum-eee!" but had difficulty in remembering, under such distressing circumstances, what to do for a burn, or even where she could find her first aid materials. Betty Ann's mother is not the only one who might have such a problem to face. There are accident hazards in all homes, such as sharp knives stuck in the kitchen drawer, loose boards in the back steps, unlighted cellarways, and the iodine bottle not properly marked, sitting up on the pantry shelf.

There always will be, in any home, a few accidents which no foresight could prevent. In order to care for these, and also the ones due to carelessness and thoughtlessness, each home should have in it some first aid equipment. Each adult in the home should know how to use that equipment. It need not be elaborate, and certainly is not expensive. A first aid kit can be purchased all ready for use, or it may be prepared at home.

There are a few standard pieces which are in every kit, whether prepared for use in a home, or school, or car. The easiest way to find out what size of container and what materials are needed for any particular home is to consider the most common injuries which occur in a home and what is done for them. The most common type of injuries, if there are small children in the home, are bumps and bruises. The majority of these require little care, but occasionally real treatment is needed. A bruise is an injury to the tissues under the skin, but what is most important, the skin is not broken. The injured area is red, soon swells, and later turns black and blue. The pain and swelling can be controlled by application of cold compresses, simply by putting on cloths wrung out of cold water, ice water if handy, and changed as they get warm. This treatment will not give the child a cold. Following any injury whatever to a child or adult, they must be kept quiet and by all means let them sleep. Only following an over-dose of certain drugs is it necessary to keep a person awake.

So to care for bruises, pieces of used cotton and flannel of different sizes should be kept in the first aid kit.

THE next most common injuries are skinned knees, shins, and elbows. Here the skin is broken and there is not much bleeding, therefore, there is danger of infection which may have been carried into the wound at the time of the accident, or later, by dirty hands or dressings. Infection, indicated by redness, pain, swelling, and pus, is caused by the growth of bacteria or disease germs. Cleanliness is essential in caring for this type of injury. First wash the wound with warm water and soap. Any white toilet soap is all right, although liquid, or green soap as it is called, may be purchased from the druggist and used one teaspoon to a pint of water. This, is more convenient but not absolutely necessary. If possible, as it would be in the case of the wounded palm of the hand, put the injured area right into the soapy water and wash it. Otherwise use a piece of clean used cotton or absorbent cotton to wash the wound. When the area is clean let it dry and then put on iodine, two and one-half per cent. The wound can be allowed to dry or wiped dry with a piece of clean used cotton or gauze, then when the iodine is dry a clean dressing is put on only if there is danger of more dirt getting into the wound. Use a bandage to keep the dressing in place. If the

To be ready for accidents and emergencies see that you have a properly stocked first aid kit ready at hand

by

MARY ELIZABETH RING, R.N.

wound is dry before the dressing is put on it will not stick fast, but should this happen, soak the dressing off with soapy water when changing it. Any kind of ointment or salve must not be used over a wound as it will keep the surface soft and retard the healing, for by shutting off the air it makes a fine, dark, warm place for germs to develop should there be any present.

So to care for open surface wounds, the materials which should be added to the first aid kit are clean used cotton or absorbent cotton, iodine two and one-half per cent, and either strips of cotton to be made into bandages or gauze bandage. Green soap may be added if desired. Now the clean used cotton means pieces which have been washed, dried in the sun, ironed, and kept in a clean covered jar, not handled except when needed for use. To be doubly sure it is clean, it could be either ironed with a hot iron if one is handy, or baked for

elevation. If the cut is deep but through just a small blood vessel as for the end of the thumb, it requires only pressure by squeezing the sides of the wound together for a short time to control the bleeding. Then over the cut to keep the edges of the wound together, put a handy tape. That is a small piece of adhesive about one-half inch by two inches, which has a small piece of plain gauze in the centre of it. They are purchased under different trade names, such as handitapes or band-aids, put up in individual wrappings and are clean for use right over the wound. Adhesive is never put on right over the wound as it would make an air-tight, warm, dark space, ideal for the growth of germs which might be present. A wound which is bleeding badly is not washed because the blood, in flowing out, will bring out with it any foreign material better than it could be washed out. Bleeding is prolonged by washing

different trade names, such as Tannifax or Tanjel, etcetera. Simply put over the burned area a thin film of the jelly and let it dry. Then if there is any danger of dirt getting into the burn or if there are blisters, cover with a clean dressing. The blisters must not be broken if it can be avoided as that would be a burn and an open wound. The burn larger than two inches square should be treated by a physician at least once. Do not put oil on a burn. The word oil here includes all kinds of salves and ointments.

One article should be added to the first aid kit for the care of burns, and that is tannic acid jelly. Compresses wrung out of a solution of tea, made by boiling four teaspoons of tea in a cup of water, can be used on a burn and is the best substitute for tannic acid jelly.

The same tannic acid jelly which is used with such success on burns is also used for frost bites. First rub the frost-bitten area very gently with dry wool or fur, and then apply a thin film of the jelly. If blisters form over a frost-bitten area the damage has been great and the doctor should really be consulted.

Toothache, in the first, or baby, teeth can be easily and quickly checked by packing a small piece of absorbent cotton, saturated with oil of cloves, into the cavity.

Then to care for toothache, it is necessary to have in the first aid kit a small bottle of oil of cloves and a few toothpicks.

TO remove a splinter of wood from under the skin, first wash the area over and around the splinter with warm, soapy water, dry thoroughly and then apply iodine. While the iodine is drying, prepare the needle that is to be used in removing the splinter, by holding the point in the flame of a match until red, then when the needle is cool, remove the splinter. Do not wipe the needle off after flaming. Apply iodine again, after the splinter has been removed.

Materials necessary to be added to the first aid kit for the removal of splinters are a couple of needles and a few matches, in a tin box. The needles, of course, may be used over and over, being sure to flame them each time, before using.

Not many extra materials are required for the removal of a foreign body from the eye, ear, or nose, but the person should have some knowledge of the procedure used, as incorrect methods may cause considerable damage and increase discomfort.

Particles of dust lodged in the eye may be removed simply by closing the eye, so that the natural flow of the tears will wash the particles out. If this is not successful, place the point of a pencil on the upper eyelid (do not press hard against the eyeball), take firm hold of the eyelash, and turn the lid up over the pencil point. Usually, then, the particle may be seen and wiped off with a clean piece of cotton. The first aider's hands must be washed, always, before touching the eyes.

If a splinter of steel should lodge in the eye, put in one drop of castor oil or olive oil, cover with an eye shield if one is handy, and go to the physician as soon as possible. This is one place where speed in first aid is necessary.

A foreign body in the ear does not constitute an emergency, but should be removed. When the foreign body is lodged in the ear canal in plain sight, and it is evident that it can be removed first try, taking it out with a pair of tweezers. Otherwise leave alone and let the physician remove it. Do not try to syringe the ear to remove a foreign body, as that will push it further into the ear canal.



FIRST AID KIT SUPPLIES.

Clean used cotton—in covered jar, or
Gauze for dressings.
Strips of cotton for bandages, or
Gauze bandages, 1-inch or 2-inch.
8 oz. green soap.
Absorbent cotton.
½ oz. iodine, 2½ per cent.

1 dram oil of cloves.
Toothpicks, needles.
Matches in a tin box.
1 tube tannic acid jelly.
1 box of handitape.
Scissors and tweezers.
Flashlight.

a bit in the oven, just before using. Iodine is preferred, rather than the so-called milder antiseptics, and if it is purchased in small amounts, kept tightly stoppered when not in use, there will be no fear of iodine burns, which occur only when the iodine is allowed to stand and the solution is much stronger than two and one-half per cent due to evaporation. The iodine must be properly marked with a piece of adhesive or string around the bottle. This will attract attention and remind anyone using it that the bottle contains poison. A flashlight kept in the first aid kit will be found very useful, particularly at night. Lysol and Creolin are used only under the doctor's order. Peroxide can be used on a dirty wound such as that caused by a kick from an animal. Then peroxide is used first and its mechanical action will force the dirt out. This would be followed by ordinary treatment for dirty wounds.

A deep wound will bleed freely and the first treatment is to check that bleeding. The four words, to be remembered in connection with checking bleeding are: quiet, cold, pressure, and

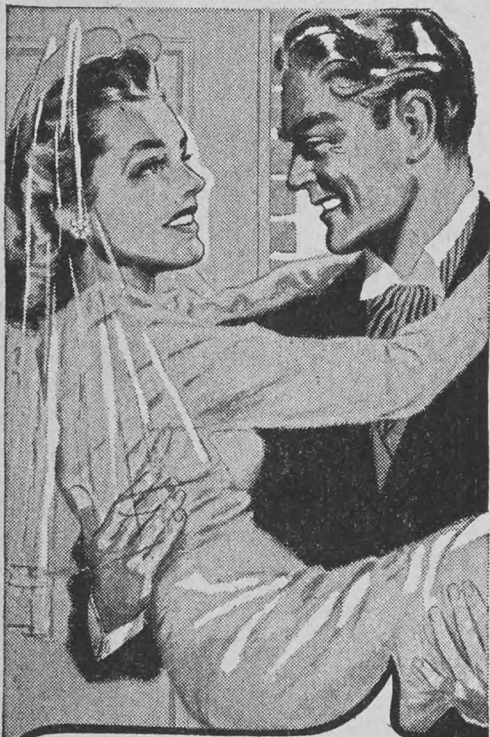
the clots away which are formed to help check the flow of blood. To control bleeding from a deep wound until the doctor arrives, keep the person lying down as quiet as possible, elevate the injured part, put a clean dressing over the wound, and apply pressure with the fingers to the wound in such a way as to bring the edges together, if possible apply cold compresses around the injured area.

In cases of nose bleed, there is usually little cause for alarm. It will stop quickly if the person will sit quietly, with the head erect and cold compresses are put over the bridge of the nose. If a person must lie down (some people do not like the sight of blood) let them lie perfectly flat, without a pillow. If a person has frequent nose bleeds without apparent cause, it is due to a condition in the nose which can and should be treated by a physician.

The materials needed for deep clean-cut wounds which are bleeding are clean dressings and handy tapes.

Burns caused either from dry heat or hot water or steam are treated with tannic acid jelly, which is sold under

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brides are already planning that new kitchen and its equipment. The cooking utensils must be bright and silver-like . . . the kind of utensils that



add to the pleasure of kitchen hours, that save fuel, bring out the full flavor of food and last indefinitely . . . they must be "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Cooking Utensils. Brides of today . . . and tomorrow, want "Wear-Ever" . . . and they will get it.



"Wear-Ever"
ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSILS

An insect might be removed from the ear canal by holding a flashlight to the ear, so that it will come toward the light. Otherwise drop a little warm water into the ear, that may drown the insect and float it out. If this is not successful, consult the physician.

A foreign body can sometimes be removed from the nose (if in just one nostril) by the person taking a deep breath through the mouth and expelling forcefully through the nose, while holding a finger tightly against the clear nostril. If this is not successful, consult a physician. Remember peas and beans will swell in the moisture of the nostril so they should be removed fairly soon.

Although no first aid materials are necessary to care for fainting, all adults should know how to treat it. If a person just "feels faint," have them sit down, in a chair, on a step, or even on the floor, bend forward, putting the head between the knees, and remain in that position until the rims of the ears are pink. If the person faints outright, let them lie flat, without a pillow, and cover with a blanket or coat. A pillow, or blanket or coat folded, may be placed underneath the lower limbs. It is not necessary to put water on the face. A person should always remain lying down for some time after fainting or nearly fainting.

Cake and Pudding

Two old English Christmas recipes
which are popular

By EFFIE BUTLER

ONE of the Christmas customs in our family is the making of the Christmas cake and plum pudding from recipes that have been handed down for generations. Yearly, my husband, who came to Canada in his early youth, was remembered at Christmas with a pudding. In 31 years only one pudding went astray, 30 arrived to make Christmas merry for an absent son and keep up a family tradition.

War came bringing with it rationing and scarcity of foods. The little, old mother in England was by this time too frail to undertake the task of pudding making. The recipes were handed on to a permanent place in our file. Puddings and cake still make a yearly trip "across" but, now, they start off from this side of the Atlantic. For at Christmas we create this bit of English cookery in a Canadian kitchen.

For the benefit of Country Guide readers I have translated the pound and ounces of the original recipes to standard measurements.

Christmas Cake

1 1/2 c. seeded raisins	1 1/2 lbs. butter
1 1/2 c. sultanas	2 c. white sugar
4 c. currants	6 c. flour
1 c. mixed peel	1 tsp. salt
1 c. almonds	1/2 tsp. soda
1/2 c. glace cherries	1/2 c. brandy (or fruit juice)
1/4 c. candied angelica	1 tsp. nutmeg.
1 teaspoon cloves	1 tsp. allspice
1 teaspoon cinnamon	
6 eggs	

Mix all the prepared and finely chopped fruits and nuts together. Measure two cups flour and sift this over the nuts and fruit. Now cream butter and gradually cream in the sugar. Add the eggs one by one to the creamed mixture and beat until light and fluffy. Sift the remaining four cups flour (which has been slightly warmed) with the salt and soda. Add the sifted dry ingredients to the creamed mixture alternately with the fruit juice. Mix in the spices. Now add the floured fruit and nuts. Turn into pans lined with two or three layers of greased heavy paper. Bake in a slow oven (275 degrees Fahr.) allowing six hours for the largest cake, five for the next, and four hours for the smallest cake.

Turn to page 53

Served hot or cold - it's a tasty



ENERGY BREAKFAST

On cool mornings, try NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT this way: Dip the biscuits quickly into hot water, drain and serve with hot or cold milk. Or split them, toast lightly, dot with butter, and serve with top milk or cream.

Plan breakfast around NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT, the high-energy 100% whole wheat cereal. Growing youngsters especially need the food energy and food values that it helps to supply.

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6 CAKES IN EACH PACKAGE • • PURE, FULL STRENGTH

Cookie Favorites

By MARJORIE J. GUILFORD



A delicious array of various kinds and shapes of cookies.

[N.F.B. Photo.]

ANYTIME is cookie time. But with Christmas in the offing, cookies are more important than ever. It is wise to have jars and tins as well filled as possible to take care of extra guests; to use, wrapped in waxed paper or cellophane, or packed into a gay tin as gifts; to send to students or other young people away from home; and last but not least, to supply the need when an insistent voice calls, "Mom, can I have a cookie!"

There are such a variety you can make and such a variety of ways that you can make them. You can roll them or drop them, slice them or cut them in bars. They can be crisp and crunchy or soft and chewy; plain and simple, or pepped up with fruit and spice. They should all be kept in tightly covered tins or jars, one kind to a container. For sometimes the soft ones will make the crisp one soggy and limp if stored together. If drop cakes get hard and a bit dry, keep a small piece of bread or slice of apple in the tin, changing it often.

In making rolled cookies, of course, you will be careful not to mix in extra flour in the rolling. And try to arrange cutting so that the portion of dough that has to be re-rolled is as small as possible. The more handling, the poorer the result.

Raisin Rocks

3 c. sifted cake flour 2 eggs, well beaten
1/2 tsp. salt 1 c. milk or butter-
2 tsp. baking soda milk
1/2 tsp. cloves 1/2 c. chopped nuts, if
1/2 tsp. cinnamon available
1 c. shortening 1 c. raisins, chopped
1 c. brown sugar

Sift flour, salt, soda and spices together. Cream shortening and sugar until fluffy. Add eggs. Add sifted ingredients alternately with sour milk in small amounts. Add nuts and raisins and mix thoroughly. Drop from teaspoon on to greased baking sheet and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees Fahr.) until brown. Makes 48.

Fudge Squares

3/4 c. sifted cake flour 1/2 c. sugar
1/2 tsp. baking powder 2 eggs, well beaten
1/2 tsp. salt 1/2 c. chopped walnut
1/2 c. shortening meats, if available
2 oz. chocolate 1 tsp. vanilla

Sift flour with baking powder and salt. Melt shortening with chocolate. Beat sugar in eggs, add chocolate mixture and blend. Add sifted ingredients, nuts and vanilla and mix well. Bake in greased 8-inch pan in moderate oven (350 degrees Fahr.) about 35 minutes. Cool and cut into squares. Makes two dozen.

Filled Cookies

2/3 c. shortening 3 T. milk
1/2 c. sugar 1/4 tsp. vanilla
1 egg 2 c. flour

Cream together shortening and sugar,

add egg, milk and vanilla. Add flour, mix well. Chill until firm. Roll out 1/8-inch thick on lightly floured board; cut with round cutter 2 1/2 inches in diameter. Put one teaspoon of raisin filling in centre of half the rounds; cover with remaining rounds. Press edges together with tines of fork. Place on greased baking sheet; bake in moderately hot oven (375 degrees Fahr.) 10 minutes. Makes 25.

Raisin Filling

1/2 c. chopped seed- Few grains salt
less raisins 1 T. lemon juice
1/2 c. firmly packed 2 T. water
brown sugar 1/4 c. chopped nuts, if
1 T. flour available

Combine raisins, sugar, flour, salt, lemon juice and water; cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until thick. Add nut meats. Cool.

Sprits

1/2 c. shortening 1/2 tsp. almond ex-
1/4 c. sugar tract
1 egg 1 1/4 c. flour
1/2 tsp. vanilla 1/2 tsp. baking powder

Cream together shortening and sugar. Beat egg, add. Add vanilla and almond extract. Sift together flour and baking powder; add. Mix well. Put through cookie press, making cookies 2 inches in diameter, on greased baking sheet. Or wrap in waxed paper; chill until firm. Roll out 1/4-inch thick on lightly floured board; cut with round cutter 2 inches in diameter. Bake in hot oven (400 degrees Fahr.) 8 minutes. Makes 35.

Chocolate Sprits

Follow recipe for sprits, adding 1 1/2 squares melted, unsweetened chocolate and 2 teaspoons milk to creamed mixture.

Oatmeal Bars

1/2 c. shortening Few grains salt
1/4 c. firmly packed 3/4 c. milk
brown sugar 1 c. rolled oats
1 c. flour 1/4 c. chopped seed-
1/2 tsp. baking powder less raisins

Cream together shortening and sugar. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt; add alternately with milk to creamed mixture. Add oats and raisins; mix well. Spread in greased pan 8 inches square. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees Fahr.) 45 minutes. Cool; cut in bars. Frost with white icing if desired.

Chocolate Gingerbread Men

1/2 c. shortening 1 tsp. baking powder
1/2 c. molasses 1/2 tsp. baking soda
2 squares unsweet- 1 tsp. ginger
ened chocolate 1/4 tsp. salt
2 1/2 c. flour 1/4 c. milk
1/2 c. sugar

Combine shortening, molasses and chocolate; heat over hot water, stirring occasionally until blended. Cool. Sift together flour, sugar, baking powder, soda, ginger and salt; add first mixture. Add milk; mix well. Chill until firm. Roll out 1/8-inch thick on lightly

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floured board; cut in shape of gingerbread men about 6 inches in length. Bake in moderately hot oven (375 degrees Fahr.) 6 minutes. Cool; decorate with frosting. Makes 24.

Prune Drop Cookies

2 eggs	1 c. all-bran
$\frac{3}{4}$ c. sugar	$\frac{1}{4}$ c. chopped cooked prunes
$\frac{1}{2}$ c. prune juice	$\frac{1}{2}$ c. nut meats, if available
2 c. flour	$\frac{3}{4}$ c. melted shortening
4 tsp. baking powder	
1 tsp. salt	
$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. ground cloves	

Beat eggs; add sugar and prune juice. Sift flour with baking powder, salt and cloves; add to first mixture. Add all-bran, prunes, nut meats and melted shortening. Mix and drop by heaping teaspoons on greased baking sheet. Bake in moderately hot oven (400 degrees Fahr.) about 10 minutes. Makes 4 dozen. If desired, batter may be baked in 2 8-inch cake pans and cut into bars.

Shortbread

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter	$\frac{3}{4}$ c. brown sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ c. fruit or powdered sugar or	2 c. sifted flour

Cream butter until very soft. Blend in sugar gradually, creaming after each addition, until mixture is very light and fluffy. Mix sifted flour gradually into butter and sugar, to make a dough which, though soft may be handled on a baking canvas or board. Turn dough on to lightly floured board or canvas and knead in flour until small cracks appear on surface of dough. (Do not knead in more flour than just sufficient to make dough of correct consistency.) Pat dough into ungreased pan $\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch thickness. Prick closely all over with fork. Bake in slow oven (275 to 300 degrees Fahr.) until delicately browned. Break in pieces for serving. This shortbread keeps very well, if stored closely covered.

CAKE AND PUDDING

Continued from page 51

Christmas Pudding

3 c. seeded raisins	$\frac{1}{4}$ c. brandy or fruit juice (if fruit juice is used 1 tsp. brandy or rum flavoring may be added).
3 c. sultanas	
4 c. currants	
1 c. mixed peel	
$\frac{1}{4}$ c. almonds	
$2\frac{1}{2}$ c. brown sugar	3 c. bread crumbs (dry)
$1\frac{1}{2}$ c. beef suet	1 tsp. each of cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves
2 c. flour	
4 eggs	
$1\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt	
$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. soda	

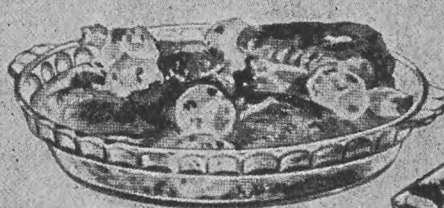
Wash, drain, and clean the fruit. Blanch and chop the almonds finely. Be sure the peel is finely cut. Add fruit and nuts to the suet that has been finely chopped. Mix in the sugar and finely ground bread crumbs. Sift the flour with the salt and spices and add these also. Stir until well mixed. Beat the eggs and add along with the fruit juice and flavoring.

Turn into buttered pudding bowls filling no more than one inch of the top. (This amount of batter will fill five graduated pudding bowls). Now make a dough of four or five cups of flour and just sufficient water to make a dough that will roll. Cover each bowl with a layer of this dough letting it hang down slightly over the edge. Over this spread a piece of wet cooking parchment or clean cotton and tie down firmly to keep the dough in place. Puddings are now ready to boil and if covered in this manner not one drop of water will seep in to spoil the pudding. Place bowls in a large kettle or boiler of rapidly boiling water and boil for eight hours. Be sure a rack is placed in the bottom of the boiler to keep the bowls from resting on the bottom.

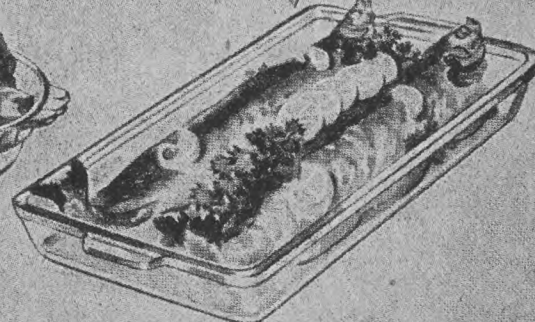
Cool pudding thoroughly before storing away. Re-heat at serving time and serve with a hot sauce (caramel is very good) or hard sauce.

Weather stripping along the base of bedroom doors will prevent cold air from circulating through the rest of the house. Stripping tacked along the bottom of a door, where a sill is worn, helps to keep a room warmer.

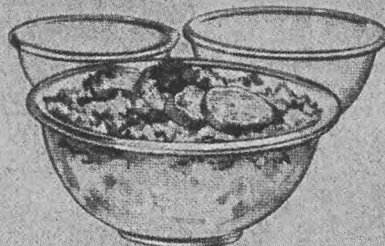
You can see
"what's cookin'" in
PYREX WARE
BRAND



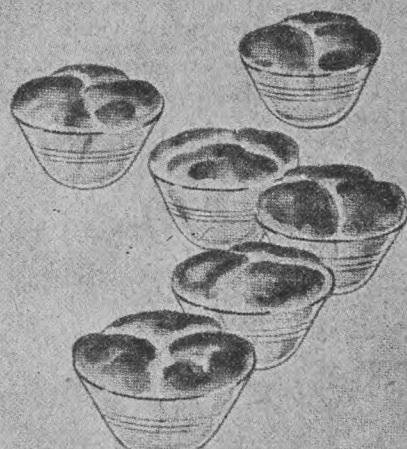
1. BAKED CHICKEN IN PYREX WARE will bake faster in this popular, new "Flavor-Saver" pie plate! At 425° you need only $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours oven time. This dish with glass handles was designed for fruit pies, but has many uses.



4. Let this Pyrex Utility Dish turn out tempting BAKED FISH piping hot. In the oven for 40 minutes at 350°. Use this handy utensil for chops, hot breads, rolls and desserts.



2. Another time-saving Pyrex Ware budget dish—MACARONI AND CHEESE! Baking time, at 350°, only 25 minutes! Serve and keep it in the same clear Pyrex Mixing Bowl in which it was cooked. Set of 3 bowls, nesting to save space. Has dozens of uses.



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1 MIXING — 2 HOT BREAD TREATS!

THE TRICK is to mix *double* the recipe and bake half as muffins and half in a loaf. Then you've got treats for *two* days—luscious hot muffins for supper and a grand loaf for lunch box sandwiches! You'll love the marvelously soft, light All-Bran texture, and that special, heavenly nut-like flavor only Kellogg's All-Bran can give! Clip the recipe and get All-Bran today. 2 convenient sizes.

ALL-BRAN MUFFIN LOAF

2 tbsp. shortening	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup molasses	$1\frac{1}{4}$ cups sifted flour
1 egg	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
1 cup Kellogg's All-Bran	$2\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. baking powder

Blend shortening and molasses. Add egg; beat well. Stir in All-Bran and milk. Let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Sift flour, salt and baking powder together; add to first mixture and stir just enough to combine liquid and dry ingredients. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderately hot oven (400°F.) about 25 minutes, or bake in greased loaf pan at 350°F about 45 minutes.

Yield: 10 medium size muffins
or 1 loaf (9½ x 4½ x 3 inches)

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By ANNE DEBELLE



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Solving Beauty Needs

Definitions help in understanding purpose and use of products

By LORETTA MILLER

USING the right product, for the right purpose, at the right time, is certain to bring satisfactory results. Whether blending the recipe of a cake, or following a simple beauty formula, it is important to know the product you use and the right way to use it, as well as the reason for its use.

Do you sometimes get confused about specific beauty products? If so, cheer up, for today's article will, I hope, clear up this confusion and help you approach your preventive and corrective routines with more confidence.

Do you know the difference between two such simple, everyday beauty accessories as talcum powder and dusting powder? *Dusting powder* has a clinging quality which is accomplished by the addition of magnesium carbonate. When used on the body it adheres to the skin and makes it feel smooth to the touch. *Talcum powder*, less clinging, is generally used when the application is to be whisked on and off of the skin. Because it removes the shine from the skin, and does not cling, men prefer talcum powder after shaving.

Do you know the difference between toilet water, cologne and perfume? Perfume is made up largely of essential oils with only enough alcohol to make the application possible and the fragrance lasting. Dilute this concentrated fragrance with the correct proportion of alcohol and water and the result is toilet water. True cologne, in the majority of instances, is toilet water but has the additional ingredient of glycerine. Perfume, as we all know, is used a drop or two at a time. Though very often applied directly to the skin, it is also used on a cotton then the cotton pad stitched or pinned to one's lingerie. A drop of perfume on a 'kerchief is sometimes preferred to its more elaborate use. Toilet water, because of its delicacy, is used more liberally. Cologne is generally preferred as a body rub or

fragrance and is used after a bath or before dressing.

I think perhaps a greater confusion exists than between any two aids to good grooming. A *deodorant* does not stop the flow of perspiration, but is used only as a checking agent against its unpleasantness. Deodorants are available in liquid, cream and powder form and directions for using each accompany each package. A perspiration *deterrent*, also in liquid, cream, powder, or compact form, checks the flow of moisture and keeps the skin dry. The names of these two items will serve as a guide in describing their use: A deodorant deodorizes; a deterrent deters, or stops the flow of perspiration.

If there's a doubt in your thoughts as to the purity of your toiletries, let me hasten to explain that all cosmetics, foods and drugs come under the close scrutiny of the government and must maintain a certain standard. So have no fear that the soap, cream, lotion, deodorant or deterrent, shampoo, or any other aid will prove harmful. It is true, however, that the specific cream you might want to use may not be the best one for your particular type of skin. In fact, it is possible, if you insist upon using a rich, heavy cream, when your type of skin demands a light, fluffy cream, that your oily skin may become greatly aggravated.

Study your skin and its needs carefully before attempting a corrective program. For instance, if your skin is oily, and is dotted with enlarged pores and blackheads, you'll find it advisable to use soap and water or a cleansing agent made especially for oily skin. Then, if you wish, use a corrective preparation for the purpose of actually correcting the condition. Don't use a rich cleansing cream which will aggravate the condition and not clean, but use the soap and water regularly, then apply dashes of cold water as an aid toward refining

a soothing cleansing

GARGLE



Cow Brand Baking Soda is pure Bicarbonate of Soda and can be used whenever that remedy is prescribed or indicated for medicinal purposes. Two teaspoons dissolved in a glass of water makes a soothing, cleansing gargle and refreshing mouth wash. And there's nothing better for cleaning your teeth. Brush them with Cow Brand after every meal.

Keep a package of Cow Brand Baking Soda in bathroom and kitchen. Economical too — costs only a few cents.

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or your money back
Pratt's Poultry Regulator sharpens appetite, tones up digestion and other bodily functions, contains "Trace Elements", nature's own health foods, often lacking in grains. 13

Pratt's POULTRY
REGULATOR

CAT'S PAW

NON-SLIP

Rubber Heel & Sole

Super Quality
with
Synthetic Rubber

the skin, and normalizing the action of the oil ducts.

By the same token, if your skin is dry and fine in texture, don't attempt to use an oily-skin cleanser and strong astringent lotions. On this type of sensitive skin, use rich, gentle-acting creams, delicate lotions and tender treatment. But don't think for a moment that you can't use soap and water, no matter what type of skin you have. This is and has always been the most perfect cleansing method for all types of skin.

DON'T get easily discouraged and give up a certain beauty routine or the use of a product without giving it a fair trial. As an example: If you are trying like fury to overcome oily, blemished skin, and if all aids have seemed to fail, look to the cause of the trouble. This skin condition may be the direct result of any one of a few conditions such as: wrong eating habits, faulty elimination, incorrect cleansing methods, or a disorder of the hair and/or scalp, or too infrequent shampoos. One famous beauty authority is firm in her belief that most oily skin conditions and skin eruptions are caused by disorders of the scalp and hair. In her well planned schedule, she suggests that close watch be kept on the scalp, and its disorder corrected before attempting to overcome the facial skin conditions. There's good logic in this and I have seen it work.

Once you get on the right path and know what preparations to use as an aid toward correcting a specific condition, you'll find your road to good looks straight and simple. But . . . do you get tired of looking at the same you? Do you blame your tip-tilted nose, the color of your hair, the shape of your face, for keeping you out of the beauty parade? Don't. For there's scarcely a problem of this type that cannot be completely overcome, at least to all appearances.

HAVE you ever tried to re-shape your nose with makeup? It's simple when you know how: A nose that is too broad at the base can be given the illusion of being in better proportion if a light application of cheek rouge is made down the side of the nose. A too prominent nose also should receive a light shading of cheek rouge, or darker powder, over its too prominent region. A protruding chin will be given the illusion of better contour if a light dusting of dark powder, or delicate cheek rouge, is smoothed over the lower jaw and chin. Too broad cheek bones, too, will appear less broad, if the application of rouge is made directly on top of them and a little out over the sides of the cheek.

Matching powder to the skin is one of the most important musts in the book of beauty rules. When the correct color and weight of powder is used, it blends all features harmoniously. A clever way with powder is to have one box with the correct skin shade, and one box of darker powder. After the correct application has been made, the darker powder is patted lightly over any feature that seems too prominent—heavy jaw line, too broad nose, too high cheek bones. Be sure, too, that you use an application of powder over underchin and throat.

If your hair seems drab and forlorn: The use of a lemon rinse, after all soil and oil have been rinsed out, will add the highlights that make the hair seem full of life and sparkle. The juice of one lemon to a glass of lukewarm water poured over the hair several times, then a glass of clear water, leaves the hair sparkling and easy to manage.

Check up on your beauty I.Q. Use the right products, at the right time and for the right purpose. It's important to your good looks.

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who have many
things to do
besides cook



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RANGES

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For Bad Cough, Mix This Splendid Recipe, at Home

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Make a syrup by stirring 2 cups of granulated sugar and 1 cup of water for a few moments until dissolved. No cooking needed. (Or you can use corn syrup or liquid honey, instead of sugar syrup.) Get a 2½ ounce bottle of Pinex from any druggist, put it into a 16 ounce bottle and fill up with your syrup. The 16 ounces thus made gives you four times as much cough medicine for your money, and is a very effective relief for coughs. Keeps perfectly and tastes fine.

This splendid mixture has a three-fold action. It soothes the irritated membranes, loosens the phlegm and helps to clear the air passages. Thus it makes breathing easy, and lets you get restful sleep.

Pinex is a special compound of proven ingredients, in concentrated form, well known as a soothing agent for winter coughs. Money refunded if it does not please you in every way.

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 SIZES 14-20

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3675
 SIZES 12-44

No. 3675—Swept to the side, the smartest dress style of the season, the softly manipulated side drape, anchored with a soft bow at the side. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 39-inch fabric.

3803
 SIZES 12-44

No. 3803—Basque charmer in a gay printed rayon or cotton, with flattering neckline and kimono sleeve. In sizes 12, 14, and 16 years and 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch fabric with 2 yards ruffling.

3885
 SIZES 10-20

No. 3885—So easy to make. There are just three pieces in this pattern. Applique included in pattern. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 yards 35 or 39-inch fabric.

3660
 SIZES 6-14

No. 3660—Jumper favorite and tip-top fashion for girls with its set-in belt, gathered skirt, comfy pockets and pretty neckline. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yards 39-inch fabric for jumper; 1½ yards 35-inch fabric for blouse.

3803
 SIZES 12-42

No. 3803—A lovely morning frock, buttons down the front, long waist and soft gathers below hips. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 35-inch fabric with ½ yard contrasting and 3½ yards ruffling.

3721
 SIZES 10-20

No. 3721—Dress alike trend for mother and daughter. A dirndl dress charming in dark material with white collar and cuffs. In sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch fabric with ½ yard contrasting.

3722
 SIZES 6-14

No. 3722—For daughter in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yards 39-inch fabric with ½ yard contrasting.

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The Country Boy and Girl



Kitty On the Linoleum

By DOROTHY MORRISON

Linoleum is lovely
For a little kitty-cat,
See him try to scamper
And then fall flat.
See him try to chase a spool
But all his wildest jumps
End up in nothing but a lot
Of slides and skids and bumps.
When Kitty's cutting capers
All about the place,
I always laugh until the tears
Are streaming down my face.

The Silly Icicle

By MARY E. GRANNAN.

IT was the first icicle of the year and it hung from the school house roof. It was very beautiful. It had started small and it grew, drop by drop, until it looked like a great dripping glass candle. Everyone on the way to work stopped to look at it, and everyone said "Oh! In all your life did you ever see such a lovely icicle."

The First Icicle was very proud as it glistened there in the sun. Later on smaller icicles began to form, but none of them was as fine as the First Icicle. And no one bothered to look at the smaller icicles. They pointed to the First Icicle.

It was getting nearly school time now and the children began to gather. Mabel Ann was the first child the spy the First Icicle. "Oh," she cried to the other children . . . "Come here. Come and see what I've found."

"A big icicle!" said Molly Muldoon.
"Isn't it pretty," said Biddy Boone.
"Let's knock it down," said Billy Reeves. "Bet I can knock it down first throw!"

"No . . . no . . ." said Mable Ann, "it's too lovely to break; let's wait until teacher comes and show it to her."

When the teacher came, she said it was the most wonderful icicle she had ever seen, and that it was too bad that they couldn't take it into the school house with them to enjoy its beauty all the day. The school bell then rang, and all the children disappeared, into the schoolhouse. The First Icicle turned to the others.

"Did you hear what she said?" the icicle asked. "Did you hear? She wants me to go to school."

The smaller icicles laughed merrily at the idea. The First Icicle gave them a cold stare. "What's funny about it?" she asked. "You heard the teacher as well as I did. You saw all the people looking at me, didn't you? I'm very beautiful. I should be where others can always see me." And then she said suddenly, "I think I will go to school!"

"How?" peeped the tiniest icicle on the very edge of the eaves. "How will you go?" The First Icicle didn't know that but just then a window opened in the school house. "I'll free myself from the roof here and slip right into the room, that's how," said First Icicle quickly.

All the small icicles said . . . "No . . . no . . . That would be very foolish to do." The tiniest one on the edge of the eave said, "You'll die if you go in there, First Icicle." But the proud glassy candle of ice didn't believe, and made an effort to free herself. She could not move. The sun winked down mischievously . . . "I'll get you off there, First Icicle, if you really want to get off. It won't take me but a minute." The sun shone on the First Icicle and sure enough, she could feel her hold on the roof weakening. Joyfully she slid from her place on the

roof and into the schoolroom below.

"Oh," she cried as she broke into a hundred pieces and shattered all over the room . . . "Oh, I'm . . . I'm broken."

"My land," said little Mabel Ann . . . "It's the big lovely icicle. She must have been trying to come to school."

"She's not so lovely now," said Biddy Boone.

"No she isn't," said the teacher. "Gather up the pieces, will you Biddy, and throw them outdoors before she melts and makes pools of water on the floor."

"But," weakly called First Icicle . . . "I thought you wanted me here in the schoolroom."

No one heard. In a few minutes, broken and melting, First Icicle lay in the driveway.

"Oh dear it's too bad," said the small icicles on the roof.

"She was just so silly," said the tiniest icicle on the eaves. "She should have stayed where she belonged."

Puzzle Making Fun

SOLVING crossword puzzles is fun and it helps you build up a larger vocabulary of words you really know.

Ever try making crosswords? It is quite easy when you know the tricks of the trade, and it is much more thrilling than just solving a puzzle someone else has invented.

For your early efforts, try constructing a puzzle that has only a few squares . . . say five each way. Rule your squares in ink but fill in the words with pencil so that you can rub out and make the necessary changes until the words fit properly.

The easiest kind of puzzle to make is one where the black squares come any place so as to fill in spaces not suitable for letters. It is much more difficult to make a puzzle where the black squares form a certain pattern. Let's start with the easiest kind. Difficult assignments come later.

First, you will need a five-letter word to go straight across or down. You may think such words as "first" or "chums" or "Ralph" will do, but these are not good selections. Words like, "holes" or "safer" or "Olive" are much better. What is the difference? The first three words have two or more consonants together, the last three have a straight alternation of consonants and vowels. Keep to this system of choice as much as possible all through your puzzle-making. Try to select words where the vowels a, e, i, o, or u, separate the other letters. When you are unable to do this, get a word with as many vowels as possible and fill in the difficult places with black squares. The fewer "blacks" you have, the better your puzzle, and if you can invent a crossword where the blacks form a neat design you may consider yourself a bit of an expert.

It is not always the clever arrangement of words, however, that makes a puzzle interesting. The clues are important. Your main guide here must be honesty. Above everything else, your clues must be reliable and accurate. Make them easy at first, it requires little effort to think up difficult clues that will discourage the would-be solvers.

Having finished making the puzzle, try solving it yourself from the clues set down. A good test is to put the puzzle away for a week or two until you have partly forgotten the words and then see how you respond yourself to your own clues. Then pass it along to sister, brother, or some of your pals. A few of your later efforts may keep mother or father guessing. In any case, puzzle-making for the day indoors will be time well spent.—Walter King.

Some of you who read this page are handy at making articles out of wood. Perhaps you learned in class or simply took it up as a hobby. We would like to know what you make and how you learned. Write us a letter and tell about it. Keep your letter short and if you have a snapshot of things made send it along or send a drawing. If your idea is good enough to print, you will be paid for it. Other boys and girls will be glad to know about the things you have made. Address letters to this page, The Country Guide, Winnipeg.—Your Editor.

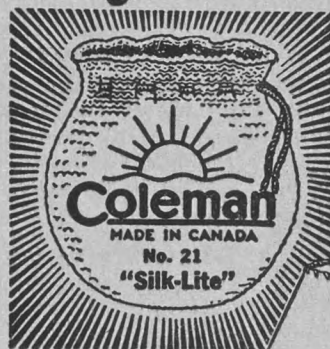
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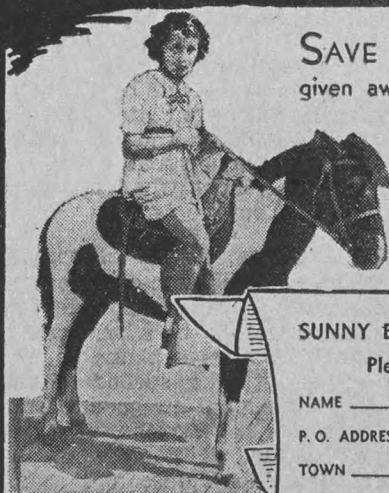
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SOME of you may have met him. We were motoring down Highway No. 1 when we saw the old man, waving his stick, so we picked him up and gave him a lift. His name, he said, was Jean de Vaudreuil. Nationality, Belgian. Age 78, and he looked every minute of it. On his head was one of those papier mâché helmets, covered with names of places he had visited out further west. He was leaving Winnipeg to hike and hitch to Ontario. At Lockport we had dinner together. When he took off his grey top coat, he revealed a frock coat clustered with medals or metal souvenirs. Beneath his helmet he wore a skull cap with the same kind of adornment. In his bag he had a scrapbook, containing many letters from men he knew, wishing him good luck on his journey, and other mementoes of his travels. But most interesting of all was a document, in full colors, which he had picked up in Alaska. It was decorated with marks labelled Salmon Tracks, with a curious totem pole showing a tenderfoot putting salt on a Kodiak bear's tail, and with other curious devices. Beneath it were the words, Salmon Dew, whatever that means. The wording of the certificate was new to us, so we copied it and here it is:

TOTEM IGLOO MYSTIC AND AURORAL ORDER OF ALASKA CHEECHAKOS

This is to certify that having visited Alaska and fulfilled all the requirements of this Order by tracking a salmon to its den, eating a totem alive, digging ice worms, de-horning a mosquito and by salting the tail of a Kodiak bear, has been granted membership for ten years to life in the Mystic and Auroral Order of Alaska Cheechakos, and is entitled to all the benefits and detriments thereof. Any tales told by the brother are to be believed without the slightest doubt, and when he tells stories of malamute dogs, deaf mute totems, fur bearing fish, 25-hour days, long dark nights, perfumed Eskimos, reindeer and Santa Claus, it is to be just as though Chief Muck Tuck himself hath spoken, but not so loud. Signed, Ink on Finger, secretary.



HERE comes Mr. Wallace, with a request that we simply cannot turn down. It is to tell our readers that the New Edition of the Farm Workshop Guide will be available the latter part of January, 1945, and that won't be long now. Orders received before that go on the priority list and will receive first attention when the finished copies start rolling off the press. Incidentally it will be in a new format, as the printers call it. Instead of being the size of a Guide page it will be eight inches by ten and will have 120 pages at least. It will have quite a bit of new material in it too. And sent postpaid for half a dollar, or four bits, as some who are irreverent when speaking of money would say.

AND that reminds us of something which we forgot to mention in an earlier issue. It seems that in one of the summer issues, by a printer's error—the editors always blame it on the printers—it was spelled Workshop Guide. Whereupon our good friend, H. Renkenberger, of Barons, Alta., commented thusly: "I don't know much about Workshop Guides and as a dry land farmer I care less, but I am greatly interested in Workshop Guides, one of which I hope you will send me for the

Straight from the Grass Roots

50 cents enclosed. Maybe it is so wet in Manitoba that you had to exchange your workshops for workshops. If so, we would appreciate some of your excess moisture here, if you can send it to us without spilling too much in Saskatchewan."



BEST fish story of the season: "I was strolling down at the dam minding my own business," says a local expert, "when I hooked and landed one whale of a pike. There was something strange-looking about him so I opened him up and inside him was a large pickerel. He looked strange too, so I opened him up... and inside was a good long jack fish. Well I opened him up too and inside was a half-pound pickerel... a little green fella real pretty, so I opened him up too... and inside him

was a baby pike... no bigger than your finger; well I opened him too and whadaya know, inside so help me were half a dozen minnows, less'n an inch long."—Wawanesa Optimist.

IS this a common occurrence? Frank Hoddinott, of Birnie, Man., sent in a head of barley that was ambitious. Apparently it started to head out and got part way through when it discovered that we were going to have a lot of fine weather yet, so it grew on up another inch and a half and then branched out into three distinct heads. He found it on the edge of a drowned out patch. It is the Plush variety. Dr. P. J. Olson advises us that multi-headed barley is not unheard of, but not common. Occasionally a barley plant gets mixed up and thinks that two or more heads are better than one. But one good head is better than any number of poor ones.

HERE'S a story which the Seventh Victory Loan Campaign inherited from the Sixth Victory Loan Campaign. It happened at Killarney, Manitoba. A canvasser was out in the country and visited a farmer whom he found working on his land. He succeeded in selling the farmer a \$1,000 bond. What was his surprise when Mr. Farmer nonchalantly put his hand in his overall pocket and produced a roll of bills, held together with an elastic band, which counted out exactly \$1,000. Mr. Canvasser was somewhat awed by so much cash all in one roll and lost no time in making a bee line for the nearest bank where it could be safely deposited.

And the bond was a safe place to invest the money.

BEST Road Grading story of the season: "It might have been tragic. One of those hot days, when the mercury rose to 80 degrees at Hazlet, it seems that Ole Lein who operates the municipal grader, got so hot he took his trousers and shirt off, hung them on the back of the grader, and put on just a pair of overalls. Somewhere, some place, Ole's pants and shirt disappeared, and presumably were sown into the highway. Next fall, the weeds will be coming up in short pants, out of breath like, and that should be somewhere near Don McIver's farm, in case you're interested."—Swift Current Sun.



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NOVEMBER, 1944

Practical Books and Bulletins

"A Country Guide Service"

- Grafting and Budding Fruit Trees, by G. F. Chipman—25 cents postpaid.
- Hardy Fruits, by G. F. Chipman—25 cents postpaid.
- Farm Workshop Guide, edited by R. D. Colquette—illustrations and instructions for gadgets, and practical farm plans—50 cents postpaid. (Available Feb. 1, 1945.)
- The Countrywoman Handbook, Book No. 1—Kitchen Labor Savers, Home Decorating, Pattern Reading, Getting Rid of Flies, Bugs, and Beetles, etc., etc.—25c postpaid.
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